

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ARMY LIFE.\*

It is a gratifying fact that the actors on both sides of the great American Civil War have been prolific in their contributions to our war literature, for the time will come when these personal recollections will be of priceless value. To those having no personal knowledge of the vicissitudes and fascinations of military service, its perils, privations, and pleasures, it may seem strange that the veterans who served in the Federal and Confederate armies should so fondly recall incidents in their campaigns; and this propensity is often made the subject of jest among those who never saw a charge or felt a wound. But when a man has spent a week in toilsome marches toward battle, and then faced the enemy when death was hovering in the air, it is not easy for him to forget the fatigue, the hunger and thirst, the blanket-bed by the roadside, the hot skirmish on the picket-line, the gallop of the battery into position, the steady advance in line of battle, or the fierce charge at a turning-point in the engagement. Though these scenes make but little impression on his mind at the moment, they all come back to him in after years, and he is surprised to find how clearly he can recall each little incident. It is this faculty that leads the veteran, whether he wore the blue or the gray, to talk lovingly of the days when he carried the musket or the sword. Only men who have served under Grant or Lee, Sherman or Hood, Hooker or Longstreet, Meade or Jackson, Sheridan or Stuart, Thomas or Johnston, can realize how deeply the

memory of that tremendous struggle has been impressed on the minds of the participators.

When the reverberations of the guns in Charleston harbor roused the people of the two sections to a realizing sense of the situation, they knew so little about war that none anticipated that the struggle would occupy more than a few months. With this false idea of the tenacity and courage of their antagonists, both Federals and Confederates entered the field with an amount of impedimenta that was truly laughable. Regiments had more camp equipage in 1861 than sufficed for a brigade or a division in later years. Handsome tents, capable of accommodating a dozen men, made picturesque camps, with their fluttering pennons and painted tops. Mess chests, heavier than a caisson box, were considered essential to the proper comfort of a company's officers, though some of them lived to see the day when not even a colonel indulged in such a luxury. Young men, fresh from the domestic hearth, were furnished with more clothing and blankets than a mule could carry; consequently the wagon trains in the early days of the war presented formidable obstacles to successful prosecution of campaigns. Northern and Southern soldiers were alike in their fondness for hunting-knives and revolvers, while a pair of boots reaching to the knee was often provided for prospective marches. It is a well-known fact that many Confederate volunteers brought negro servants with them, though it was soon discovered that these sable attendants were only useful in

\* Illustrated with etchings from "Studies of the Great Army," by Edwin Forbes, Pictorial War Correspondent, Member of the French Etching Club, and Honorary Member of the London Etching Club. The portfolio of etchings, from which by special arrangement we have been permitted to select scenes for reproduction, is one of the most authentic and valuable series of illustrations of the war. The etchings are well known to collectors and others, but we are glad of the opportunity of presenting some of the best of them to a wider audience, by means of the present faithful wood-engraving reproductions.



"FALL IN" FOR SOUP.

consuming provisions needed for the fighting-men in the ranks. On both sides a love of finery and picturesque uniforms was manifested, but when rain and mud had spoiled this finery, soldiers found greater comfort in clothing of a more sober and enduring description. On the Federal side some half dozen Zouave regiments retained their wide, flowing breeches and tasseled fez, but the various German, French, and Italian costumes disappeared after the first campaign, when the opposing armies settled down to the tremendous struggle before them. There were stern lessons to be learned by the soldiers on both sides of the sectional line, before they were ready to become trained veterans; but with experience came patience under fatigue and privation, and coolness when called to face danger and death.

One of the hardest lessons for the American soldier was the necessity for military discipline and etiquette. It seemed odd to the youth who carried a musket that he must not be on familiar terms with an old schoolmate because the latter wore gold lace on his shoulder or collar. Many a young man, fresh from college, found himself subject to the arbitrary orders of his father's clerk; and the stern, inflexible rule of military life was so foreign to republican customs, it was difficult at first to teach the rank and file how necessary was discipline and unquestioning obedience. When regiments were formed at the outbreak

of the war, officers on both sides were selected by ballot, the consequence being that many incompetent men were given command, and it was not until the troops had been in the field for some months that this condition of affairs was changed.

Laughable incidents of the lack of respect shown to officers in those early days might be related. When General Magruder was marching down the Peninsula at the head of a Confederate column, he halted at a farmhouse and ordered dinner. Entering the room where it had been served, he was amazed and indignant at finding one of his soldiers seated at the well-spread table, devouring the viands intended for himself.

"Sir!" thundered the general, as he drew his handsome figure up to its full height, "sir, do you know whose dinner you are eating?"

"No, I don't," replied the intruder, carelessly, as he refilled his plate. "And what's more, I don't care, so long as the victuals are clean."

General Magruder saw the point and retreated in good order, leaving the soldier to enjoy himself to his full content.

A Federal colonel, noticing that the sentinel in front of his tent omitted the usual salute due to his rank, called him to account.

"See here, Colonel," replied the soldier, "what good does it do you to have me present arms every durned time you take a no-



tion to cross my beat? Aint you kinder putting on airs?"

It was often necessary to speak sharply to some laggard in the ranks while at drill, and, on one occasion, an officer had to pay special attention to one in his company with whom he had been on terms of social intimacy when there was no thought of war in the land. Finally, exasperated by what he deemed to be a deliberate attempt to mortify him, the soldier shouted out:

"Tom Wyncote, just you wait until we break ranks, and I'll give you one of the greatest lickings you ever got in your life."

A few months later, Captain Tom would have sent his friend to the guard-house. As it was, he laughed with the rest of the company, and explained that he had intended to exercise no special tyranny. The offender against military etiquette saw his error, and, being ashamed of himself, paid stricter attention to duty, and rose to high rank before the close of the war.

A Confederate private in the Louisiana Guards was sharply reprimanded by his superior officer, whose social rank he deemed beneath his own.

"It's all very well for you, George Weatherly, to talk to me that way now," he ex-

ting his position, he pulled off his coat, saying: "There, Frank Peyton, I don't wear lace on my shirt-sleeves. Come on!"

The two men were just beginning to spar at each other, when their cooler comrades separated them and pointed out the folly of the proceeding.

The time soon came, however, when the men who carried the musket were as great sticklers for military etiquette as their officers, resenting any neglect on the part of the latter in returning salutes. In some regiments the discipline was so strict that men on post as sentinels were on the alert to discover any delinquency of their superiors. At Federal Hill, Baltimore, Colonel (afterward General) Warren gave orders to his Zouave guards that only officers in uniform were to be admitted into camp. One bright Sunday morning in August, 1861, General Dix, who commanded the troops guarding the city, walked over from Fort McHenry attired in an old linen duster, instead of the brass-buttoned and velvet-cuffed coat belonging to his rank. Attempting to pass the line of sentries, in company with an aide, the old general was amused at finding a musket barring his passage, while the aide, with his glittering shoulder-straps, was permitted to enter.



THE RETURN FROM PICKET DUTY.

claimed, wrathfully; "you wouldn't dare to do it if we were in New Orleans without that lace on your cuff."

The officer was brave enough, for, forget-

"Why do you stop me, my man?" inquired the general, quietly.

"My orders are only to admit officers in uniform," was the reply.



NEWSPAPERS IN CAMP.

"But don't you see that this is General Dix?" exclaimed the aide, angrily.

"Well, between you and me, Major," said the Zouave, his eyes twinkling with amusement, "I see very well who it is, but if General Dix wants to get into this camp he had better go back and put on his uniform."

"You are quite right, sentry," remarked the general. "I'll go back and get my coat."

An hour afterward the general, in full uniform, approached the camp, and, allowing the guard reserve to be called out, accepted the salute due his rank and position, and the incident increased his admiration for the entire command.

At Yorktown the same Zouave regiment performed guard duty at the head-quarters of the commanding general. One day, as a test, General McClellan, while bareheaded and without his uniform coat, passed and repassed the sentinel near his tent, only to find that the soldier paid no heed to his presence. Demanding why the customary salute was not given, he was informed that sentries in that regiment did not salute a general or any other officer who happened to be in his shirt-sleeves. The reply delighted General McClellan and gained promotion for the educated soldier.

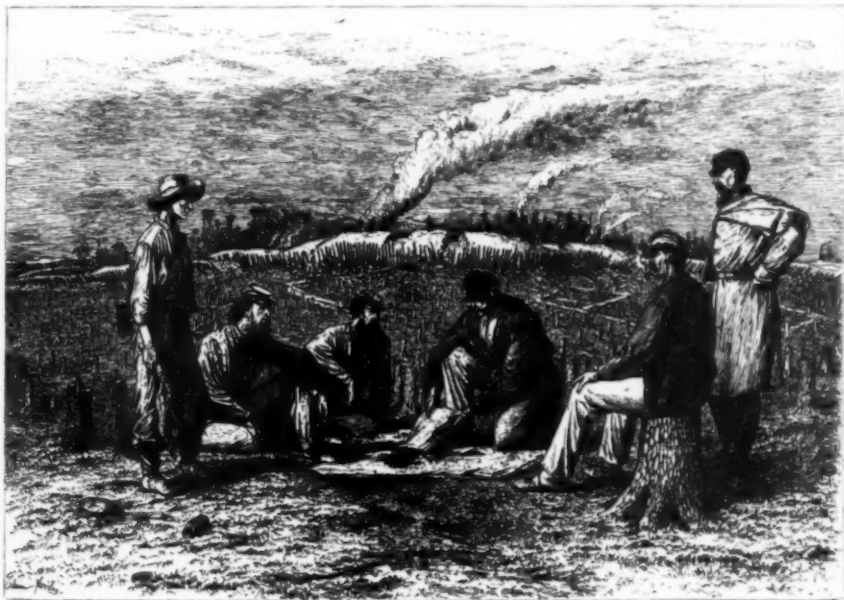
Camp life afforded many pleasures. The mails being regular, news from loved ones at home delighted the hearts of the way-worn

and battle-scarred veterans. Company cooks were in their glory among their pans and kettles, the cry "Fall in for soup" sounding merrily in the ears of men tired of munching dry hard-tack or frying soaked biscuits in melted pork fat. The coffee was more abundant in quantity and better in quality, so the soldier's stomach was satisfied. Camp amusements had but little variety, but they were thoroughly enjoyed. Reading was a passion with most men, and books went the rounds until they were worn out by constant use. Newspapers were always plentiful, the army newsboys being a decided feature at the front. No sooner did an army halt within reach of these enterprising fellows than they were to be seen galloping from brigade to brigade, distributing daily papers to eager buyers. Searching first for the dispatches relating the movements of his own command, the soldier turned next to learn tidings from other sections. With what delight the veterans read descriptions of actions they had taken part in, and woe to the unfortunate correspondent who chanced to make a blunder; he received no mercy from these stern and intelligent critics. Army newsboys were always ready to face danger while endeavoring to carry their bundles of papers into the lines. A bright young fellow started one morning from Harper's Ferry to join the troops assembling in the Shenandoah Valley under

Sheridan. He had scarcely descended from the heights at the back of the town, when he found himself closely pursued by a party of Mosby's guerillas. Mile after mile he galloped over the hard, macadamized road toward Charlestown, clinging to his bundles of papers and hearing a bullet whistle by his ears now and again as he proceeded. He finally escaped capture by the fleetness of his horse, but the soldiers were puzzled by finding their papers full of holes where the Confederate bullets had left their marks. Such adventures were, however, so common that neither soldier nor newsboy thought much about them. Newspapers formed a bond of fellowship between Eastern and Western armies, for from the daily journals they gleaned the news of each other's movements. The intelligence that Sherman's troops had reached the sea-coast came one evening to the Army of the Potomac in the columns of a Washington journal, and as the newsboys galloped along the lines of entrenchments before Petersburg they were followed by tumultuous cheers, until it seemed as if the whole army was uttering one mighty shout of gladness. The Confederate pickets, hearing the cheers, were anxious to ascertain

the opposing armies. The sale of newspapers was an enormous source of profit, and so keen became the competition, the Government was compelled to dispose of the privilege to the highest bidder. At one time the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars per annum was paid for the exclusive right to sell newspapers in the Army of the Potomac, the money being devoted to the benefit of the hospitals.

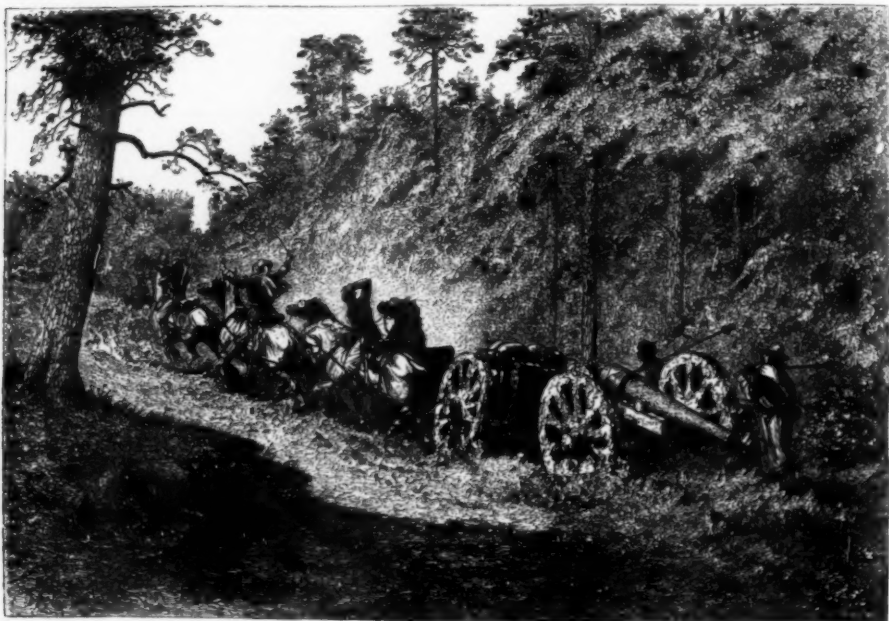
Going into winter quarters was to the veteran what holiday time is to the school-boy. First of all there was the feeling that you were settled down for a time, the prospect of a long and much-needed rest, with an increase of personal comfort. The dreary boxes of hard bread were exchanged for broad sheets of fresh loaves from the Government bakeries. The sutler and the paymaster arrived, and every table groaned with simple but high-priced luxuries. Hut-building grew into an art. A few men of mechanical instincts would explore the woods in search of all sorts of odd-shaped roots and branches, creating out of these unpromising materials specimens of rustic work remarkable for neatness in design. Usually the huts were built of rough logs, split in half to give the interior walls a finish.



TRAFFIC BETWEEN THE LINES DURING A TRUCE.

the cause, and, when informed, a deep silence fell on Lee's lines. There was scarcely any musketry that night, and not a single piece of artillery disturbed the slumbers of

Shelter tents were stretched over the rafters, the chinks between the logs were stopped with wet clay, and a chimney completed the edifice. Six men formed a mess, shelf-like bunks



THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

affording sleeping space at either end. In the center stood a cracker-board table, with a few stools or a couple of chairs made out of flour barrels. The muskets and equipments hung on pegs on either side of the door, which was made of canvas on a frame, or the universal resource, a cracker-box. In these snug huts the men forgot their trials and privations, and enjoyed the simple pleasures at their command. Chess, checker, and backgammon boards were obtained from the sutler or manufacturer, and it was a poor hut that could not boast of a pack of well-thumbed cards. These games served to relieve the tedium of winter life, for in stormy weather there was not much drilling and very little fatigue duty. A great deal of pipe-carving was done, the roots of laurel being abundant, while the ambitious devoted their leisure to inventing patent machines. One of the most valuable agricultural implements now in the market owes its origin to a soldier mechanic, who completed the details in a winter hut.

Musicians were a great feature of winter camp-life. It mattered little what the instrument was as long as it made music. Violins, flutes, banjos, and the sonorous accordion were to be found in every regiment. Round the instrumentalist clustered the vocalists, *al fresco* concerts being frequently given in the presence of appreciative audiences and huge,

roaring fires. And these performers were ambitious in their efforts. I once heard the Anvil Chorus sung in fair Italian to the accompaniment of an orchestra that only boasted one bit of brass, a battered cornet. There were plenty of drums, and a neighboring battery furnished the anvil and sledges. Sometimes a shade of sadness would be cast over the rough assemblage as some favorite song would recall a noted singer who during the previous summer had found a soldier's grave on the battlefield. When books were scarce, readers would be appointed to read a volume of Bulwer, or Scott, or Dickens, the hut being full on such occasions. The rule about extinguishing lights at taps was seldom enforced while in winter quarters, and many a pleasant hour was passed in listening to the voice of a good reader.

Outdoor sports were not overlooked, being encouraged by thoughtful officers for the healthful exercise they afforded. Snow-ball battles were frequent, and it sometimes happened that whole brigades had a merry fight with these missiles; the strategy displayed was often of a high order, showing how well the soldiers were studying their trade. As a rule gambling was forbidden; the vice, indeed, was seldom indulged in, for men preferred sending their slender and hard-earned pay to those at home, instead of wasting it at cards. Letter-writing was a daily occupation, and

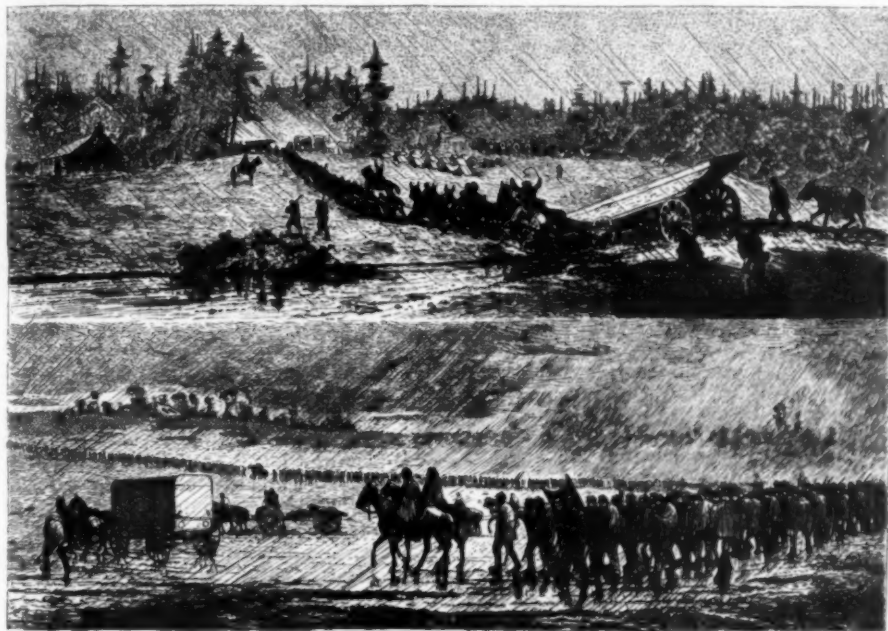


the outgoing mails were always heavy. Home was the central thought, the longing to return there unconquerable, a stern feeling of duty alone keeping the armies together.

Some men were constantly engaged in beautifying their temporary dwellings, inventing new conveniences each succeeding day. Others were noticeable for the care they took of their arms and equipments, constantly polishing buttons and belt-plates, or burnishing gun-barrel and bayonet. A few practiced the manual of arms, or diligently studied military tactics as laid down in the school of the battalion and brigade. It often happened that in a brigade movement an incorrect order would be

comrade for picket, preferring the excitement of the outposts to the humdrum life in regimental camp, with its dull routine of drill and fatigue details.

Picket life was always enjoyable, especially in the early spring-time, when signs of an approaching campaign multiplied. The warm air, filled with fragrance by the budding trees and forest flowers, was an agreeable change, the sentinels along the exterior lines being alert and watchful. As the season advanced frequent exchanges of coffee and tobacco were made by the pickets. A stump midway between the opposing lines usually marked the place of meeting, and it was curious to



STUCK IN THE MUD. A FLANK MARCH ACROSS COUNTRY.

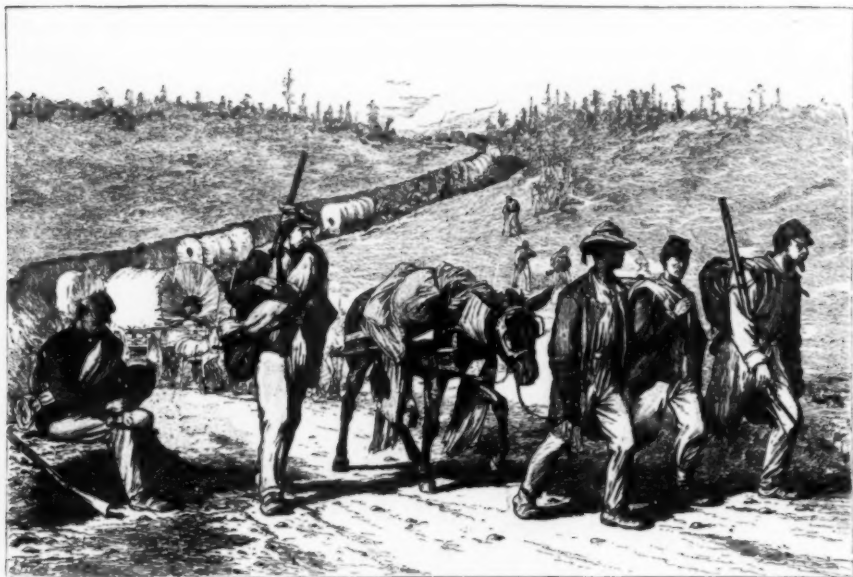
given, the offending field-officer discovering his error by the murmurs of discontent among his men. Waggish colonels frequently pretended to make mistakes, but the soldiers were quick to detect them, and refused to obey the order. But there were men who could not appreciate the necessity for drill or the comfort of neatness. They were ready enough for battle or picket, and would fight with coolness when on the field; yet, while keeping their weapons in good working order and seeing that their ammunition was dry, they saw no need for further effort. This class was never content unless they were on active service, and gladly volunteered to take the place of some ailing

watch Federals and Confederates gravely sitting round a rubber blanket amicably bartering their wares. A tea-cupful of ground coffee was the equivalent for a plug of tobacco, and when coffee failed hard-tack formed a convenient substitute. These soldiers seldom gave information about the armies, the subject being ignored; but the men eagerly compared notes about previous battles and campaigns, and were always delighted to meet Confederates belonging to commands they had fought against.

"What brigade do you belong to?" would be asked.

"Mahone's."





THE REAR OF THE COLUMN.

"Why, it was you fellows we charged on at Chancellorsville."

"Yes. And didn't we give it to you hot, though."

"Ah, that was because we could not use our artillery. You fellows fought well that day."

"So did you. It was a mighty hard fight while it lasted. How many cups of coffee have you got there?"

Thus did these American soldiers pay willing tribute to each other's prowess. Had the work of reconstruction been left to the fighting-men of the North and South, much of the bitterness of that period would have been avoided.

To the true soldier picket duty was a positive pleasure. The knowledge that in his hands rested the safety of the army made the most thoughtless grave. Slowly pacing his beat the sentinel listened to every sound, watched every movement. A scampering squirrel among the dead leaves, a twittering bird in the branches over his head, the robin hopping over the grass,—all were noticed in silence; but let a movement occur in the opposing line, and every musket was instantly cocked, while warning words ran rapidly along the chain of posts. A chance shot by some excited sentinel gaining an angry response, the whole line would soon be ablaze. Bullets whistled through the trees as the musketry grew in strength, and considerable ammunition would be wasted before orders came to stop firing.

When the advance began, and the pickets received instructions to move forward and engage the enemy, every man ran to the line and work opened merrily. Night duty was naturally the most trying, for then there was the danger of surprise; but when the soldier was relieved he rolled himself in his blanket and slept calmly, knowing that his comrades were watching over him in their turn.

The long marches incident to campaigns were very trying, even to the artillery and cavalry, who had horses to assist in carrying their burdens. For the infantry a march meant an amount of fatigue only appreciated by those that have endured it. Compelled to rely upon himself for the transportation of food and extra clothing, the Federal soldier maintained the pace, though he frequently carried ten days' rations, a canteen of water, a twelve-pound musket, and eighty rounds of ball-cartridge. To this were added a piece of shelter tent and a change of under-clothing. Twenty miles was an ordinary day's work, but it often happened that a corps was compelled to cover twice that distance. The Antietam and Gettysburg campaigns were notable for the long and painful marches performed by both Federal and Confederate columns, though the latter found them less difficult, as they carried fewer supplies. Once on the move, an army never heeded the weather. Tramping over roads ankle-deep in dust, and under a burning sun, the men toiled uncom-

plainly, their throats parched with thirst and their faces bathed in sweat. In rain that drenched them to the skin they splashed through mud in open country, clambered over mountain passes or trod the meadow-grass out of sight. Pushing through villages, fording streams, clattering over bridges, on they pressed, anxious and eager to meet the foe. Foot-sore and weary after a forced march, it only needed a sharp roll of musketry in front, or the boom of artillery on the flanks, to stiffen every muscle and gather up the lag-guards. In a moment the line was ready for battle. When the bugles sounded the halt, how gladly the veterans built

fires, erected shelters, and prepared supper. The pickets told off, the main body slumbered as only tired soldiers can sleep. Most men took a pride in holding their places in the ranks, but a rapid movement naturally threw out the foot-sore and ailing, who limped painfully after their more fortunate comrades, in company with the incorrigible and persistent straggler. Men who in time of peace could not be induced to exert themselves when ill or in pain, would on a campaign persist in dragging their blistered and swollen feet over the rough ground in hopes of being able to get forward in time for the threatening engagement. This class of men entertained for the habitual straggler a detestation they were not slow to express, though it had very little effect upon the vagabonds who thus lingered at the heels of the army. A few of these confirmed stragglers were brave enough when a battle began, and usually managed to reach their command as it went into action; but the majority were simply skulkers, for whom very little mercy or consideration was shown by the untiring and remorseless provost-guards as they came up sweeping before them all the human débris behind the army. When a soldier became a confirmed straggler, the habit seemed incurable; and no sooner did a corps get fairly on the move than these idle fellows disappeared. They haunted farm-houses in search of food, and too often for useless plunder, rendering themselves a nuisance and a

terror to the inhabitants. While endeavoring to escape from the irksome movement in column, the straggler frequently did twice as much tramping as the more orderly troops accomplished.

"Coffee-coolers," as these stragglers were



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

commonly called, from their habit of bivouacking in convenient fence corners and nooks among the trees, were possessed by that vagabondish instinct which impels so many men to become tramps in the present day. Lazy and impatient of control, the confirmed coffee-cooler was irreclaimable. In camp he performed his military duty in a perfunctory and unwilling manner, the fear of punishment alone keeping him from open rebellion. Too cowardly to desert in the field, he hung on the skirts of the army, while it was on the march, shirking the picket-line and the battle-field, thus leaving the better men the task of meeting the enemy. Coffee-cooling, as a habit, grew upon a man as does the love of intoxicating liquor, and once it fastened itself upon him, the coffee-cooler, like the drunkard, was beyond all hope. They were jolly fellows, however, in their way, these coffee-coolers, ever fond of a song or a good story with which to while away the time. One song had as many verses to it as there were regiments in the field. A single stanza will suffice to show the real object of coffee-cooling:

"Boil coffee on a rail  
Over a fire in the gale—  
Ain't I glad to get out of the regiment!"

This was the sole aspiration of the straggling, wandering, idle vagabond,—to get out of the regiment. That accomplished, he was in his

element, and lived a sort of gypsy life until driven by hunger or the provost-guard back to duty.

In the rear of a column were also to be found the head-quarter wagons and pack-mules. Loaded with officers' baggage, and supplies to their full strength, these mules plodded patiently beside their attendants, while occasionally a field-piece with disabled team labored painfully over the road, sadly out of place. In the distance ahead glistened the muskets of the troops in line, with frequent glimpses of silken banner or pennon, as they fluttered in the faint breeze. In front it was all martial pomp and glory, in the rear clusters of hobbling men or wearied animals, while beside them sauntered a score or two of idle scamps, loitering beyond the reach of military discipline. Hark! There booms a cannon, and the sharp rattle of musketry follows. In an instant the scene changes. The foot-sore forget their blisters, the sick their weakness, and all hurry forward. The mules begin bellowing as they are led into the fields, and the provost-guards drive up the stragglers. More cannon give tongue, the rolling musketry grows heavier and stronger, showing that warm work has already begun. The road is suddenly empty and silent, the army gains fresh strength, and the battle progresses furiously.

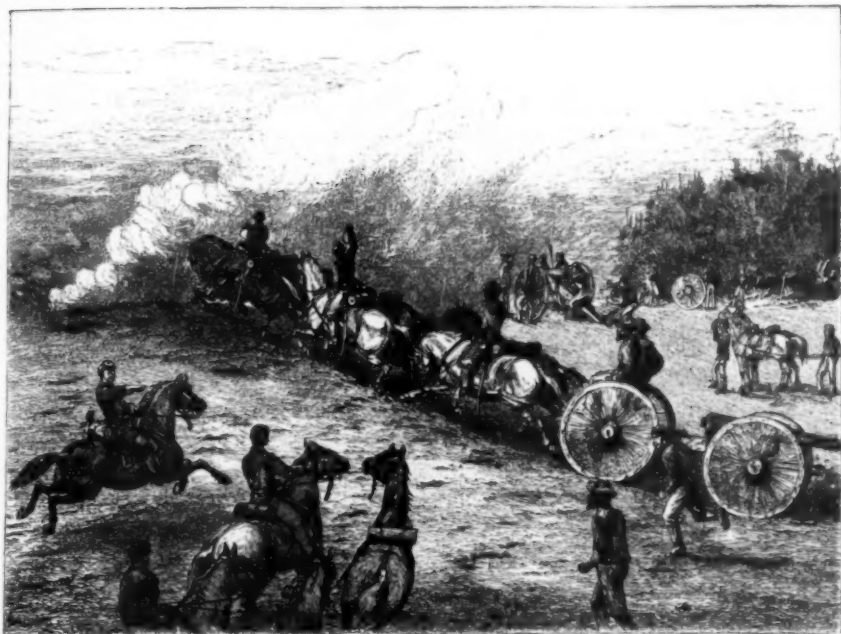
In the Western armies the bummer was a peculiar feature. Sherman skillfully used

this class, for they foraged for the main body while it made its great march to the sea. Mounted on nondescript, hammer-headed horses, their muskets slung carelessly over their rude saddles, these bummers scoured the country for supplies, and it must be admitted that they did not disdain to search for hidden riches. These men seemed to discover buried property by instinct, and many a Southern housewife was agonized at seeing her silver spoons and tea-pot dug out of the garden beds before her door. Reckless of danger, these Western bummers carried terror and dismay wherever they appeared, though they sometimes paid dearly for their temerity, a short shrift and a rope over the nearest branch being their fate when captured.

The question has been often asked, "How do soldiers feel when in battle?" and it is one difficult to answer. A long experience among veterans in the ranks leads the writer to believe that the emotion experienced in going under fire is much the same with all men. To the raw recruit the crash of small arms and the roar of cannon were simply appalling; he felt that he was going forward to certain death. With pale cheeks and clenched teeth he held his place, determined to do his duty as best he might. If very much excited, he loaded his musket, and, forgetting to put on the necessary percussion-cap, went through the motion of firing, only to ram a fresh cartridge on top of the first one, when, for the first



BUMMERS.



GOING INTO ACTION.

time using a cap, he was incontinently knocked down by the tremendous recoil of his gun, and believed he was badly wounded. Instances are known where muskets have been found on battle-fields containing six or seven cartridges. Finally the green soldier discovers that he is not hurt, and that everybody does not get killed in an engagement, so he regains confidence and passes successfully through his baptism of fire.

To the veteran it is far different. He knows too well that every battle reduces the average chance of his escape, yet so habituated has he become to rattling fusillades and desperate charges, he scarcely heeds the danger surrounding him. The shriek of the shells over his head, the buzz of the bullets past his ear, are now familiar sounds; and trusting to the chances of war, the infantryman fires rapidly with his musket, or the artilleryman calmly rams home another charge of grape and canister as his battery opens at close range on an advancing body of the enemy. All men are naturally afraid of death, but the trained and experienced soldier learns to keep down that fear, and nonchalantly do whatever is required of him.

Many humorous incidents occurred on battle-fields. A Confederate colonel ran ahead of his regiment at Malvern Hill, and discov-

ering that the men were not following him as closely as he wished, he uttered a fierce oath, and exclaimed:

"Come on! Do you want to live forever?"

The appeal was irresistible, and many a poor fellow who had laughed at the colonel's queer exhortation laid down his life soon after.

A shell struck the wheel of a Federal field-piece toward the close of the engagement at Fair Oaks, and, shivering the spokes, dismantled the cannon.

"Well, isn't it lucky that didn't happen before we used up all our ammunition," remarked one of the artillerymen as he crawled from beneath the gun.

When General Pope was falling back before Lee's advance in the Virginia Valley, his own soldiers thought his bulletins and orders somewhat strained in their rhetoric. At one of the numerous running engagements that marked that disastrous campaign, a private in one of the Western regiments was mortally wounded by a shell. Seeing the man's condition, a chaplain knelt beside him, and opening his Bible at random read about Samson's slaughter of the Philistines with the jaw-bone of an ass. He had not quite finished when, as the story runs, the poor fellow interrupted the reading by saying:

"Hold on, Chaplain. Don't deceive a



dying man. Isn't the name of John Pope signed to that?"

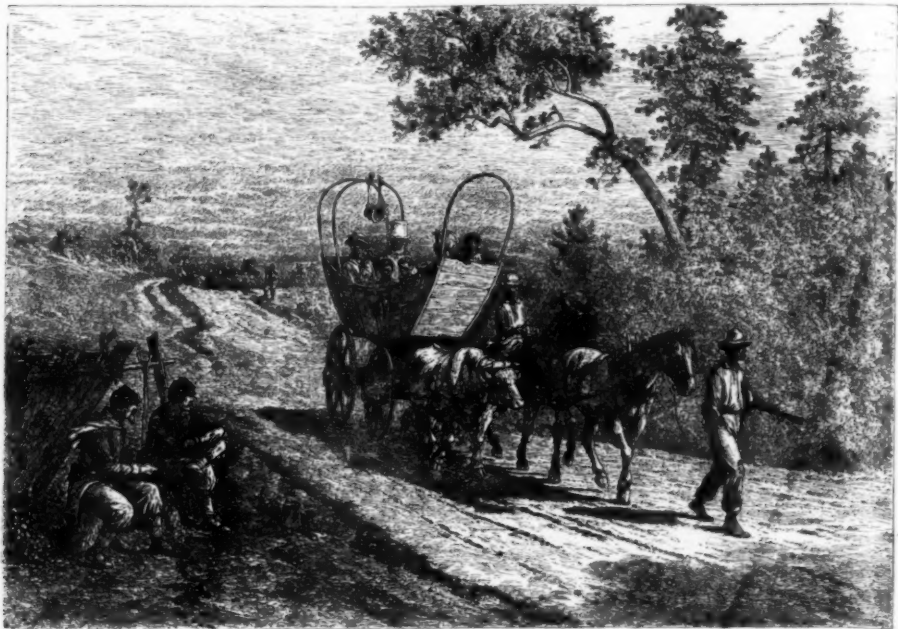
A column of troops was pushing forward over the long and winding road in Thoroughfare Gap to head off Lee after his retreat across the Potomac at the close of the Gettysburg campaign. Suddenly the signal-officer who accompanied the general in command discovered that some of his men, posted on a high hill in the rear, were reporting the presence of a considerable body of Confederate

It is perhaps needless to add that the brigade supped on mutton that evening.

As the army was crossing South Mountain the day before the battle of Antietam, General McClellan rode along the side of the moving column. Overtaking a favorite Zouave regiment, he exclaimed with his natural *bonhomie*:

"Well, and how is the Old Fifth this evening?"

"First-rate, General," replied one of the



CONTRABANDS COMING INTO THE LINES.

troops on top of the bluffs to the right. A halt was at once sounded, and the leading brigade ordered forward to uncover the enemy's position. The regiments were soon scrambling up the steep incline, officers and men gallantly racing to see who could reach the crest first. A young lieutenant and some half dozen men gained the advance, but at the end of what they deemed a perilous climb, they were thrown into convulsions of laughter at discovering that what the signal men took for Confederate troops were only a tolerably large flock of sheep. As the leaders in this forlorn hope rolled on the grass in a paroxysm of merriment, they laughed all the louder at seeing the pale but determined faces of their comrades, who, of course, came up fully expecting a desperate hand-to-hand struggle.

Zouaves. "But we'd be better off if we weren't living so much on supposition."

"Supposition?" said the general in a puzzled tone. "What do you mean by that?"

"It's easily explained, sir. You see we expected to get our rations yesterday, but as we didn't, we're living on the supposition that we did."

"Ah, I understand; you shall have your rations, Zou Zous, to-night," replied the general, putting spurs to his horse to escape the cheers of the regiment. And he kept his promise.

It was after the Antietam campaign that President Lincoln visited the army and made a running sort of review, each regiment standing to arms at its own camp to receive him. This same Zouave regiment had suffered terribly, and the President spoke to General



McClellan about the slender appearance of the battalion.

"Oh, the Zou Zous are all right," remarked the general. "They can whip the devil round a stump any time."

"It would be a very small stump, then," replied the President, "or the devil would soon get away from them."

Toward the close of the siege of Petersburg a very large number of the men composing General Finnegan's Florida brigade deserted from Lee's lines. The fact became so noticeable that the Federal pickets took it up, and used to shout across the line:

"Say, Johnny, send General Finnegan over here. We want him badly."

"What for?" innocently inquired a Confederate soldier one day, on hearing the absurd request for the first time.

"What for! Why, to take command of his brigade, to be sure. It's nearly all over here now."

Every general of prominence had a nickname bestowed upon him by his troops. Some of these names were of a sarcastic nature, but usually they indicated the confidence of the men in their leaders or their admiration for them. General Grant was commonly known over the watch-fires in the Army of the Potomac as "Old United States," from the initials of his name, but sometimes he was called "Old Three Stars," that number indicating his rank as lieutenant-general.

McClellan was endeared to his army as "Little Mac." Meade, who wore spectacles, was delighted to learn that the soldiers had named him "Four-eyed George," for he knew it was not intended as a reproach. Burnside, the colonel of the First Rhode Island regiment, rose to the dignity of "Rhody" when he became a general. Hooker never liked the sobriquet of "Fighting Joe," though he always lived up to it during his career in the field. Pope was saddled with the title of "Saddle-bag John," in memory of his famous order about head-quarters being on horseback. His men used to say that their head-quarters moved pretty rapidly

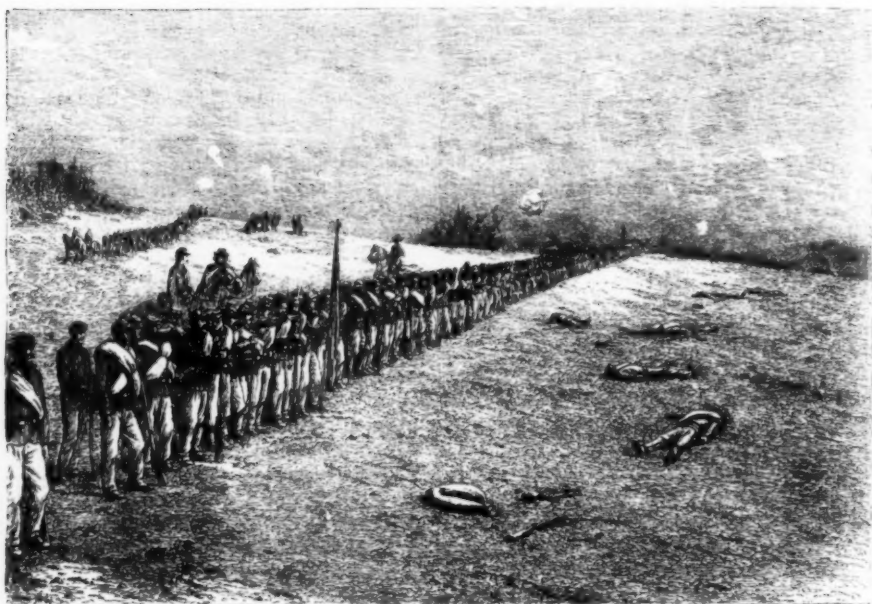
at times. Sigel, the German general, was known in the other corps as "Dutchy." Hancock won the brevet of "Superb," from a remark made by General Meade at Gettysburg, when the Second Corps repulsed Longstreet's men. Humphrey, being a distinguished engineer, was invariably styled "Old Mathematics." The Pennsylvania Reserves used to call Crawford "Physics," he being a surgeon at the beginning of his military career. Logan, with his long black hair and dark complexion, was "Black Jack" with his men. Sheridan, the cavalry leader, was "Little Phil," and Sherman's troops spoke of him as "Old Tecumseh." The sterling nature and steadfast purpose of Thomas earned for him the significant and familiar name of "Old Reliable." Alexander McDowell McCook, like Hooker, was called "'Fighting' McCook." The New York City regiments in the Fifth Corps changed Sykes to "Syksey." Halleck was derisively nicknamed "Old Brains," and Rosecrans had his name shortened to "Rosey." Lew Wallace was "Louisa" to the soldiers under his command; he was a



THE CAVALRY SKIRMISH LINE.

great favorite for his fighting qualities, and the soldiers adopted that inappropriate name for want of a better. Kearney, who had left an arm in Mexico, was invariably known in the ranks as "One-armed Phil." Butler was styled "Cockeye," for obvious reasons. Kilpatrick was nicknamed "Kill," while Custer was called "Ringlets," on account of his long, flowing curls; and so the catalogue might be prolonged indefinitely.

Among the Confederates familiar nicknames were not so common as with the Federals. The soldiers of the Army of Northern



THE HALT OF THE LINE OF BATTLE.

Virginia usually spoke of General Lee as "Bob Lee." Little Mahone was best known as "Skin and Bone." Early was called "Bad Old Man," and Jackson will live in history as "Stonewall."

With very few exceptions, the Federal generals commanding armies, corps, or divisions were favorites with their men. There were degrees, however, in the enthusiasm displayed by the soldiers for their leaders. McClellan was the idol of his troops so long as he remained in the field, and even to this day many a middle-aged man feels his heart grow warm when "Little Mac's" name is mentioned. General McClellan possessed that personal magnetism which distinguished Napoleon; and had his nature been as cold-blooded as that of the Corsican, there can be no question that McClellan would have been the most successful general on the Federal side. His face was a peculiarly engaging one, and when he galloped along the line of a corps, his cap lifted high in the air in acknowledgment of the salutes of his men, every soldier in the ranks seemed to feel that the general had recognized him individually. He was constantly looking after the comfort of his troops, and many anecdotes could be related of his checking his horse to secure attention for some wounded or foot-sore soldier. The objects of his pity never forgot the incident, and as they multiplied during a cam-

paign the men's admiration and enthusiasm increased. The day he was finally relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac was a sorrowful one for the veterans of the Peninsular and Antietam campaigns, and he left the field regretted by every officer and man in the ranks.

Grant, silent and grave, seldom awoke enthusiasm among his soldiers, although they entertained for him a sincere regard and high respect; for they learned in time that this taciturn man, who rode over battle-grounds without a sword, chewing an unlighted cigar in his powerful jaws, was a true leader, and, indeed, a great soldier. Knowing Grant to be resolute and tenacious, the rank and file fought under his command with steadiness and courage, appreciating the fact that every blow they struck would be followed by others equally strong and efficacious. Though the hero of Vicksburg and Appomattox seldom noticed the salutes of his men, it was evident that he appreciated them, and in these days of peace no general is more fond of recalling the good feeling that existed between him and the war-worn veterans he led so often to victory.

Sherman was a good deal like McClellan in his anxiety for the welfare of the soldiers under him, and he was very happy in the manner of receiving their salutations. Nervous by nature, he was impetuous and easily an-

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gered, but under his faded and threadbare uniform beat a warm and tender heart. Recognizing the pregnant fact that war is necessarily cruel, he never hesitated to push his men forward in the face of a withering fire, but he was always ready on occasion to accompany the advancing line, being then cool and collected, though his face would be all aglow with the excitement of the moment. The Western armies loved "Old Tecumseh," and no man is more heartily welcomed at the annual reunions nowadays than General Sherman.

Thomas resembled Grant in his intercourse with his men, being steady and sedate, but a most vigorous fighter. He hated scenes, but under his calm exterior the knowledge that the troopers liked and respected him made his heart glad. When he first heard that his men had given him the sobriquet of "Old Reliable," his features relaxed, and a pleasant, gratified smile showed that he appreciated the compliment at its true value.

Meade was a great favorite, whether at the head of a division, corps, or the Army of the Potomac. Soldierly in his attire, he always appeared to advantage when mounted, and his graceful way of acknowledging the greetings of his men sometimes rendered them tumultuous. No general on the Federal side equaled him in wording bulletins. McClellan had a dashing Napoleonic style that was very captivating, but Meade adopted a far different method, for he took the troops into his confidence; told them that he relied more on their bravery and steadiness than his own generalship; asked them to do their best, and victory was certain. There is no question that the field of Gettysburg was won because every man who carried a musket had been told by his general that it was the soldiers' battle. That Meade was a favorite is shown by the nickname he was given by the army.

Sheridan was a *beau sabreur*, and managed to win the confidence and love of his troops. Passionate to the extreme, this brilliant soldier was sometimes harsh and often rude to his officers, but to the men in the ranks, collectively, he was always indulgent, though a strict disciplinarian.

Burnside was beloved by the Old Ninth Corps, but the disastrous result of his single battle while commander of the Army of the Potomac was fatal, and he failed to win more than respect from the whole body.

Hancock was the darling of the Old Second Corps, and a great favorite with the entire army. Those who have seen only the recent portraits of Hancock can have no proper conception of his appearance in the field. Spare in frame, and looking tall in the

saddle, his tanned face was set off by a heavy mustache and goatee. Since the war "Winfield" has grown handsomer with his gray hair and shaven face, but in many a humble home throughout the land the old war photograph of the Second Corps leader is cherished by the veteran of that famous corps. Courteous in manner, dignified in appearance, and prompt in action, he was always successful, being followed by his men with a devotion seldom paralleled in the annals of the war.

Sedgwick much resembled Thomas in his intercourse with the soldiers serving under him, and the love of his men was shown by their erecting, at West Point, a splendid statue to his memory. Warren—nervous and excitable—never so well satisfied as when moving up under fire—was, nevertheless, careful of his men, and was proud to know that they sometimes spoke of him as "Gouv." Logan, with his dark face and coal-black hair, could always move forward on the field, feeling sure that his men would follow with confidence and fight desperately. Kilpatrick and Custer were never so happy as when on a raid. Moving swiftly, they gloried in striking the enemy and carrying confusion into their ranks. Both were idolized by their men, and for the same reasons—a total disregard of personal safety. Charging at the head of the column, these gallant cavalry leaders exulted in the excitement of the hour and the desperate nature of the movement. Custer's heroic death at the battle of the Big Horn is a signal proof of his headlong courage and the willingness of his men to follow him to the bitter end, under the most discouraging circumstances.

The impudence of American soldiers was very noticeable. One day, as General McClellan was riding through the camps at Yorktown, he was greeted with the salutation of "How are you, Ge—orge?" The general laughed at the incident and probably soon forgot it. But imagine a German soldier addressing Von Moltke in such fashion.

Army teamsters were never appreciated at their true value by soldiers in the field, for it was the general opinion that "any fool could drive mules." Those who tried the experiment found that the teamster's office was not a sinecure. The successful handling of six stubborn, pugnacious brutes, as army mules invariably were, required a degree of patience and an amount of skill and will-power only to be developed by long experience. When the roads were dry and even, wagon-driving was a pastime, but when the trains reached mountain passes, or the roads became seas of mud after heavy rains, then the task was indeed no

joke. Mud, three feet deep, as tenacious as stiff clay could make it, rendered the movement of wagons and artillery a most difficult operation. The wheels were solid disks, the spokes and felloes being entirely hidden by the mass of mud they carried, and the labor for both men and animals was multiplied four-fold. Then the genius of the teamster was manifested. With a strange and inexhaustible vocabulary of oaths at his command, and armed with a formidable snake whip, the driver used both with startling and telling effect. The air, blue with shocking profanity, and the huge whip whistling cruelly as it descended on the backs of the quivering brutes, gave them new strength, and the mired vehicle soon emerged from its muddy bed. It was a leading article of faith among teamsters that mules could only be driven by constant cursing, and they lived up to that belief with rare constancy. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact, that whenever an attempt was made to drive a team of mules without indulgence in profanity it invariably proved a failure, because the animals had become so accustomed to that method of persuasion they would not move without it. Teamsters, as a class, were brave and untiring, rendering important service in their peculiar sphere of duty, but they got very little credit for it from the rank and file, being generally looked upon as men who were unwilling to fight. That they could fight, however, was often proved, for the teamsters frequently saved their trains from capture by their stubborn resistance when attacked. Every wagon carried a loaded musket and the weapons were often used with deadly effect.

Many a brave mule driver died like a hero in defending the property intrusted to his charge, though there was seldom any record of such bravery.

To see an ordnance train gallop up on the battle-field was an exhilarating sight, for then the teamsters were in their glory. Coming up on the trot the wagons would be wheeled into line as cleverly as if the men were moving field-pieces into position, and the mules appeared to enjoy the occasion as much as their drivers, for they strained every muscle and obeyed every command with remarkable docility.

Contrabands, as the negro refugees were called, were constantly coming into the Federal lines. Sometimes on foot, laden down with a miscellaneous collection of household goods of very little value to any one except the owner, the patient contraband would confidently approach the pickets, taking it for granted that he would be welcome. Simple in nature, the negro would walk quietly up the

road, and, seeing the sentinel, salute him respectfully with "Howdy, Massa?"

"What do you want?"

"Ise come in, sah; Ise wants to be contraban'."

"And what will you do after you come in?"

"I dunno, massa. Ise willin' to do 'most anything."

That was it. He was willing to do anything so long as he gained that precious boon, his personal liberty.

Sometimes a whole family would apply for admission, the grandfather, the women, and children, seated in one of those nondescript vehicles to be seen only in the South. The wagon was frequently drawn by a miserable, half-starved mule and a cow, the ill-assorted animals pulling together in friendly but strange fashion. As soon as the word was given to pass on, the whole group invariably broke out with a joyful hymn celebrating their entrance into the promised land.

Cavalry duty was the most agreeable and exciting branch of the service, for the mounted soldier was always in the van of the army on a campaign, or hovering on the flanks when the enemy threatened an attack. Moving swiftly from point to point, these men passed through a dozen hard skirmishes in a single day. Now swooping down on a train and destroying it on the spot, now seizing the entrance to a mountain pass or fighting for its possession, now dashing across rivers and driving in the stubborn pickets to enable the engineers to lay a pontoon bridge, the cavalryman always found plenty of hot work cut out for him. And when the enemy was retreating, how tenaciously did the tireless cavalry hang on his rear, cutting off stragglers, capturing pieces of artillery, and sometimes charging on the rear guard. Picturesque in their movements, reckless in courage, and always ready for a brush, the cavalry was the admiration of the infantry and the envy of the artillery. The foot soldier wished he had a horse to carry him and his equipments, and the gunner wished he could move about more rapidly. The cavalry leaders were all dashing, impetuous men, and with old soldiers the names of Sheridan, Pleasanton, Kilpatrick, Averill, Dahlgren, Custer, Stoneman, Merritt, Wilson, Hampton, Stuart, Imboden, and Morgan were the synonyms for bravery and desperate gallantry.

On the field of battle the American cavalry seldom made their appearance. At Gettysburg, Pleasanton and Kilpatrick made a swoop on Lee's right at the close of that desperate struggle, and the entire corps fought at Brandy Station at the beginning of that campaign. In the Shenandoah Valley the cavalry



did a wonderful amount of field service. Released by the siege of Petersburg, Sheridan carried his troopers to the Valley, and in every engagement used the cavalry at a critical point to swing round on Early's flanks and throw them into confusion. The cavalry charge at the battle of Winchester must be ranked as one of the most brilliant episodes of the war.

Mention has been made of the humorous incidents happening on battle-fields, but there was very little fun to be found in the ranks when the army was arrayed in line of battle. Then everybody was serious. Orders were given in a quiet tone and obeyed with celerity and in perfect silence. Here the private was of more importance than his officer, for on his courage and coolness rested the issue of the struggle. If the men in the ranks stood fast and used their weapons with proper effect, a victory would be won; if they failed to hold their ground, all was lost. The officers could only direct what should be done; the men were to execute it. Then there was the feeling among both officers and men that in the presence of the enemy they stood on one common plane as to danger. The bullets flying over their heads and the shells screaming and shrieking in mid-air paid no heed to rank. Brigadiers and colonels, captains and lieutenants, were no better here than the humblest private. One of the most trying positions for a soldier is the movement of a line during a battle. The men have probably been fighting hard all the morning, only to find the fire of the enemy gradually slackening and finally ceasing altogether. Skirmishers are thrown out and word comes that the opposing line has fallen back. Then orders are issued to move forward in line. Slowly, steadily, the several brigades step out, following their skirmish line over the fields, through woods, and across ravines and ditches, until at length the men catch a glimpse of the enemy's line where it has taken up advantageous ground. "Halt" comes ringing down the line, and as the men obey and drop the heels of their muskets on the soft earth, they peer curiously at their adversaries, knowing too well that the next

minute will probably bring them into mortal combat. Silent and thoughtful, the soldiers lean on their rifles, their faces blackened with powder, or bleeding from some slight wound a veteran never heeds. They feel no great desire to go forward, but are perfectly ready and willing to do so if their general so decides. Each man in the long line knows that if an advance is made some of them will not see the sun set, and he cannot shake off the feeling that perhaps his turn has come to join the silent majority. Look down the line, and you will see many a face, which has been the life and soul of the camp, now serious enough, for, as the veteran gazes at the corpses scattered over the field, he realizes the awfulness of the occasion. Suddenly the bugles utter their shrill notes and the silent line moves forward. Batteries behind them open fire, and under cover of these shells the advance continues. Then, as they come within musket range, the enemy greets the advancing body with a blinding volley of musketry, and men fall dead and wounded in every direction, the survivors coolly closing up the ranks and leaving them behind, as the next moment they make a rush to seize the position. The musketry grows hotter and hotter, the cannonading fiercer and fiercer, until suddenly a ringing cheer rises above the roar and racket, telling that the movement has proved successful and the enemy are once more in retreat.

Instances of personal heroism were frequent in both Federal and Confederate armies. One of the commonest of these was the rescue of wounded comrades under fire, and it was a proof of the generosity of the combatants that, whenever such efforts were recognized, the musketry would slacken and both lines join in cheering the rescuers. Scarcely a battle occurred without a dozen or more of these attempts, most of them being successful, though it often happened that, instead of helping their comrades, the brave fellows ran to meet death, or like them to be stretched on the earth in an agony of pain. Such were some of the lights and shadows of army life on American battle-fields.

*George F. Williams.*





DR. SEVIER.\*

BY GEORGE W. CABLE,

Author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Madame Delphine," etc.

LVI.

ALMOST IN SIGHT.

IN St. Tammany Parish, on the northern border of Lake Pontchartrain, about thirty miles from New Orleans in a straight line across the waters of the lake, stood in time of the war, and may stand yet, an old house of the Creole colonial fashion, all of cypress from sills to shingles, standing on brick pillars ten feet from the ground, a wide veranda in front, and a double flight of front steps running up to it sidewise and meeting in a balustraded landing at its edge. Scarcely anything short of a steamer's roof or a light-house window could have offered a finer stand-point from which to sweep a glass round the southern semicircle of water and sky than did this stair-landing; and here, a long ship's-glass in her hands and the accustomed look of care on her face, faintly frowning against the glare of noonday, stood Mary Richling. She still had on the pine-straw hat, and the skirt, stirring softly in a breeze that had to come around from the north side of the house before it reached her, was the brown and olive homespun.

"No use," said an old, fat, and sun-tanned man from his willow chair on the veranda behind her. There was a slight palsied oscillation in his head. He leaned forward somewhat on a staff, and as he spoke his entire shapeless and nearly helpless form quaked with the effort. But Mary, for all his advice, raised the glass and swung it slowly from east to west.

The house was near the edge of a slightly rising ground close to the margin of a bayou that glided around toward the left from the woods at its back, and ran, deep and silent, under the shadows of a few huge, widespread, moss-hung live-oaks that stood along its hither shore, laying their roots in its waters and throwing their vast green images upon its glassy surface. As the dark stream slipped away from these it flashed a little while in the bright open of a marsh, and, just entering the shade of a spectral cypress wood, turned as if to avoid it, swung more than half

about, and shone sky-blue, silver, and green as it swept out into the unbroken sunshine of the prairie.

It was over this flowery savannah, broadening out on either hand and spreading far away until its bright green margin joined, with the perfection of a mosaic, the distant blue of the lake, that Mary, dallying a moment with hope, passed her long glass. She spoke with it still raised and her gaze bent through it:

"There's a big alligator crossing the bayou down in the bend."

"Yes," said the aged man, moving his flat, carpet-slipped feet a laborious inch, "alligator. Alligator not goin' take you 'cross lake. No use lookin'. 'Ow Peter goin' come when win' dead ahead? Can't do it."

Yet Mary lifted the glass a little higher, beyond the green, beyond the crimpling wavelets of the nearer distance that seemed drawn by the magical lens almost into her hand, out to the fine straight line that cut the cool blue below from the boundless blue above. Round swung the glass, slowly, waveringly, in her unpracticed hand, from the low cypress forests of Manchac on the west to the skies that glittered over the unseen marshes of the Rigolets on the farthest east.

"You see sail yondeh?" came the slow inquiry from behind.

"No," said Mary, letting the instrument down and resting it on the balustrade.

"Humph! No! Dawn't I tell you is no use look?"

"He was to have got here three days ago," said Mary, shutting the glass and gazing in anxious abstraction across the prairie.

The Spanish Creole grunted.

"When win' change—he goin' start. He dawn't start till win' change. Win' keep ligue dat—he dawn't start 't all." He moved his orange-wood staff an inch, to suit the previous movement of his feet, and Mary came and laid the glass on its brackets in the veranda, near the open door of a hall that ran through the dwelling to another veranda in the rear.

In the middle of the hall a small woman, as dry as the peppers that hung in strings on the wall behind her, sat in a rush-bottomed

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rocking-chair plaiting a palmetto hat, and with her elbow swinging a tattered manilla hammock in whose bulging middle lay Alice, taking her compulsory noonday nap. Mary came, expressed her thanks in sprightly whispers, lifted the child out, and carried her to a room. How had Mary got here?

The morning after that on which she had missed the cars at Canton she had taken a south-bound train for Camp Moore, the camp of the forces that had evacuated New Orleans, situated near the railway station of Tangipahoa, some eighty miles north of the captured city. Thence, after a day or two of unavoidable delay and of careful effort to know the wisest step, she had taken stage—a crazy ambulance—with some others, two women, three children, and an old man, and for two days had traveled through a beautiful country of red and yellow clays and sands below and murmuring pines above—vast colonnades of towering, branchless brown columns holding high their green, translucent roof, and opening up their wide, bright, sun-shot vistas of gentle, grassy hills that undulated far away under the balsamic forest and melted at length into luminous green unity and deer-haunted solitudes. Now she went down into richer bottom-lands, where the cotton and corn were growing tall and pretty to look upon, like suddenly grown girls, and the sun was beginning to shine hot. Now she passed over rustic bridges under posted warnings to drive slow or pay a fine, or through sandy fords across purling streams, hearing the monotone of some unseen mill-dam, or scaring the tall gray crane from his fishing or the otter from his pranks. Again she went up into leagues of clear pine forest with stems as straight as lances; meeting now a farmer and now a school-girl or two, and once a squad of scouts, ill-mounted, worse clad, and yet more sorrowfully armed; bivouacking with the jolly, tattered fellows, Mary and one of the other women singing for them, and the "boys" singing for Mary, and each applauding each about the pine-knot fire, and the women and children by and by lying down to slumber, in soldier fashion, with their feet to the brands, under the pines and the stars, while the gray-coats stood guard in the wavering fire-light; but Mary lying broad awake staring at the great constellation of the Scorpion, and thinking now of him she sought and now remorsefully of that other scout, that poor boy whom the spy had shot far away yonder to the north and eastward. Now she rose and journeyed again. Rare hours were those for Alice. They came at length into a low, barren land of dwarfed and scrawny pines, with here and there a marshy flat; thence through a narrow

strip of hickories, oaks, cypresses, and dwarf palmetto, and so into beds of white sand and oyster-shells, and then into one of the villages on the north shore of Lake Pontchartrain.

Her many little adventures by the way, the sayings and doings and seeings of Alice, and all those little adroitnesses by which Mary from time to time succeeded in avoiding or turning aside the suspicions that hovered about her, and the hundred times in which Alice was her strongest and most perfect protection, we cannot pause to tell. But we give a few lines to one matter.

Mary had not yet descended from the ambulance at her journey's end; she and Alice only were in it; its tired mules were dragging it slowly through the sandy street of the village, and the driver was praising the milk, eggs, chickens, and genteel seclusion of Mrs. —'s "hotel," at that end of the village toward which he was driving, when a man on horseback met them, and in passing raised his hat to Mary. The act was only the usual courtesy of the highway; yet Mary was startled, disconcerted, and had to ask the unobservant, loquacious driver to repeat what he had said. Two days afterward Mary was walking at the twilight hour in a narrow sandy road that ran from the village out into the country to the eastward. Alice walked beside her, plying her with questions. At a turn of the path, without warning, she confronted this horseman again. He reined up and lifted his hat. An elated look brightened his face.

"It's all fixed," he said. But Mary looked distressed, even alarmed.

"You shouldn't have done this," she replied.

The man waved his hand downward repressively, but with a countenance full of humor.

"Hold on. It's *still* my deal. This is the last time, and then I'm done. Make a spoon or spoil a horn, you know. When you commence to do a thing, do it. Them's the words that's inscribed on my banner, as the felleh says; only I, Sam, aint got much banner. And if I sort o' use about this low country a little while for my health, as it were, and nibble around sort o' *pro bono publico*, takin' notes, why, you aint a-carin', is you? For wherefore shouldst thou?" He put on a yet more ludicrous look and spread his hand off at one side, working his outstretched fingers.

"Yes," responded Mary, with severe gravity; "I must care. You did finish at Holly Springs. I was to find the rest of the way as best I could. That was the understanding. Go away." She made a commanding gesture, though she wore a pleading look. He looked grave; but his habitual grimace stole through

his gravity and invited her smile. But she remained fixed. He gathered the rein and straightened up in the saddle.

"Yes," she insisted, answering his inquiring attitude; "go. I shall be grateful to you as long as I live. It wasn't because I mistrusted you that I refused your aid at Camp Moore or at—that other place on this side. I don't mistrust you. But don't you see—you must see—it's your duty to see—that this staying and—and—foll—following—is—is—wrong." She stood, holding her skirt in one hand and Alice's hand in the other, not upright, but in a slightly shrinking attitude, and as she added once more, "Go; I implore you—go," her eyes filled.

"I will; I'll go," said the man, with a soft chuckle intended for self-abasement. "I go, thou goest, he goes. 'I'll skeddaddle,' as the felleh says. And yit it do seem to me sorter like,—if my moral sense is worthy of any consideration, which is doubtful, may be,—seems to me like it's sort o' jumpin' the bounty for you to go and go back on an arrangement that's been all fixed up nice and tight, and when it's on'y jess to sort o' 'jump intoe the wagon' that's to call for you to-morrow sun-up, drove by a nigger boy, and ride a few mile' to a house on the bayou and wait there till a man comes with a nice little schooner and take you on bode and sail off, and 'good-bye, Sally,' and me never in sight from fust to last, 'and no questions axed.'"

"I don't reject the arrangement," replied Mary, with tearful pleasantness. "If you'll do as I say, I'll do as you say; and that will be final proof to you that I believe you're"—she fell back a step, laughingly—"the clean sand!" She thought the man would have perpetrated some small antic; but he did not. He did not even smile, but lifted the rein a little till the horse stepped forward, and, putting out his hand, said:

"Good-bye. You don't need no directions. Jess tell the lady where you' boardin' that you've sort o' consented to spend a day or two with old Adrien Sanchez, and get into the wagon when it comes for you." He let go her hand. "Good-bye, Alice." The child looked up in silence and pressed herself against her mother. "Good-bye," said he once more.

"Good-bye," replied Mary.

His eyes lingered as she dropped her own.

"Come, Alice," she said, resisting the little one's effort to stoop and pick a wild pea-blossom, and the mother and child started slowly back the way they had come. The spy turned his horse's head and moved still more slowly in the opposite direction. But before he had gone many rods he turned the

animal's head again, rode as slowly back, and beside the spot where Mary had stood got down, and from the small imprint of her shoe in the damp sand took the pea-blossom, which, in turning to depart, she had unawares trodden under foot. He looked at the small crushed thing for a moment, and then thrust it into his bosom; but in a moment, as if by a counter impulse, drew it forth again, let it flutter to the ground, following it with his eyes, shook his head with an amused air, half of defiance and half of discomfiture, turned, drew himself into the saddle, and with one hand laid upon another on the saddle-bow and his eyes resting on them in meditation, passed finally out of sight.

HERE, then, in this lone old Creole cottage, Mary was tarrying, prisoner of hope, coming out at all hours of the day, and scanning the wide view, first with only her hand to shade her brow, and then with the old ship's-glass, Alice often standing by and looking up at this extraordinary toy with unspoken wonder. All that Mary could tell her of things seeable through it could never persuade the child to risk her own eye at either end of it. So Mary would look again and see, out in the prairie, in the morning, the reed birds, the marsh hen, the blackbirds, the sparrows, the starlings with their red and yellow epaulets, rising and fluttering and sinking again among the lilies and mallows, and the white crane, paler than a ghost, wading in the grassy shallows. She saw the ravening garfish leap from the bayou, and the mullet in shining hundreds spatter away to left and right; and the fisherman and the shrimp-catcher in their canoes come gliding up the glassy stream, riding down the water-lilies that rose again behind, and shook the drops from their crowns like water sprites. Here and there farther out she saw the little cat-boats of the neighboring village crawling along the edge of the lake, taking their timid morning cruises. And far away she saw the titanic clouds; but on the horizon, no sail.

In the evening she would see mocking-birds coming out of the savannah and flying into the live-oaks. A summer duck might dart from the cypresses, speed across the wide green level, and become a swerving, vanishing speck on the sky. The heron might come round the bayou's bend, and suddenly take fright and fly back again. The rattling king-fisher might come up the stream, and the blue crane sail silently through the purple haze that hung between the swamp and the bayou. She would see the gulls, gray and white, on the margin of the lake, the sun setting beyond its western end, and the sky and water turning all beautiful tints; and

every now and then, low down along the cool, wrinkling waters, passed across the round eye of the glass the broad, downward-curved wing of the pelican. But when she ventured to lift the glass to the horizon, she swept it from east to west in vain. No sail.

"Dawn't I tell you no use look? Peter dawn't comin' in day-time, nohow."

But on the fifth morning Mary had hardly made her appearance on the veranda, and had not ventured near the spy-glass yet, when the old man said:

"She rain back in swamp las' night; can smell."

"How do you feel, this morning?" asked Mary, facing around from her first glance across the waters. He did not heed.

"See dat win'?" he asked, lifting one hand a little from the top of his staff.

"Yes," responded Mary, eagerly; "why, it's—hasn't it—changed?"

"Yes, change' las' night 'fo' went to bed."

The old man's manner betrayed his contempt for one who could be interested in such a change, and yet not know when it took place.

"Why, then," began Mary, and started as if to take down the glass.

"What you doin'?" demanded its owner.

"Better let glass 'lone; fool' wid him enough."

Mary flushed, and, with a smile of resentful apology, was about to reply when he continued:

"What you want glass for? Dare Peter' schooner—right dare in bayou. What want glass for? Can't see schooner hundred yard' off 'dout glass?" And he turned away his poor wabbling head in disgust.

Mary looked an instant at two bare, rakish yellow poles showing out against the clump of cypresses, and the trim little white hull and apple-green deck from which they sprung, then clasped her hands and ran into the house.

## LVII.

## A GOLDEN SUNSET.

DR. SEVIER came to Richling's room one afternoon, and handed him a sealed letter. The post-mark was blurred, but it was easy still to read the abbreviation of the State's name—Kentucky. It had come by way of New York and the sea. The sick man reached out for it with avidity from the large bed in which he sat bolstered up. He tore it open with unsteady fingers, and sought the signature.

"It's from a lawyer."

"An old acquaintance?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes," responded Richling, his eyes glancing eagerly along the lines. "Mary's in the

Confederate lines!—Mary and Alice!" The hand that held the letter dropped to his lap. "It doesn't say a word about how she got through!"

"But *where* did she get through?" asked the physician. "Whereabouts is she now?"

"She got through away up to the eastward of Corinth, Mississippi. Doctor, she may be within fifty miles of us this very minute! Do you think they'll give her a pass to come in?"

"They may, Richling; I hope they will."

"I think I'd get well if she'd come," said the invalid. But his friend made no answer.

A day or two afterward—it was drawing to the close of a beautiful afternoon in early May—Dr. Sevier came into the room and stood at a window, looking out. Madame Zénobie sat by the bedside softly fanning the patient. Richling, with his eyes, motioned her to retire. She smiled and nodded approvingly, as if to say that that was just what she was about to propose, and went out, shutting the door with just sound enough to announce her departure to Dr. Sevier.

He came from the window to the bedside and sat down. The sick man looked at him with a feeble eye, and said, in little more than a whisper:

"Mary and Alice——"

"Yes?" said the Doctor.

"If they don't come to-night they'll be too late."

"God knows, my dear boy."

"Doctor——"

"What, Richling?"

"Did you ever try to guess——"

"Guess what, Richling?"

"His use of my life."

"Why, yes, my poor boy, I have tried. But I only make out its use to me."

The sick man's eye brightened.

"Has it been?"

The Doctor nodded. He reached out and took the wasted hand in his. It tried to answer his pressure. The invalid spoke.

"I'm glad you told me that before—before it was too late."

"Are you, my dear boy? Shall I tell you more?"

"Yes," the sick man huskily replied; "oh, yes."

"Well, Richling,—you know we're great cowards about saying such things; it's a part of our poor human weakness and distrust of each other, and the emptiness of words,—but—lately—only just here, very lately, I've learned to call the meekest, loveliest One that ever trod our earth, Master; and it's been your life, my dear fellow, that has taught me." He pressed the sick man's hand



slowly and tremulously, then let it go, but continued to caress it in a tender, absent way, looking on the floor as he spoke on.

"Richling, Nature herself appoints some men to poverty and some to riches. God throws the poor upon our charge—in mercy to us. Couldn't he take care of them without us if he wished? Are they not his? It's easy for the poor to feel, when they are helped by us, that the rich are a godsend to them; but they don't see, and many of their helpers don't see, that the poor are a godsend to the rich. They're set over against each other to keep pity and mercy and charity in the human heart. If every one were entirely able to take care of himself, we'd turn to stone." The speaker ceased.

"Go on," whispered the listener.

"That will never be," continued the Doctor. "God Almighty will never let us find a way to quite abolish poverty. Riches don't always bless the man they come to, but they bless the world. And so with poverty; and it's no contemptible commission, Richling, to be appointed by God to bear that blessing to mankind which keeps its brotherhood universal. See, now,"—he looked up with a gentle smile,—"from what a distance he brought our two hearts together. Why, Richling, the man that can make the rich and poor love each other will make the world happier than it has ever been since man fell."

"Go on," whispered Richling.

"No," said the Doctor.

"Well, now, Doctor—I want to say—something." The invalid spoke with a weak and broken utterance, with many breaks and starts that we may set aside.

"For a long time," he said, beginning as if half in soliloquy, "I couldn't believe I was coming to this early end, simply because I didn't see why I should. I know that was foolish. I thought my hardships——" He ceased entirely, and, when his strength would allow, resumed:

"I thought they were sent in order that when I should come to fortune I might take part in correcting some evils that are strangely overlooked."

The Doctor nodded, and after a moment of rest Richling said again:

"But now I see—that is not my work. May be it is Mary's. May be it's my little girl's."

"Or mine," murmured the Doctor.

"Yes, Doctor, I've been lying here to-day thinking of something I never thought of before, though I dare say you have, often. There could be no art of healing till the earth was full of graves. It is by shipwreck that we learn to build ships. All our safety—all our

betterment—is secured by our knowledge of others' disasters that need not have happened had they only *known*. Will you—finish my mission?" The sick man's hand softly grasped the hand that lay upon it. And the Doctor responded:

"How shall I do that, Richling?"

"Tell my story."

"But I don't know it all, Richling."

"I'll tell you all that's behind. You know I'm a native of Kentucky. My name is not Richling. I belong to one of the proudest, most distinguished families in that State or in all the land. Until I married I never knew an ungratified wish. I think my bringing-up, not to be wicked, was as bad as could be. It was based upon the idea that I was always to be master and never servant. I was to go through life with soft hands. I was educated to know, but not to do. When I left school my parents let me travel. They would have let me do anything except work. In the West—in Milwaukee—I met Mary. It was by mere chance. She was poor, but cultivated and refined; trained—you know—for knowing, not doing. I loved her and courted her, and she encouraged my suit, under the idea, you know, again,"—he smiled faintly and sadly,—"that it was nobody's business but ours. I offered my hand and was accepted. But when I came to announce our engagement to my family, they warned me that if I married her they would disinherit and disown me."

"What was their reason, Richling?"

"Nothing."

"But, Richling, they had a reason of some sort."

"Nothing in the world but that Mary was a Northern girl. Simple sectional prejudice. I didn't tell Mary. I didn't think they would do it, but I knew Mary would refuse to put me to the risk. We married, and they carried out their threat."

The Doctor uttered a low exclamation, and both were silent.

"Doctor," began the sick man once more.

"Yes, Richling."

"I suppose you never looked into the case of a man who needed help but you were sure to find that some one thing was the key to all his troubles; did you?"

The Doctor was silent still.

"I'll give you the key to mine, Doctor: I took up the gage thrown down by my family as though it were thrown down by society at large. I said I would match pride with pride. I said I would go among strangers, take a new name, and make it as honorable as the old. I saw Mary didn't think it wise; but she believed whatever I did was best, and"—he



smiled and whispered—"I thought so too. I suppose my troubles have more than one key, but that's the outside one. Let me rest a little.

"Doctor, I die nameless. I had a name, a good name, and only too proud a one. It's mine still. I've never tarnished it—not even in prison. I will not stain it now by disclosing it. I carry it with me to God's throne."

The whisperer ceased, exhausted. The Doctor rested an elbow on a knee and laid his face in his hand. Presently Richling moved, and he raised a look of sad inquiry.

"Bury me here in New Orleans, Doctor, will you?"

"Why, Richling?"

"Well,—this has been—my—battle-ground. I'd like to be buried on the field—like the other soldiers. Not that I've been a good one; but—I want to lie where you can point to me as you tell my story. If it could be so, I should like to lie in sight—of that old prison."

The Doctor brushed his eyes with his handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"Doctor," said the invalid again, "will you read me just four verses in the Bible?"

"Why, yes, my boy, as many as you wish to hear."

"No, only four." His free hand moved for the book that lay on the bed, and presently the Doctor read:

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations;

"Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience.

"But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."

"There," whispered the sick man, and rested with a peaceful look in all his face. "It—doesn't mean wisdom in general, Doctor,—such as Solomon asked for."

"Doesn't it?" said the other meekly.

"No. It means the wisdom necessary to let—patience—have her perf—. I was a long time—getting anywhere near that.

"Doctor,—do you remember how fond—Mary was of singing—all kinds of—little old songs?"

"Of course I do, my dear boy."

"Did you ever sing,—Doctor?"

"Oh! my dear fellow, I never did really sing, and I haven't uttered a note since—for twenty years."

"Can't you sing—ever so softly—just a verse—of—'I'm a Pilgrim'?"

"I—I—it's impossible, Richling, old fellow. I don't know either the words or the

tune. I never sing." He smiled at himself through his tears.

"Well, all right," whispered Richling. He lay with closed eyes for a moment, and then, as he opened them, breathed faintly through his parted lips the words, spoken, not sung, while his hand feebly beat the imagined cadence:

"The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home.  
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;  
The corn tops are ripe, and the meadows are in bloom,  
And the birds make music all the day."

The Doctor hid his face in his hands, and all was still.

By and by there came a whisper again. The Doctor raised his head.

"Doctor, there's one thing —"

"Yes, I know there is, Richling."

"Doctor,—I've been a poor stick of a husband."

"I never knew a good one, Richling."

"Doctor, you'll be a friend to Mary?"

The Doctor nodded; his eyes were full.

The sick man drew from his breast a small ambrotype, pressed it to his lips, and poised it in his trembling fingers. It was the likeness of the little Alice. He turned his eyes to his friend.

"I didn't need Mary's. But this is all I've ever seen of my little girl. To-morrow at daybreak,—it will be just at daybreak,—when you see that I've passed, I want you to lay this here on my breast. Then fold my hands upon it —"

His speech was arrested. He seemed to hearken an instant.

"Doctor," he said, with excitement in his eye and sudden strength of voice, "what is that I hear?"

"I don't know," replied his friend; "one of the servants, probably, down in the hall." But he, too, seemed to have been startled. He lifted his head. There was a sound of some one coming up the stairs in haste.

"Doctor." The Doctor was rising from his chair.

"Lie still, Richling."

But the sick man suddenly sat erect.

"Doctor—it's—O Doctor, I —"

The door flew open; there was a low outcry from the threshold, a moan of joy from the sick man, a throwing wide of arms, and a rush to the bedside, and John and Mary Richling—and the little Alice, too —

Come, Doctor Sevier; come out and close the door.

"STRANGEST thing on earth!" I once heard a physician say,— "the mysterious power that the dying so often have to fix the very hour

of their approaching end!" It was so in John Richling's case. It was as he said. Had Mary and Alice not come when they did, they would have been too late. He "tarried but a night"; and at the dawn Mary uttered the bitter cry of the widow, and Doctor Sevier closed the eyes of one who had committed no fault,—against this world, at least,—save that he had been by nature a pilgrim and a stranger in it.

## LVIII.

## AFTERGLOW.

MARY, with Alice holding one hand, flowers in the other, was walking one day down the central avenue of the old Girod cemetery, breaking the silence of the place only by the soft grinding of her footsteps on the shell walk, and was just entering a transverse alley, when she stopped.

Just at hand a large, broad woman, very plainly dressed, was drawing back a single step from the front of a tomb and dropping her hands from a coarse vase of flowers that she had that moment placed on the narrow stone shelf under the tablet. The blossoms touched, without hiding, the newly cut name. She had hung a little plaster crucifix against it from above. She must have heard the footfall so near by and marked its stoppage; but with the oblivion common to the practicers of her religion, she took no outward notice. She crossed herself, sank upon her knees, and with her eyes upon the shrine she had made remained thus. The tears ran down Mary's face. It was Madame Zénobie. They went and lived together.

The name of the street where their house stood has slipped me, as has that of the clean, unfrequented, round-stoned way up which one looked from the small cottage's veranda, and which, running down to their old arched gate, came there to an end, as if that were a pretty place to stop at in the shade until evening. Grass grows now, as it did then, between the round stones, and in the towering sycamores of the reddened brick sidewalk the long, quavering note of the cicada parts the wide summer noonday silence. The stillness yields to little else save now and then the tinkle of a mule-bell where in the distance the softly rumbling street-car invites one to the center of the town's activities, or the voice of some fowl that, having laid an egg, is asserting her right to the credit of it. Some forty feet back, within a mossy brick wall that stands waist-high, surmounted by a white, open fence, the green wooden balls on top of whose posts are full eight feet above the sidewalk, the cot-

tage stands high up among a sweet confusion of pale purple and pink crape myrtles, oleanders white and red, and the bristling leaves and plumes of white bells of the Spanish bayonet, all in the shade of lofty magnolias and one great pecan.

"And this is my little Alice," said Doctor Sevier, with gentle gravity, as on his first visit to the place he shook hands with Mary at the top of the veranda stairs and laid his fingers upon the child's forehead. He smiled into her uplifted face as her eyes examined his, and stroked the little crown as she turned her glance silently upon her mother, as if to inquire if this were a trustworthy person. Mary led the way to chairs at the veranda's end where the south breeze fanned them, and Alice retreated to her mother's side until her silent question should be settled.

It was still May. They spoke the praises of the day whose sun was just setting. And Mary commended the house, the convenience of its construction, its salubrity; and also, and especially, the excellence and goodness of Madame Zénobie. What a complete and satisfactory arrangement! Was it not? Did not the Doctor think so?

But the Doctor's affirmative responses were unfrequent and quite without enthusiasm; and Mary's face, wearing more cheer than was felt within, betrayed, moreover, the feeling of one who, having done the best she knew, falls short of commendation.

She was once more in deep black. Her face was pale and some of its lines had yielded up a part of their excellence. The outward curves of the rose had given place to the inward curves of the lily—nay, hardly all that; for as she had never had the full red queenliness of the one, neither had she now the severe sanctitude of the other; that soft glow of inquiry, at once so blithe and so self-contained, so modest and so courageous, humble yet free, still played about her saddened eyes and in her tones. Through the glistening sadness of those eyes smiled resignation; and although the Doctor plainly read care about them and about the mouth, it was a care that was forbearing to feed upon itself or to take its seat on her brow. The brow was the old one; that is, the young. The joy of life's morning was gone from it forever, but a chastened hope was there, and one could see peace hovering just above it as though it might in time alight. Such were the things that divided her austere friend's attention as she sat before him, seeking, with timid smiles and interrogative argument, for this new beginning of life some heartiness of approval from him.

"Doctor," she plucked up the courage to

say at last, with a geniality that scantily hid the inner distress, "you don't seem pleased."

"I can't say I am, Mary. You've provided for things in sight; but I see no provision for unseen contingencies. They're sure to come, you know. How are you going to meet them?"

"Well," said Mary, with slow, smiling caution, "there's my two thousand dollars that you've put at interest for me."

"Why, no; you've already counted the interest on that as part of your necessary income."

"Doctor, 'the Lord will provide,' will he not?"

"No."

"Why, Doctor! —"

"No, Mary; you've got to provide. He's not going to set aside the laws of Nature to cover our improvidence. That would be to break faith with all creation for the sake of one or two creatures."

"No; but still, Doctor, — without breaking the laws of Nature, — he will provide. It's in his word."

"Yes, and it ought to be in his word — not in ours. It's for him to say to us, not for us to say to him. But there's another thing, Mary."

"Yes, sir."

"It's this. But first I'll say plainly you've passed through the fires of poverty and they haven't hurt you. You have one of those imperishable natures that fire can't stain or warp."

"Oh! Doctor, how absurd!" said Mary, with bright genuineness and a tear in either eye. She drew Alice closer.

"Well, then, I do see two ill effects," replied the Doctor. "In the first place, as I've just tried to show you, you have caught a little of the *recklessness* of the poor."

"I was born with it," exclaimed Mary, with amusement.

"May be so," replied her friend; "at any rate you show it." He was silent.

"But what is the other?" asked Mary.

"Why, as to that, I may mistake; but — you seem inclined to settle down and be satisfied with poverty."

"Having food and raiment," said Mary, smiling with some archness, "to be therewith content."

"Yes, but" — the physician shook his head — "that doesn't mean to be satisfied. It's one thing to be content with God's providence, and it's another to be satisfied with poverty. There's not one in a thousand that I'd venture to say it to. He wouldn't understand the fine difference. But you will. I'm sure you do."

"Yes, I do."

"I know you do. You know poverty has its temptations, and warping influences, and debasing effects, just as truly as riches have. See how it narrows our usefulness. Not always, it is true. Sometimes our best usefulness keeps us poor. That's poverty with a good excuse. But that's not poverty satisfying, Mary —"

"No, of course not," said Mary, exhibiting a degree of distress that the Doctor somehow overlooked.

"It's merely," said he, half extending his open palm — "it's merely poverty accepted, as a good soldier accepts the dust and smut that are a necessary part of the battle. Now, here's this little girl." — As his open white hand pointed toward Alice she shrank back; but the Doctor seemed blind this afternoon and drove on. — "In a few years — it will not seem like any time at all — she'll be half grown up; she'll have wants that ought to be supplied."

"Oh! don't," exclaimed Mary, and burst into a flood of tears; and the Doctor, while she hid them from her child, sat silently loathing his own stupidity.

"Please don't mind it," said Mary, stanching the flow. "You were not so badly mistaken. I wasn't satisfied, but I was about to surrender." She smiled at herself and her warlike figure of speech.

He looked away, passed his hand across his forehead, and must have muttered audibly his self-reproach; for Mary looked up again with a faint gleam of the old radiance in her face, saying:

"I'm glad you didn't let me do it. I'll not do it. I'll take up the struggle again. Indeed, I had already thought of one thing I could do, but I — I — in fact, Doctor, I thought you might not like it."

"What was it?"

"It was teaching in the public schools. They're in the hands of the military government, I am told. Are they not?"

"Yes."

"Still," said Mary, speaking rapidly, "I say I'll keep up the —"

But the Doctor lifted his hand:

"No, no. There's to be no more struggle."

"No?" Mary tried to look pleasantly incredulous.

"No; and you're not going to be put upon anybody's bounty, either. No. What I was going to say about this little girl here was this: — her name is Alice, is it?"

"Yes."

The mother dropped an arm around the child, and both she and Alice looked timidly at the questioner.

"Well, by that name, Mary, I claim the care of her."

The color mounted to Mary's brows, but the Doctor raised a finger:

"I mean, of course, Mary, only in so far as such care can go without molesting your perfect motherhood, and all its offices and pleasures."

Her eyes filled again and her lips parted, but the Doctor was not going to let her reply.

"Don't try to debate it, Mary. You must see you have no case. Nobody's going to take her from you, nor do any other of the foolish things, I hope, that are so often done in such cases. But you've called her Alice, and Alice she must be. I don't propose to take care of her for you —"

"Oh, no; of course not," interjected Mary.

"No," said the Doctor; "you'll take care of her for me. I intended it from the first. And that brings up another point. You mustn't teach school. No. I have something else—something better—to suggest. Mary, you and John have been a kind of blessing to me —"

She would have interrupted with expressions of astonishment and dissent, but he would not hear them.

"I think I ought to know best about that," he said. "Your husband taught me a great deal, I think. I want to put some of it into practice. We had a—an understanding, you might say—one day toward the—end,—that I should do for him some of the things he had so longed and hoped to do—for the poor and the unfortunate."

"I know," said Mary, the tears dropping down her face.

"He told you?" asked the Doctor.

She nodded.

"Well," resumed the Doctor, "those may not be his words precisely, but it's what they meant to me. And I said I'd do it. But I shall need assistance. I'm a medical practitioner. I attend the sick. But I see a great deal of other sorts of sufferers; and I can't stop for them."

"Certainly not," said Mary, softly.

"No," said he; "I can't make the inquiries and investigations about them and study them, and all that kind of thing, as one should if one's help is going to be help. I can't turn aside for all that. A man must have one direction, you know. But you could look after those things —"

"I?"

"Certainly. You could do it just as I—just as—John—would wish to see it done. You're just the kind of person to do it right."

"Oh! Doctor, don't say so. I'm not fitted for it at all."

"I'm sure you are, Mary. You're fitted by character and outward disposition, and by experience. You're full of cheer —"

She tearfully shook her head. But he insisted.

"You will be—for *his* sake, as you once said to me. Don't you remember?"

She remembered. She recalled all he wished her to: the prayer she had made that whenever death should part her husband and her, he might not be the one left behind. Yes, she remembered; and the Doctor spoke again:

"Now, I invite you to make this your principal business. I'll pay you for it, regularly and well, what I think it's worth; and it's worth no trifle. There's not one in a thousand that I'd trust to do it, woman or man; but I know you will do it all and do it well, without any nonsense. And if you want to look at it so, Mary, you can just consider that it's John doing it, all the time—for, in fact, that's just what it is. It beats sewing, Mary, or teaching school, or making preserves,—I think."

"Yes," said Mary, looking down on Alice and stroking her head.

"You can stay right here where you are, with Madame Zénobie, as you had planned; but you'll give yourself to this better work. I'll give you a *carte blanche*. Only one mistake I charge you not to make; don't go and come from day to day on the assumption that only the poor are poor and need counsel and attention."

"I know that would be a mistake," said Mary.

"But I mean more than that," continued the Doctor. "You must keep a hold on the rich and comfortable and happy. You want to be a medium between the two, identified with both as completely as possible. It's a hard task, Mary. It will take all your cunning."

"And more too," replied she, half musing.

"You know" said the Doctor, "I'm not to appear in the matter, of course; I'm not to be mentioned; that must be one of the conditions."

Mary smiled at him through her welling eyes.

"I'm not fit to do it," she said, folding the wet spots of her handkerchief under. "But still, I'd rather not refuse. If I might try it, I'd like to do so. If I could do it well, it would be a finer monument—to *him* —"

"Than brass or marble," said Dr. Sevier.

"Yes, more to his liking."

"Well," said Mary again, "if you think I can do it, I'll try it."

"Very well. There's one place you can go to, to begin with, to-morrow morning, if you



choose. I'll give you the number. It's just across here in Casa Calvo street."

"Narcisse's aunt?" asked Mary, with a soft gleam of amusement.

"Yes. Have you been there already?"

She had; but she only said:

"There's one thing that I'm afraid will go against me, Doctor, almost everywhere." She lifted a timid look.

The Doctor looked at her inquiringly, and in his private thought said that it was certainly not her face or voice.

"Ah!" he said, as he suddenly recollected.

"Yes; I had forgotten. You mean your being a Union woman."

"Yes. It seems to me they'll be sure to find it out. Don't you think it will interfere?"

The Doctor mused.

"I forgot that," he repeated, and mused again. "You can't blame us, Mary; we're at white heat —"

"Indeed I don't!" said Mary, with eager earnestness.

He reflected yet again.

"But—I don't know, either. It may be not as great a drawback as you think. Here's Madame Zénobie, for instance —"

Madame Zénobie was just coming up the front steps from the garden, pulling herself up upon the veranda wearily by the balustrade. She came forward, and with graceful acknowledgment accepted the physician's outstretched hand and courtesied.

"Here's Madame Zénobie, I say; you seem to get along with her."

Mary smiled again, looked up at the standing quadron, and replied in a low voice:

"Madame Zénobie is for the Union herself."

"Ah! no-o-o!" exclaimed the good woman, with an alarmed face. She lifted her shoulders and extended what Narcisse would have called the han' of rep-u-diation; then turned away her face, lifted up her underlip with disrelish, and asked the surrounding atmosphere: "What I got to do wid Union? Nuttin' do wid Union—nuttin' do wid confédération!" She moved away, addressing the garden and the house by turns. "Ah! no!" She went in by the front door, talking Creole French until she was beyond hearing.

Dr. Sevier reached out toward the child at Mary's knee. Here was one who was neither for nor against, nor yet a fear-constrained neutral. Mary pushed her persuasively toward the Doctor, and Alice let herself be lifted to his lap.

"I used to be for it myself," he said, little dreaming he would one day be for it again. As the child sank back into his arm, he noticed a miniature of her father hanging from her

neck. He took it into his fingers, and all were silent while he looked long upon the face.

By and by he asked Mary for an account of her wanderings. She gave it. Many of the experiences that had been hard and dangerous enough when she was passing through them, were full of drollery when they came to be told, and there was much quiet amusement over them. The sunlight faded out, the cicadas hushed their long-drawn, ear-splitting strains, and the moon had begun to shine in the shadowy garden when Dr. Sevier at length let Alice down and rose to take his lonely homeward way, leaving Mary to Alice's prattle, and, when that was hushed in slumber, to gentle tears and whispered thanksgivings above the little head.

## LIX.

## "YET SHALL HE LIVE."

WE need not follow Mary through her ministrations. Her office was no sinecure. It took not only much labor, but, as the Doctor had expected, it took all her cunning. True, nature and experience had equipped her for such work; but for all that there was an art to be learned, and time and again there were cases of mental and moral decrepitude or deformity that baffled all her skill until her skill grew up to them, which in some cases it never did. The greatest tax of all was to seem, and to be, unprofessional; to avoid regarding her work in quantity, and to be simply, merely, in every case, a personal friend; not to become known as a benevolent itinerant, but only a kind and thoughtful neighbor. Blessed word! not benefactor—neighbor!

She had no schemes for helping the unfortunate by multitude. Possibly on that account her usefulness was less than it might have been. But I am not sure; for they say her actual words and deeds were but the seed of ultimate harvests; and that others, moreover, seeing her light shine so brightly along this seemingly narrow path, and moved to imitate her, took that other and broader way, and so both fields were reaped.

But, I say, we need not follow her steps. They would lead deviously through ill-smelling military hospitals, and into buildings that had once been the counting-rooms of Carondelet-street cotton merchants, but were now become the prisons of soldiers in gray. One of these places, restored after the war as a cotton factor's counting-room again, had, until a few years ago, a queer, clumsy patch in the plastering of one wall, near the base-board. Some one had made a rough inscription on it with a cotton sampler's marking

brush. It commemorates an incident. Mary by some means became aware beforehand that this incident was going to occur; and one of the most trying struggles of conscience she ever had in her life was that in which she debated with herself one whole night whether she ought to give her knowledge to others or keep it to herself. She kept it. In fact, she said nothing until the war was all over and done, and she never was quite sure whether her silence was right or wrong. And when she asked Dr. Sevier if he thought she had done wrong, he asked:

"You knew it was going to take place, and kept silence?"

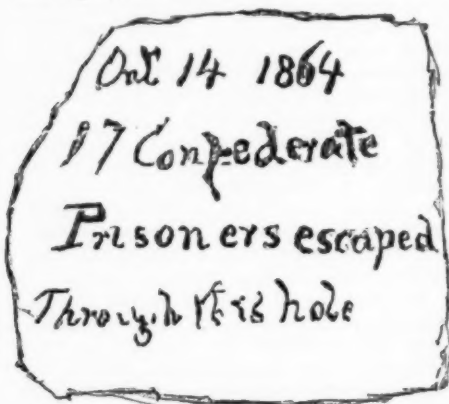
"Yes," said Mary.

"And you want to know whether you did right?"

"Yes. I'd like to know what you think."

He sat very straight and said not a word nor changed a line of his face. She got no answer at all.

The inscription was as follows—I used to see it every work-day of the week for years—it may be there yet—190 Common street, first flight, back office:



But we move too fast. Let us go back into the war for a moment longer. Mary pursued her calling. The most of it she succeeded in doing in a very sunshiny way. She carried with her, and left behind her, cheer, courage, hope. Yet she had a widow's heart, and whenever she took a widow's hand in hers, and oftentimes alone or against her sleeping child's bedside, she had a widow's tears. But this work—or these works—she made each particular ministration seem as if it were the only one—these works, that she might never have had the opportunity to perform had her nest-mate never been taken from her, seemed to keep John near. Almost, sometimes, he seemed to walk at her side in her errands of

mercy, or to spread above her the arms of benediction. And so, even the bitter was sweet, and she came to believe that never before had widow such blessed commutation.

One day a short, slight Confederate prisoner, newly brought in and hobbling about the place where he was confined, with a vile bullet-hole in his foot, came up to her and said:

"Allow me, madam,—did that man call you by your right name, just now?"

Mary looked at him. She had never seen him before.

"Yes, sir," she said.

She could see the gentleman, under much rags and dirt.

"Are you Mrs. John Richling?"

A look of dismay came into his face as he asked the grave question.

"Yes, sir," replied Mary.

His voice dropped, and he asked, with subdued haste:

"Ith it potherble you're in mourning for him?"

She nodded.

It was the little rector. He had somehow got it into his head that preachers ought to fight, and this was one of the results. Mary went away quickly and told Dr. Sevier. The Doctor went to the commanding general. It was a great humiliation to do so, he thought. There was none worse, those days, in the eyes of the people. He craved and got the little man's release on parole. A fortnight later, as Dr. Sevier was sitting at the breakfast table, with the little rector at its opposite end, he all at once rose to his full attenuated height, with a frown and then a smile, and tumbling the chair backward behind him exclaimed:

"Why, Laura!" for it was that one of his two gay young nieces who stood in the doorway. The banker's wife followed in just behind, and was presently saying, with the prettiest heartiness, that Dr. Sevier looked no older than the day they met the Florida general at dinner years before. She had just come in from the Confederacy, smuggling her son of eighteen back to the city to save him from the conscript officers, and Laura had come with her. And when the clergyman got his crutches into his armpits and stood on one foot, and he and Laura both blushed as they shook hands, the Doctor knew that she had come to nurse her wounded lover. That she might do this without embarrassment, they got married, and were thereupon as vexed with themselves as they could be under the circumstances that they had not done it four or five years before. Of course there was no parade; but Dr. Sevier gave a neat little dinner. Mary and Laura were its designers;

Madame Zénobie was the master builder and made the gumbo. One word about the war whose smoke was over all the land would have spoiled the broth. But no such word was spoken.

It happened that the company was almost the same as that which had sat down in brighter days to that dinner which the banker's wife recalled with so much pleasure. She and her husband and son were guests; also that Sister Jane, of whom they had talked, a woman of real goodness and rather unrelieved sweetness; also her sister and bankrupted brother-in-law. The brother-in-law mentioned several persons who, he said, once used to be very cordial to him and his wife, but now did not remember them; and his wife chid him, with the air of a fellow-martyr; but they could not spoil the tender gladness of the occasion.

"Well, Doctor," said the banker's wife, looking quite the old lady now, "I suppose your lonely days are over now that Laura and her husband are to keep house for you."

"Yes," said the Doctor.

But the very thought of it made him more lonely than ever.

"It's a very pleasant and sensible arrangement," said the lady, looking very practical and confidential; "Laura has told me all about it. It's just the thing for them and for you."

"I think so, ma'am," replied Dr. Sevier, and tried to make his statement good.

"I'm sure of it," said the lady, very sweetly and gayly, and made a faint time-to-go beckon with her fan to her husband, to whom, in the farther drawing-room, Laura and Mary stood talking, each with an arm about the other's waist.

#### LX.

#### PEACE.

It came with tears. But ah! it lifted such an awful load from the hearts even of those who loved the lost cause. Husbands snatched their wives once more to their bosoms, and the dear, brave, swarthy, rough-bearded, gray-jacketed boys were caught again in the wild arms of mothers and sisters. Everywhere there was glad, tearful kissing. Everywhere? Alas! for the silent lips that remained unknissed, and the arms that remained empty. And alas! for those to whom peace came too suddenly and too soon. Poor Narcisse!

His salary still continues. So does his aunt.

The Ristofalos came back all together. How delighted Mrs. Colonel Ristofalo—I say Mrs. *Colonel* Ristofalo—was to see Mary! And how impossible it was, when they sat down together for a long talk, to avoid every

moment coming back to the one subject of "him."

"Yes, ye see, there bees thim as is *called* col-o-nels, whin in fact they bees only *liftinant* col-o-nels. Yes. But it's not so wid him. And he's no different from the plain Raphael Ristofalah of eight year ago—the same perfect gintleman that he was when he sold b'iled eggs!" And the colonel's "lady" smiled a gay triumph that gave Mary a new affection for her.

Sister Jane bowed to the rod of an inscrutable Providence. She could not understand how the Confederacy could fail and justice still be justice; so, without understanding, she left it all to Heaven, and clung to her faith. Her brother-in-law never recovered his fortunes nor his sweetness. He could not bend his neck to the conqueror's yoke; he went in search of liberty to Brazil—or was it Honduras? Little matter which, now, for he died there, both he and his wife, just as their faces were turning again homeward, and it was dawning upon them once more that there is no land like Dixie in all the wide world over.

The little rector, thanks, he says, to the skill of Dr. Sevier, recovered perfectly the use of his mangled foot, so that he even loves long walks. I was out walking with him one sunset hour in the autumn of—if I remember aright—1870, when whom should we spy but our good Kate Ristofalo, out driving in her family carriage. The cherubs were beside her,—strong, handsome boys. Mike held the reins; he was but thirteen, but he looked full three years better than that, and had evidently employed the best tailor in St. Charles street to fit his rather noticeable clothes. His mother had changed her mind about his being a bruiser, though there isn't a doubt he had a derringer in one or another of his pockets. No, she was proposing to make him a doctor—"a surgeon," she said; "and thin, if there bees another war——" She was for making every edge cut.

She did us the honor to stop the carriage and drive up to the curbstone for a little chat. Her spirits were up, for Colonel Ristofalo had just been made a city councilman by a rousing majority.

We expressed our regret not to see Raphael himself in the family group enjoying the exquisite air.

"Ha, ha! He ride out fur pleasure?"—And then, with sudden gravity,— "Aw, naw, sur! He's too busy. Much use ut is to be married to a public man! Ah! surs, I'm mighty tired of ud, now I tell ye!" Yet she laughed again, without betraying much fatigue. "And how's Dr. Sevier?"

"He's well," said the clergyman.

"And Mrs. Richling?"

"She's well, too."

Kate looked at the little rector out of the corners of her roguish Irish eyes, a killing look, and said:

"Ye're sure the both o' thim bees well?"

"Yes, quite well," replied he, ignoring the inane effort at jest. She nodded a blithe good-day, and rolled on toward the Lake, happy as the harvest weather, and with a kind heart for all the world. We walked on, and after the walk I dined with him. Dr. Sevier's place was vacant, and we talked of him. The prettiest piece of furniture in the dining-room was an extremely handsome child's high chair that remained, unused, against the wall. It was Alice's, and Alice was an almost daily visitor. It had come in almost simultaneously with Laura's marriage, and more and more frequently, as time had passed, the waiter had set it up to the table at the Doctor's right hand, and lifted Golden-hair into it, until by and by she had totally outgrown it. But she had not grown out of the place of favor at the table. In these later days she had become quite a school-girl, and the Doctor in his place at the table would often sit with a faint, continuous smile on his face that no one could bring there but she, to hear her prattle about Madame Locquet, and the various girls at Madame Locquet's school.

"It's actually pathetic," said Laura, as we sat sipping our coffee after the meal, "to see how he idolizes that child." Alice had just left the room.

"Why don't he idolize the child's ——" began her husband, in undertone, and did not have to finish to make us understand.

"He does," murmured the smiling wife.

"Then why shouldn't he tell her so?"

"My dear!" objected the wife, very softly and prettily.

"I don't mean to speak lightly," responded the husband, "but—they love each other; they suit each other; they complete each other; they don't feel their disparity of years; they're both so linked to Alice that it would break either heart over again to be separated from her. I don't see why ——"

Laura shook her head, smiling in the gentle way that only the happy wives of good men have.

"It will never be."

WHAT changes!

"The years creep slowly by ——"

We seem to hear the old song yet. What changes! Laura has put two more leaves into her dining-table. Her children fill three seats. Alice has another. It is she, now, not her chair, that is tall—and fair. Mary, too, has a seat at the same board. This is their home now. Her hair is turning all to silver. So early? Yes; but she is—she never was—so beautiful! They all see it—feel it; Dr. Sevier—the gentle, kind, straight old Doctor—most of all. And oh! when they two, who have never joined hands on this earth, go to meet John and Alice,—which God grant may be at one and the same time,—what weeping there will be among God's poor!

THE END.

### A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A BARREN waste of upland cold and gray,  
Its rocky ground to weed and thistle grown,  
As though the unwatched wind had reaped and sown  
Along its slopes for many a year and day;  
And in the midst, as if a grave should stray  
And lose itself among the hills alone,  
A child's small mound and pitiful headstone.  
The only fair thing near, not far away  
With hushed murmur doth bewildered roam  
A little brook, and round the landscape wind,  
As its deserted mountain source it sought  
To gain anew: it seemed like a lost mind,  
That in some desolate tract, unmapped of thought,  
Wanders, alone, and far from any home.

W. P. Foster.



ROSA BONHEUR.



ROSA BONHEUR.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY AMBROSETTI.)

MARIE ROSA BONHEUR was born in Bordeaux in 1822. She was the eldest of four children. Her father, Raymond Bonheur, was a portrait and landscape painter, and the only instructor in art of his children, of whom Rosa has the widest reputation. Auguste, the eldest son, who died recently, painted some remarkable animal pictures, finely drawn and composed with mellow backgrounds, that are more pleasing than the backgrounds in his elder sister's paintings. In 1867 he received the cross of the Légion d'Honneur. Isidore Jules Bonheur, the sculptor of animals, is widely known by the reproductions of his

statuettes in bronze from the foundry of Monsieur Peyrol, who married the second daughter, Juliette Bonheur. Isidore Bonheur obtained medals at the Paris exhibitions of 1865 and 1869. Madame Juliette Peyrol, who signs herself, like all the other members of the family, *élève de son père*, has the family talent, and is also a painter of animals.

Madame Peyrol's studio is over her husband's bronze exhibiting-rooms. In this studio is a portrait of her sister painted by the brother, Auguste, which represents her as a tall, rather plain girl, with short hair, in a simple green costume, with a cape of the same over her shoulders. This picture was painted when Rosa lived with her father at 30 Faubourg du Roule (since changed to 157 Faubourg Saint-Honoré), before she had adopted male attire. This was not until she began her picture of the "Horse Fair" in 1861, when she found it necessary to work unmolested among the rough characters that collected about the horse market.

Germain Bonheur, the youngest child by a second wife, is a landscape painter, and two sons of Madame Peyrol are continuing the reputation of this artistic family into the third generation.

Raymond Bonheur, the father of Rosa, was at one time one of the most enthusiastic members of the Saint-Simonian group, and *Enfantin* considered him as a personal friend. He was at the same time a thorough republican, and personally acquainted with the leaders of that party.

A few young artists and writers who had formed a society to publish their own writings, under the title of "*Ruche Populaire*," counted Raymond among their number. In those days he is described as "of medium height, robust, his beard long, and what remained of his hair, a kind of monkish crown, was of a sandy color, which, with his kind blue eyes and sympathetic voice, made him particularly attractive." He used to declare that still for a long period the only means to manifest and propagate the new ideal would be science and art; that, no matter how great they were, such masters as Ingres, Paul Delaroche, and even Horace Vernet, were men of the past; that the new French school would be landscape, with such men as Decamps, Français, Cabat, Rousseau, Troyon, and Corot for masters and leaders. He worshiped light, which he considered not as a fluid without soul or intelligence, but a real being, that spreads over nature life and color.

I was once examining a picture which now hangs in the daughter's studio, a landscape that reminds one of Ruysdael or Salvator Rosa, when Mademoiselle Rosa said, "That

was painted by my father. He had grand ideas, and had he not been obliged to give lessons for our support, he would have been more known, and to-day acknowledged with other masters." Raymond Bonheur lost his wife in 1840, and two years afterward married a widow with two sons, Hippolyte and Alphonse Peyrol. Both families were poor, and formed a numerous clan, but with them union was strength. The second Mme. Bonheur was beloved by all, and was called by all the children "*La Mamiche*," the pleasant equivalent for mother in her native Auvergne dialect. She was really a mother to them, and a stranger would never have supposed that only two of the children were her own. In 1848 a child was born to this union who was called Germain. So the family, including the parents, counted nine, a heavy burden for a poor Parisian professor. But *La Mamiche*, by her indefatigable activity and intelligent management, was able not only to multiply "bread and fishes," but everything that was necessary to life and decency. Raymond also was industrious, giving lessons, painting portraits and landscapes, and making illustrations for books.

But the eldest daughter, Rosa, also lent a helping hand to assist the family. The year of her mother's death had been doubly eventful to her, as she at the same time became an orphan and began her artistic career. It was in 1840 that she exhibited her first painting, "*Two Rabbits*," which now hangs in Madame Peyrol-Bonheur's studio. Soon the picture merchants began to find their way to her studio, and to Rosa's talent and industry must the ultimate success of the family be attributed. This first exhibition picture was painted in an attic studio in the Rue Rumfort, which, with the street itself, has long since disappeared, making room for the new Boulevard Malesherbes.

The love of animals is general in the family, and with Rosa it is peculiarly strong. She does not talk of animals as a jockey or as a fancy-stock grower; it is always of their intelligence or their human resemblances, the brightness of their eyes, their glossy coats, and their picturesque qualities. Her place is the asylum for all stray dogs; if one is found in the neighborhood, it is instantly carried to the château, and is sure of admittance. When she paints in the open air, the dogs lie about her in a circle, and the stag in the park rubs his nose against her like a pet hound.

When Rosa was but seven years old, and living with her parents in the Rue Saint-Antoine, she used to steal away to a pork-butcher's shop near by to admire the sign, which had a great charm for her; it was a wild boar's

head in wood, coarsely carved and still more rudely painted. When she was missed from home they immediately sent to the pork-shop, where she was sure to be discovered wrapt in admiration. Curiosity led her some years ago

dining-room in the Rue Rumfort, during the evenings of those early years, and gave advice to his children and pupils. Often one of the number read aloud while the others worked. On one of these evenings they were listening



THE STUDIO OF ROSA BONHEUR.

to revisit this youthful shrine. She found it still extant, but the illusions of childhood had gone; there was nothing left to the educated eye but rude carving and glaring paint.

She began, as I have said, by painting rabbits, and gradually ascended in the scale until at last she painted the horse, which Leonardo da Vinci considered the noblest model that an artist can copy, after man. As to this last progress of Rosa's talent, Auguste Desmoulins told me that when he was about leaving Paris for Algeria, after the *coup d'état* in 1851, he went to bid adieu to Rosa, and found in her studio many sketches in a larger, broader manner than her painting of years before. He expressed his delight, and without answering she moved her easel, and showed a study of horses, painted by Géricault, which had been the sensation of Paris at the annual exhibition some years before. The study had been lent her, and she was copying it for the purpose of better understanding the large manner of this master. Two years afterward her friend in exile rejoiced when the press extolled the merits of the "Horse Fair."

Raymond sat in his arm-chair in the little

to George Sand's rural novel, "La Mare au Diable," in which she describes a plowing scene, with a plowman young and robust, the ground rich, eight vigorous oxen, and a bright autumn sunlight lighting up the landscape. Says the author, "It would be a noble subject for a painter." "Yes," exclaimed Rosa, interrupting, "George Sand is right; she must be fond of animals to describe them in so masterly a manner." Mademoiselle Rosa in 1849 painted the subject, her most important canvas after the "Horse Fair," and called it "Le Labourage Nivernais."

Situated on the border of the Fontainebleau forest is the château of By, now the home of Rosa Bonheur; the château dates from the time of Louis XV., and the garden is still laid out in the style of Le Nôtre. Since it has been in the present proprietor's possession, a quaint, picturesque brick building, containing the carriage-house and coachman's lodge on the first floor and the studio on the second, has been added; the roof of the main building has been raised, and the chapel turned into an orangery; beside the main carriage entrance, which is closed by iron gates and wooden blinds, is a postern gate



CHÂTEAU OF BY — THE HOME OF ROSA BONHEUR.

with a small grated opening, like those found in convents. The blinds to the gate and the slide to the grating are generally closed, and the only communication with the outside world is by the bell-wire terminating in a ring beside the gate. Ring, and the jingle of the bell is at once echoed by the barking of numerous dogs, the hounds and bassets in chorus, the grand Saint Bernard in slow measure, like the bass drum in an orchestra. After the first excitement among the dogs has begun to abate, a remarkably small house-pet that has been somewhere in the interior arrives upon the scene, and with his sharp shrill voice again starts and leads the canine chorus. By this time the eagle in his cage has awakened, and the parrot, whose cage is built into the corner of the studio looking upon the street, adds to the racket.

To enter the grounds of Mademoiselle Bonheur one must have some well-defined claim upon her friendship or acquaintance, for she does not like the stare of the lion-hunter. She courts reputation and fame, but only through her productions. Her adoption of masculine attire was not to make herself more marked among the crowd, but to enable her to prosecute her studies unobserved; and she has never permitted a picture or photograph to be made of her in such attire.

Behind the house is a large park divided from the forest by a high wall; a lawn and flower-beds are laid out near the buildings, and on the lawn, in pleasant weather, graze a magnificent bull and cow, which are kept

as models. In a wire inclosure are two chamois from the Pyrenees, and further removed from the house, in the wooded part of the park, are inclosures for sheep and deer, each of which knows its mistress. Even the stag, bearing his six-branched antlers, receives her caresses like a pet dog. At the end of one of the linden avenues is a splendid bronze, by Isidore Bonheur, of a Gaul attacking a lion; a plaque upon it tells the visitor that it was presented to Mademoiselle Rosa by "her friend and admirer, M. Gambart," who has been intimately connected with the painter's success in England, where at present she is perhaps better known than in her own country.

The studio is very large, with a huge chimney at one end, the supports of which are life-size dogs, modeled by Isidore Bonheur. Portraits of the father and mother in oval frames hang at each side, and a pair of gigantic horns ornaments the center. The room is decorated with stuffed heads of animals of various kinds — boars, bears, wolves, and oxen; and birds perch in every convenient place.

Her principal paintings, many of which are famous, number about forty. Between the production of these she told me she had painted small pictures, of which she has lost all trace, they having been sold to picture dealers, who have again resold them to foreign amateurs. Of late failing health has interfered with Mlle. Bonheur's artistic activity.

By is a small village only a few miles from the town of Fontainebleau, and situated on a



narrow strip of land between the forest and the Seine. It is dependent upon the town of Thomery, celebrated for its vineyards, and there are found the parish church and even the post-office; for the post-office at By consists only of a box set into the side of a house, difficult for a stranger to find in the summer season, as it is overhung by grape-vines. The rural postman passes upon his

Tradition says that when the château was built the property extended down to the river's edge, but that was long ago. The lands when the château came into the hands of Mademoiselle Rosa were very small. Since then she has added to them, until again their extent is of handsome proportions. The only place of entertainment in By is a small tavern with a bush over the entrance, the emblem



THE CHÂTEAU COURT-YARD.—A RING AT THE GATE.

rounds twice a day, at the same time taking up and delivering the letters. Grape-vines grow everywhere on the outer wall of most of the houses; each side of the roads about the village are high walls, and the hill-side fields that slope to the river are checkered with these high walls for the training and protection of the vines. A walk through the village in winter is very dreary and in summer monotonous, as these walls imprison the view, and the vineyards here are more practical than poetical, like their cultivators. Before the time of railroads the vintage was conveyed to Paris by boats upon the river, and then the banks of the Seine must have presented quite a lively appearance; but now not a boat of any size is to be found, and the road that winds between the melancholy walls down to the water's edge is seldom marked by wagon-wheels; the washer-women monopolize the river-bank.

throughout France that announces to the unlettered where wine is to be obtained. This bush at Monsieur Chéron's is a small fir-tree, that is replaced each year during the annual, local *fête* by the youths of the village,—not entirely disinterested in their gift, as they expect after the ceremony that the tavern-keeper will generously "water the bush." Chéron's house is the exchange of the place, for he not only keeps a café, but groceries and dry-goods; here the gossips congregate. Traveling peddlers and artists sometimes stop here to dine, for Madame Chéron is celebrated for making an omelet that one does not require to have a ravenous appetite to enjoy.

The first time I saw Mademoiselle Rosa was several years ago. With a friend of her childhood I had rung at the gate and been admitted by a black-haired maid, who barred the passage while we explained our errand. We were expected. As we followed her across the



THE STUDIO, FROM THE ROAD.

court-yard a young doe sprang out of our path, the dogs regarded us curiously, and the caged eagle awoke from his afternoon nap to gaze lazily at us. Between the eagle's cage and the orange-trees we entered a kind of work-room, where we found a party shearing a sheep which was laid out on a table; one of the women had a white covering over her head and shoulders, giving her the air of a *religieuse*, and I thought for a moment that she must be the one we had come to see; but I was immediately undeceived as another of the group under a large straw hat greeted my friend and apologized for not being prepared for our reception. Our entrance had interrupted the operation, and the animal, taking advantage of the situation, attempted to rise. Happening to be nearest to its hind legs, I held them down while Mademoiselle Rosa put her hand upon its head, and we were introduced by our friend. She wore a blue blouse embroidered on the shoulders in white,—a country teamster's blouse; a white collar with a single pearl button, without a cravat, encircled her neck; below the blouse were pantaloons, not picturesquely arranged with gaiters or loose inside her boots, but ending like any of the

modern masculine affairs straight over the shoes, which were heavy and strong, but looked exceedingly small. "Now you have seen me," she said, "I need not change; but had I expected you so early, you would have found me *en dame*."

The same afternoon we walked through the vineyards together, and by the river-bank, where the Seine is quiet and beautiful as it skirts the forest and vanishes in the distance near the historic town of Meaux. The peasants all knew Mademoiselle, and doffed their caps as she approached; for all she had a pleasant word about their families and their crops. She always addressed the peasants familiarly, and they her with respect. The peasants look upon her with deference, as they are apt to do upon the inmates of "*le château*," for each small village has its *château*. Besides this, there is a mysterious supremacy in this woman, who has made herself world-renowned by the development of a talent born in her; and their greatest boast is that they have given her some small animal caught in the forest, that one of their children has posed in a picture painted by her, and of late years that they have seen her. For she seldom appears in the village, except to drive



CROSSING A LOCH IN THE HIGHLANDS. (FROM A PAINTING BY ROSA BONHEUR.)

through, only leaving her own grounds to go to the city or walk in the forest, which is reached by a gate at the end of the park. Madame Chéron, who had kept the grocery shop for many years within a few hundred yards of the château, and who regulates her day by the clock in its turret, declares she has never seen Mademoiselle Rosa but twice. The first time was in 1870, the day the Prussians arrived at Champagne, the village on the other side of the Seine. It was all excitement before her shop; her husband and several others had already got out their guns, and were hesitating what to do. There was no leader, when Mademoiselle Rosa appeared among them in her usual hunting costume,—for she is fond of the chase, and a good shot,—and, with her gun swung across her shoulders. "How many are there?" she asked, and, learning there were only a few advance guards, she said, "Oh! if there are only three or four, we can take care of them." She insisted upon going to the river-side, and walking up and down until night came on. But happily the bridge had been destroyed, and the Prussians did not attempt to cross.

The next day they came *en masse*, and resistance was useless. The enemy respected the painter's property, and even allowed her servants to go unmolested when they knew whom they were serving. It is doubtful whether the advance guard were aware that the little man among the squad that they were watching through their glasses from the opposite banks was the celebrated Rosa Bonheur.

That day, the day of my first visit, after we had returned from our walk, Mlle. Rosa retired to dress for dinner, and I hoped to see her "*en dame*," but was disappointed. She had changed her blouse for a light, double-breasted linen coat, which she wore buttoned to the throat.

It was years afterward that I saw her in female attire. I was sketching in a corner of the park, when I heard a voice calling the gardener, and, looking in the direction from which it came, saw a woman wearing a large straw hat. It was surely Mlle. Rosa, but I hesitated for a moment before saluting her, for she now appeared much taller than when I had met her before. The dress was cut very plain, and over it she wore a jacket of the same material; her collar was held together by a double button, and the only ornament she wore was the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in her button-hole. Since then she has received the decoration of the Leopold Cross of Honor from the King of Belgium, said to be the first ever conferred upon a woman; also a decoration from the King of Spain. But it is this red ribbon, her first decoration, that she evidently prefers. It was given by the hand of the ex-Empress. The Emperor, it is said, had been advised to confer the cross of the Legion of Honor upon Rosa Bonheur, but, willing as he certainly was, he hesitated, fearing the popular judgment, which might condemn the giving of this honor to a woman. The Emperor, leaving Paris for a short summer excursion in 1865, left the Empress as Regent. From the imperial residence at Fontainebleau it was only a short drive to By. The

countersign at the gate was forced, and un-announced the Empress entered the studio, where Mlle. Rosa was at work. She rose to receive the visitor, who threw her arms about her neck and kissed her. It was only a short interview. The imperial vision had departed,

the rumble of the carriage and the crack of the outriders' whips were lost in the distance. Then, and not till then, did the artist discover that as the Empress had given the kiss she had pinned upon her blouse the cross of the Legion of Honor.

*Henry Bacon.*



THE POST-OFFICE AT BY.

### GROWING OLD.

I AM not old, O Friend! though treacherous time,  
Which promised ever fairer days to come,  
Has robbed the cheek of bloom, the eye of fire,  
And feathered silver frost amid the brown  
Of locks you laid your hand in blessing on  
When I was but a child. I am not old,  
Though all the flowers of spring-time withered be,—  
Though summer has swept on to harvest days,—  
E'en though bright autumn's gold has changed to brown;  
Not old, nor can be, Love, while thou art near.

For thou, dear heart, to all my years hast been  
A chalice into which life's best has flowed;  
And thou in love hast hoarded my life's best;  
Not as 'twere ashes for a funeral urn,  
Gathered from embers of a soul's dead fires;  
But by some subtle spiritual charm,  
All thine and thine alone, the bloom of spring,  
Fragrance of summer, and the autumn's glow  
Of flaming gold and ruby, stay with thee,  
And thou canst bring them back at will to me;  
The same, yet not the same, more fragrant, fair,  
And tender, for long hiding in thy heart.

If thou but treasure still my long-lost youth,  
Counting my late fruits sweet,—finding fresh green  
'Neath faded leaves of autumn,—I am young,  
Nor can lose youth except through loss of thee.

*Mary Lowe Dickinson.*





## THE CŒUR D'ALÈNE STAMPEDE.

IN the phraseology of the mining regions a "stampede" is a wild rush for some newly discovered diggings. It is a mania that spreads throughout the older mining districts with astonishing rapidity. People do not wait for definite information about the character of the new "find," or the geography of the country where it exists, but hasten to be first on the ground, either to take up claims or to furnish whisky or provisions to the miners. The mines must be of gold, and not of silver. The cheaper metal has no great fascination about it; besides, it is always locked up in the rocks, and can only be extracted by costly crushers and smelters. Furthermore, they must be placer mines and not quartz; for only placers can be worked with picks and shovels, and such rude appliances of ditches and sluice-boxes as every miner knows how to make. The news of the discovery of "pay dirt" causes a thrill of excitement to traverse the whole vast region between the British possessions on the north and Mexico on the south, and between the great plains on the east and the Pacific coast. Everybody who has ever seen a placer mine feels as if he would like to take a risk in the fascinating lottery of searching in the mud and gravel for the glittering yellow nuggets. There is a stir in the camps of Arizona and New Mexico, of Colorado and Utah, and the "old timers" of California, recalling the days of '49, feel young once more and long for the rude, vigorous life and the splendid hopes they once enjoyed in the Sierras.

Stampedes have been very rare in late years. So thoroughly have the gold-fields been prospected that the chances of paying placers having been overlooked are very remote. The prospecting goes on every summer, however. In the loneliest valleys of the Rocky Mountains you are likely to come upon unkempt men digging a hole in a bank or washing a pan of dirt in a stream. These men always hunt in couples, and address each other affectionately as "partner" or "old pard." They are inveterate prospectors, who during the inclement seasons manage to pick up a living somehow in towns or on ranches, and in summer take to the woods and the gulches. Here and there they find a little "color" to encourage them, but the rich diggings, where nuggets as big as an egg can be picked out of the gravel, are always a little farther on.

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Of all the stampedes in old times or in recent years, the great Cœur d'Alène stampede of the winter and spring of 1884 was probably the most remarkable. The country it invaded was less known than any other part of the Rocky Mountain chain. No roads traversed it; there was not even a bridle trail. To make matters worse, the entire region was covered with a forest growth of cedar, pine, and fir, so dense as to resemble a Hindostan jungle. "Begorra, ye'll find the trees growin' as thick as a bunch of matches," said an old Irish miner, whom I encountered on my way to the region, and he did not greatly exaggerate. To make matters still worse, the snowfalls are phenomenal, and the stampede began in the dead of winter, when the snow was from twelve to twenty feet deep in the mountain passes. Yet, in spite of these obstacles, over five thousand men made their way into the heart of the Cœur d'Alène Mountains during the months of January, February, and March. With them went scores of women of a certain class, dressed in men's clothes and hauling their feminine wardrobes on sleds.

It would be an error to suppose that the motive which led all these people to plunge into a trackless wilderness in the rigors of a Northern winter was alone the hope of large and sudden gain. It was the adventure and the daring and excitement of the affair which appealed to their imaginations, as well as the prospect of making money. To be "a stamper" is to be something of a hero, and the wild life of a new mining camp is full of charms—to those who like it. Even men of education and of some fineness of intellectual fiber discover a fascination in sleeping on pine boughs in a log cabin, living on bacon, beans, and dried apples, pawing around in the dirt, and listening to the grotesque tales, the boasting and blarney, and the fantastic oaths of a mining camp.

The Cœur d'Alène Mountains are the northernmost part of the great Bitter Root chain, which, swinging off to the westward of the Rocky Mountain ranges in Southern Montana, leaves one principal valley and numerous lateral valleys between it and the main divide, and ends at Lake Pend d'Oreille, in northern Idaho, in a confusion of separate ranges and groups. The name Cœur d'Alène means heart of an awl, or awl-hearted, and was bestowed by the early French trappers

upon the tribe of Indians inhabiting the shores of the lake on the western side of the mountains. The tradition is, that the trappers found these Indians so inhospitable and so close in their fur-bartering operations that they declared that their hearts were no bigger than the point of a shoe-maker's awl. So the name stuck, first to the tribe, then to the lake, then to the river, which is the lake's principal affluent, and to the mountains it drains, and lately it has been applied to everything connected with the new mining camp. Placer gold is found on both sides of the mountains, but chiefly on the western slope, in the deep and narrow ravines drained by the little streams that form the Cœur d'Alène River.

As long ago as 1867 a party of prospectors, headed by a man named Wilson, penetrated the Cœur d'Alène Mountains, and reported that gold existed there; but the region was at that time much too remote to attract miners from the prosperous gulches of Montana and Southern Idaho, and the memory of the Wilson expedition had almost faded out, when, in the fall of 1882, a man named Pritchard made his way from the old Jesuit Mission, on the Cœur d'Alène River, up that stream to its head-waters, and came back asserting that he had found gold in paying quantities. His reports were generally doubted, but some restless ex-miners in Deer Lodge and Bozeman, Montana, organized a party in the spring of 1883 and started into the mountains. This expedition is known in the history of the present camp as the Bozeman stampede. The party found the snow about twelve feet deep in the gulches, and returned disgusted. While traversing central Montana, in May of that year, I met some of these stampedeers on their way home. They declared that there was no gold in the Cœur d'Alènes, and that they had left Pritchard hanging to a tree. They were wrong in both statements. Gold there is, as subsequent events have shown, and Pritchard is alive and still digging for the yellow nuggets. In the fall of 1883 he discovered what is known as the "Widow's Claim," so named by him in honor of a friendly widow who had "grub-staked" him,—that is, furnished him with money to live on while prospecting. Stories of the gold found on "the Widow" got abroad on both sides of the mountains, and a few people made their way into the new diggings before the snows fell.

The great rush did not occur, however, until February, when the toboggan period began. A toboggan is the long, low sled used in Canada, and until the snows melted in April last it was the only mode of transportation to the mines. The toboggan men,

wearing snow-shoes, and hauling from one to two hundred pounds on their rude sleds, could make from ten to twenty miles a day over the mountains, following the "blazing" on the trees that indicated the trail. When they camped at night they cut green saplings and laid them on the snow to support their fire. In the morning the smouldering embers would be down at the bottom of a well in the snow twelve or fifteen feet deep. Twenty-five cents a pound was the price for hauling freight from the railroad forty miles to the camp established in the fall at the forks of Eagle Creek, and called Eagle City. Sometimes the toboggan men sold the goods and pocketed the proceeds, and even if they were tolerably honest there was sure to be a serious shortage in the whisky and tobacco invoices.

A glance at a map of the region will show that the Northern Pacific Railroad makes a long loop to get around the Cœur d'Alène Mountains, going northward down Clark's Fork as far as Lake Pend d'Oreille, and then turning to the south-west. The first explorers went in from the western slope of the mountains, following up the Cœur d'Alène River and fording its icy waters thirty-six times up to their saddle-girths. The stampedeers mainly went in from the east, penetrating the dense forests and climbing over the mountains. Trails were opened from two stations in the woods on the Clark's Fork,—Belknap and Thompson's Falls,—and both developed into mushroom cities of shanties and tents as out-fitting points. It was at one or the other of these places that the adventurers from the East bought their toboggans, their blankets, and their grub-stakes. Those from Oregon and Washington Territory, together with the "old timers" from California, opened a trail from the old Mullan Road, near the Cœur d'Alène Mission, over two or three ranges to the camp on Eagle Creek. To the snow-shoe and toboggan mode of transportation succeeded the pack-mule trail, and in the spring a wagon-road was cut through the forest, from Thompson's Falls up to the foot of the mountains. On the western side of the mountains the Mullan Road, built by the Government before the Civil War as a military and emigrant route from Fort Benton, on the Upper Missouri, to Walla Walla, near the Columbia, afforded, in connection with a steam-boat on Lake Cœur d'Alène and the river, access to a point called Jackass Prairie, about twenty miles from the mines. There was still another route opened. Bateaux were built, and by dint of much pluck and muscle, goods and machinery were poled up the swift river thirty-five miles above the head of steam-boat navigation. Thus the camp got its communications

opened, such as they were, with the outside world.

It was a wild, strange settlement that grew up on the snow, in the lonely mountain gorge, at the junction of Eagle and Pritchard Creeks. Everybody was gay and hopeful. There was no lack of amusement of the sort most popular in mining towns. Song and dance halls, half tent, half shanty, were opened. Gamblers arrived by the dozen from Leadville, which has grown quiet and respectable of late. Of ten buildings or tents, nine were sure to be drinking-saloons. A glass of whisky cost half a dollar. The Jew trader followed close upon the heels of the saloon-keeper, with his stock of goods. Wherever gold is discovered the whisky-seller is just behind the prospector, and the enterprising Hebrew merchant is never far in the rear. Hundreds of adventurers who had followed the construction camps on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and had been left stranded when that highway was completed, drifted into the new diggings. There was enough good material in the population to keep a fair degree of order, however, among the steady element being a considerable sprinkling of farmers from the Palouse Country in western Idaho, and eastern Washington, who staked out claims on the snow with the rest.

Society organizes itself with great rapidity under such circumstances. Lawyers and doctors pitch their tents and put up signs, split out of cedar stumps and inscribed with the red end of a hot poker. All the necessary articles for miners' use are brought in. Carpenters, blacksmiths, shoe-makers, and bakers who have come to dig for gold find they can do better by plying their respective trades. A weekly newspaper chronicles the events of the camp. Almost all callings are represented except those of teaching and preaching. There are no children, and Sunday is abolished. In a rude sort of way the ordinary appliances of living are obtained. Knives and frying-pans must be brought in, but wash-bowls, or troughs, are hewn out of pine logs; stools and benches take the place of chairs, and "Idaho feathers," as pine boughs are called, do not make a bad mattress when covered with blankets. Tin cups and plates serve for queen's-ware. The bill of fare is alike for breakfast, dinner, and supper, but appetites are enormous when men have been tramping over the mountains prospecting, or wielding the pick and shovel all day.

When the snow went off the stampeded got to work. A few paying placers were opened, but in most cases the bed-rock was found to be from twelve to twenty feet below the surface, and covered with deposits

of gravel and bowlders. It took an enormous amount of labor to get down to it. The "pay streak," in most diggings, is found just on top of the first stratum of rock below the soil, the particles of gold having, in the course of ages, worked down through the earth until stopped by the rock. In the Cœur d'Alène region the miners had to work through an enormous amount of surface deposit. Those who got down, however, found free gold in flakes and chunks. The largest nugget discovered was worth three hundred and twenty dollars. That was found in Dream Gulch. To this gulch attaches a romantic story. One night in August, 1883, a man named Davis, who lived in Farmington, in the Palouse Country, and had been thinking of going to the Cœur d'Alène region, had a dream. In his dream he traveled up a heavily timbered gulch in search of gold, and turning to the left entered a side ravine. A little stream ran down the ravine. He came to a place where the stream forked, and there he found a ledge, from which he chipped pure gold with a hammer and chisel. The dense forest was unlike anything he had ever seen before. Next night the same dream came again. He chipped off more gold until he was tired, and awoke. The third night he was once more in the ravine, loading four mules with gold. The treble dream made such an impression on his mind that he persuaded two friends to go with him to the Cœur d'Alènes. After prospecting for several days he found a ravine that corresponded to the one seen in his dream. Passing up it he found it all familiar ground. He recognized the trees, the underbrush, the pools of water. The ravine forked just where he expected it would, but there was no ledge to be seen. Davis and his companions washed a pan of dirt, and found color. A second pan yielded three dollars. They dug down in the hill-side and found a quartz lode. Not long afterward a nugget, worth ninety-seven dollars, was unearthed. Davis named the place Dream Gulch. He has not yet loaded the four mules with gold, but up to the first of July, when the water gave out, he and his companions had taken forty-two thousand dollars out of that ravine. Many prospectors have tried to dream out a fortune since then, but none have had Davis's luck.

"The bloom was off the boom," as they say in Dakota, when I went to the Cœur d'Alènes in July last. Numbers of people had learned that locating a quartz claim on a mountain-side, or sitting down in the cedar woods of a gulch and imagining how much gold there may be under twenty feet of gravel, is not a short cut to wealth. It costs a great deal of money to open a placer, and a great deal

more to get gold out of quartz, and most of the stampeder had only enough to keep them in provisions for a few weeks. They hoped to sell their claims, but no one came with capital to buy. Very few were able to dig ditches, build sluices, and begin cleaning the bed-rock. An exodus from the mines began in June, and continued in a straggling way all summer. "It was not a poor man's country," said the returning adventurers, as they footed it over the mountains to the railroad. "What could a fellow do with only a shovel, a pick, and a plug of tobacco, when it took a thousand dollars' worth of labor to get down to the pay dirt?" All the trails were filled with processions of melancholy men, sweating and swearing under their loads of dirty blankets. Among them were merchants who had sold out their stocks at a loss, and gamblers looking for more promising fields. The camps were by no means deserted, however. Only the drift-wood went out on the ebb of the tide.

The best way to visit the mines is to go in on the trail from Thompson's Falls, over the mountains, and come out by way of the river, floating down the swift current in a canoe. As a mode of travel the canoe is much more comfortable than what is commonly called the hurricane deck of a Cayuse pony, but, on the other hand, it is much more risky. The tourist can avoid the canoe, but the only alternative to the pony is going afoot. My companion and I set out from Thompson's Falls one morning, mounted on sorry nags, and dragging a pack animal along, Indian fashion, by a rope attached to his neck and twisted about his lower jaw. We turned to take a last look at the broad, green river, slipping along to the foaming, roaring rapids, at the raw little shanty town beyond, which has three hundred inhabitants and thirty saloons, and at the near horizon of mountain summits, and then entered the forest. "You can't get off the trail, unless you cut your way out with an axe," was the parting salutation of the owner of the ponies. He was right. Nothing less nimble than a deer could well get through the jungle of fallen trunks and underbrush that covered the ground between the tall pines, tamaracks, and cedars. This superb forest of the Pend d'Oreille is a vast lumber preserve for future generations. The pineries of Michigan and Minnesota look like open parks compared with it. Nowhere else in the United States, save on the western slopes of the western mountains, in Washington Territory, can be found such a prodigious amount of timber to the acre. It stretches along both sides of the Pend d'Oreille, or Clark's Fork River, for a hundred and fifty miles,

and laps over the Cœur d'Alène and Bitter Root Mountains, embracing Lake Cœur d'Alène and its tributary rivers, and having a width of at least a hundred miles. The bull pine is the predominant tree; but there is considerable white pine, tamarack, and fir, and in places the cedar excludes all other trees, and attains a surprising girth and height.

Following a trail through the gloomy solitudes of this wilderness is not a cheerful proceeding. The sky is rarely visible, and there are no sounds to break the stillness, save the roar of a torrent, or a crashing in the underbrush and a whiffing grunt that tell of the retreat of a bear. The incidents are the fording of streams, scrambling over rocks, and plunging through mire. In our case there was the adventure of running the gauntlet through a forest fire. The flames were on both sides of the trail. There was no way of getting around them with the horses, and it was a question of turning back or dashing through; so the little caravan was put to a gallop, and after an exciting minute in the smoke, came out with no damage, save some singeing of hair. If a traveler be tough and well-mounted he can go in a day's hard ride from Thompson's Falls to Murray, the chief mining camp; but one unused to the saddle gets all the journey he wants for one day when he reaches a half-way station called Mountain House, where there is a clearing big enough to see the sky through. A log hotel, a store in a tent, two canvas lodging-houses, and three saloons give the place quite an urban look. The hotel has two rooms—the front room being bar, sleeping apartment, and sitting-room, and the rear division the kitchen and dining-room. The sleeping accommodations consist of two tiers of berths, in which tamarack poles serve as springs, and pine boughs as mattresses. Half a dollar seemed a reasonable price to the tired wayfarers for the privilege of spreading their blankets on the boughs and enjoying the sense of shelter and the pleasant warmth of a fire burning without stove or chimney in the middle of the room, and sending its column of smoke up through a big square hole in the roof. Of the fare served in the other apartment by the dignified, military-looking gentleman who acted as cook, it can truthfully be said that, if not choice, it was abundant, and that the flapjacks were beyond criticism. In the days of the stampeder and the toboggan trains, this was the only house on the trail, and a blessed haven of rest it seemed to many a poor fellow struggling through the snow.

"How do you hook up?" was the landlord's greeting in the morning, a teamster's salutation much in use in Montana. The old



miner usually asks, "How do you pan out?" or "How are you striking it?" The truth is, we hooked up badly after a night on the tamarack poles, but the mountain air and the flapjacks were good restoratives. Sundry specimens of silver ore from ledges near by were examined, a look taken at a ditch down ten feet on its way to bed-rock and an uncertainty, and then the horses were mounted and the trail was resumed. The forest grew denser. The day before it seemed as if trees could not grow closer together than they did along that part of the trail, but higher up they stood in such serried array that a pack-mule could not squeeze through between them. Away up in the air some two hundred feet was a little slit through which the sky could be seen. It was like looking out of a deep crevice. The trail grew more and more abrupt, and the divide was reached after three hours' travel.

The line between Montana and Idaho follows the crest of the range. Probably the summit of the pass is five thousand feet above the sea level. The mountains on either side rise probably two thousand feet higher. They are not rugged and precipitous like some of the ranges of the Rockies, but carry timber almost to their rounded, green summits, and in mid-summer show only patches of snow. The trail was enlivened by meeting numerous pack-trains going out for return loads, parties of prospectors, and numerous pedestrians of a class indicated on the register of the hotel at Thompson's Falls by the letters "D. B." opposite their names, meaning "dead broke." It is the kind custom of the country not to refuse a meal to these unfortunate reformed stampedeers.

On the western side of the mountains the trail plunges down into a narrow, dark ravine, where Pritchard's Creek rises. Every few rods there are written notices stuck on the trees announcing that the undersigned claims "five hundred feet of the gulch from rim-rock to rim-rock," but no mining is seen until one gets down to Raven, the most advanced settlement toward the pass. Here are a dozen cabins and a mine on a mountain-side, where the dirt is thrown into a wooden slide, and so got down to the creek for washing. The clean-up averages about ten dollars a day per man, and the owner said that as he could hire men for four dollars a day he had a fairly good thing. He emptied a buckskin bag of small nuggets and dust, and thrust his fingers through the yellow stuff in an affectionate way. Three miles farther down the creek is Butte, a new camp of log huts in the thick woods. Here some sluicing was in progress. This place bears no resemblance to its namesake in Montana, save in the hopes of its

founders. Near Butte is the "Mother Lode," whose discovery last May was the talk of all the camps. Miners suppose that all gold placers were caused by the breaking up of some rich lode in the mountains by convulsions of the ground in old geologic times. To find this "Mother Lode" is the object of much zealous prospecting. Three old farmers from Washington Territory had the luck to find in the mountain-side, close to the creek, a vein that is accepted as the mother of the Cœur d'Alène placers. They uncovered a boulder about four feet in diameter, thickly splashed on its surface with gold, and containing several rich veins. The lead to which it belonged they opened for a few yards from the bank to the creek. Then they sat down to look at their wonderful find, and to enjoy the congratulations of visitors—the happiest trio to be found in all the camps of the Cœur d'Alène country. When I saw them and their gold-streaked boulder, they were waiting for some one to come and offer them forty thousand dollars for their claim.

A little farther down the stream, wedged in a narrow crease between precipitous mountains, is Murray, now the chief town of the Cœur d'Alène country. It is composed of a hideous half-mile-long street of huts, shanties, and tents, with three or four cross-streets that run against the steep slopes after a few rods progress. The discovery of Dream Gulch, of the Mother Lode, and of several other promising leads and placers near by, created Murray last spring, and almost depopulated Eagle, the other center of the region, five miles below. A more unattractive place than Murray I have seldom seen. The trees have been cleared away, leaving a bare gulch into which the sun pours for sixteen hours a day with a fervor which seems to be designed by nature to make up for the coolness of the short July nights, when fires are needed. Stumps and half-charred logs encumber the streets, and serve as seats for the inhabitants. Chairs can only be found in the principal gambling establishments. Every second building is a drinking-saloon. Newspapers sell for "two-bits" (twenty-five cents) apiece. Descending the hill into the town, we encountered a procession of perhaps three hundred men, marching after a long board box. It was the funeral of a printer who had been shot by his employer, the editor of the local journal, for demanding his pay. The propriety of lynching the editor was discussed after the funeral, but as the judge of the district was expected next day to hold court, it was decided to let the law take its course. The town was full of men out of employment and out of money, who hung about the saloons and cursed the

camp in all styles of profanity known to miners' vocabulary. Nevertheless, gold was being shipped out every day by Wells, Fargo & Co's express, and new discoveries were constantly reported. All the facts pointed to a rich auriferous region. The men who were making money kept quiet, worked early and late on their claims, and let the talking of the town be done by those who had neither the means to open claims, nor to live on while holding them. The placers are probably the most difficult to work that have ever been discovered. First, there is the enormous timber growth, then a thick alluvial soil, and farther down comes from five to twenty-five feet of gravel and bowlders, before the bed-rock is reached. Besides, the water of the streams soaks down through the ground, and must be taken out of the ditches and shafts by pumping. A reasonable estimate of the region is that it is rich in placer gold, and contains many valuable quartz veins of both gold and silver, and that, when time has tested its merits and made them known, capital will be attracted and mining enterprises undertaken on a great scale. Probably a year or two will elapse before an active, systematic development of the placers and lodes is fairly begun. Meantime, placer mining will be carried on in a rather small way by men working their own claims under difficulties. The camp is very poor. Many of the prospectors were farmers from the plains of eastern Washington, who went home in the summer to gather their crops; many others were penniless adventurers, or old miners who had wasted their gains in other camps. The number of old men is remarkable. They are mostly veterans of former California and Colorado days, who came to have another taste of the rude life of the mines and the fascinating occupation of seeking for the yellow dust. One pities these grizzly ancients, who at their time of life should be sitting by their own firesides, with children and grandchildren around them.

Five miles below Murray is Eagle, where the stampedeers harbored last winter. Its rise and fall covered a period of only six months. Lots, with log buildings, which sold last February for one thousand five hundred dollars, can now be bought for fifty dollars. Yet the place occupies the only natural town-site in the whole region, having an open flat of a hundred acres, where one can see a horizon of mountain-tops up at the head of Eagle Creek, and where the vision is not limited to moss-hung trees and a hand-breadth of sky. When the quartz leads on Eagle and Pritchard Creeks are worked, Eagle will have a new growth. Just now its disconsolate in-

habitants are eager to dispose of their huts, tents, and town lots, and their goods and whisky, at any price, and are only staying because they cannot get away. From Murray to Eagle, and on five miles farther to the Cœur d'Alène River, there is a pretense of a wagon-road. Vehicles are got over it, but the traveler finds it much more fatiguing to ride them than to go afoot. Pedestrianism in this somber twilight realm of dense foliage and trailing tree-moss has an especial charm when it leads out toward light and civilization. Then it is but an easy walk to the river, and at the river you are done with sore-backed horses, dead-axle wagons, and tramping over tree-roots and through quagmires; for there you find the canoe, and can slide out of the wilderness on pea-green waters at the rate of ten miles an hour. I can recall nothing more delightful in travel in either hemisphere than the canoe voyage of forty miles from Eagle Landing down to the old Jesuit Mission. There were five of us travelers, who embarked in a dug-out made from the trunk of a pine-tree. Two lithe, muscular boatmen navigated the craft, one standing at the bow and one at the stern, and each equipped with a paddle for use in still waters, and a long, iron-pointed pole to keep the canoe "head on" and off the rocks in running the swift rapids. There is a spice of danger in the trip, which makes it exhilarating. The dug-out rolls like a log, and the captain in the stern lays down to the passengers the one rule, which they must obey, namely, that there must be "no monkeying around," which means that everybody is to sit still in his seat. About once in every mile there is a rapid. If it takes a straight shoot in the middle of the stream and hides no big rocks, there is no trouble; but if the current sheers off to the shore on one side, and makes a sharp turn after striking full against the face of a precipice, it requires all the strength and skill of the boatmen to keep the canoe from being hurled against the rocky wall and upset. Then there are jams, where the river is blocked by enormous masses of fallen timber, and along the narrow channels that suck through the wedged-in trunks and branches the canoe must be coaxed or forced; and shallows occur, where the boat grounds, and the crew leap overboard into the seething, icy current and "rock her off," tilting her by stem and stern until she floats again. Once we lost our steersman in a comical way, that made everybody laugh and overlook the imminent peril of the situation. The canoe had plunged down a curving rapid with great velocity, and, to keep it from striking, the steersman thrust his paddle against the bank. There was a crevice in the rock in which the

blade struck. Before he could pull it out the boat had swept on, leaving him hanging to the paddle and a root, with twenty feet of water under him. One of the passengers seized the pole, which luckily remained in the boat; the craft was steadied, stopped, and pushed back, and the steersman rescued.

In shallow places the river is as transparent as cut-glass, and the stones upon its bed form a beautiful mosaic of many colors; in deeper places it has a lovely pellucid green color, and in the pools that lie at the feet of enormous craggy precipices it becomes an indigo-blue. Everywhere the wilderness is unbroken; everywhere the forest-covered mountains hug the shore. We saw many deer. They would stand still on the river's brink and look curiously at the canoe until it was quite near, but they seemed to have knowledge enough of gunpowder to throw their white tails up and scamper into the bushes the moment anybody showed a revolver. It was great fun to run races with the wild ducks, which would keep ahead of the boat for a mile or two, with their half-grown broods, clamoring and splashing along, before they would retreat to the shore. We saw no signs of human life, save a party of boatmen poling two laden bateaux upstream, until we had run thirty-five miles, and come to Kingston, a village in the woods, developed by the mining excitement. In high stages of water a steam-boat comes up to the place, and the transfer of goods and travelers to pack-mules and horses makes business for a few stores, saloons, and restaurants. Ordinarily the boat lands five miles farther down at the Old Mission, which we reached in the edge of the evening. This locality is called Mission City on the maps. The city consists of one store, a hotel of rough boards, where there are twenty cot-beds in the attic, the Mission church and buildings, and a score of Indian tepees.

The Mission is in charge of a single priest, old Father Joseph Joset, who established it in 1853. A new mission has been built recently east of the lake, and has become the center of life on the Cœur d'Alène reservation. As our party of travelers approached the door of the old church they found the venerable priest barring the way and forbidding entrance. "You Americans set a bad example to the

Indians," he explained. "You have no reverence. You keep your hats on and act as if you were in a tavern. I cannot let you go in. This is the house of God, and if the Indians see that you do not respect it, the influence on them will be bad." It took some time to mollify the old man. I managed to win his good opinion by telling him that I had lately visited old Father Ravalli, at the St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root Valley, and had staid a week with the fathers at St. Ignatius's Mission, in the Flathead country. Finally he ordered the group of squaws that stood about the door to go away and allowed us to enter. There was really nothing to see except the dingy old altar and a few cheap, tawdry pictures. The curious Italian façade of the church was the only interesting thing about it.

Below the mission the river changes its character, and, instead of a swift mountain stream, becomes a placid canal. The mountains recede and leave great tracts of rich meadow-land, that would make excellent farms if released from the Indian reservation, but which are now vacant and solitary. A little steamer runs down the river thirty miles, and from the river's mouth twenty miles farther on the lake, to Cœur d'Alène City, another mushroom product of the mining "boom." Lake Cœur d'Alène is about thirty miles long by two or three wide. Its waters are clear, cold, and of a bright-green color, and the mountain landscapes around it are fine; but its uninhabited, forest-covered shores are lonely and monotonous. Only at its northern end is it exempted from Indian title. There the town stands close to Fort Cœur d'Alène, established by General Sherman, some years ago, as a permanent post, and regarded by army officers one of the most desirable stations in the West. It is only ten miles from the post to Rathdrum, a small town on the Northern Pacific Railroad, and a good stage-road leads through pine openings and across the great Spokane Prairie. The feelings of travelers who have extricated themselves from the Cœur d'Alène Mountains and mines, and find themselves approaching the railroad, are best expressed by a line from a song that used to be sung by the soldiers during the Civil War:

"Aint I glad to get out of the wilderness!"

*Eugene V. Smalley.*

## SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN THE COLONIES.\*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



SEAL OF THE LORDS PROPRIETORS OF CAROLINA—REVERSE. (FROM AN IMPRESSION IN THE ENGLISH STATE-PAPER OFFICE.)

### I.

#### CUSTOMS RELATING TO LAND.

THE transplanted Englishman of the seventeenth century, for the most part, clung with tenacity to his heritage of ancient customs and prejudices. As the original current of a great river holds the peculiar tint derived from its banks, after the banks are left behind and the stream has pushed far out to sea, so English life in the New World was slow to lose its characteristics in novel conditions; only by degrees did the powerful reaction of new circumstances bring about differences between the English planted in America and those who remained in the old nursery.

The mode of holding, transferring, and inheriting land always exerts a marked influence on society. English settlers brought with

them notions and customs respecting landed estate that had grown up in the long ages of tribal and national development before and after the coming of the English clans from the continent. These they applied to land-holdings in America, without thought of their unfitness. To take a minor example: Among the first colonists land was often transferred by the ancient ceremony known as *livery of seisin*. The seller stood upon the tract that had been sold, and, plucking a twig from a bush or tree, passed it into the hand of the purchaser, or gave a bit of turf with a twig stuck in it, and in some cases a splinter, also. If there was a house, the seller took hold of the ring of the house-door and formally gave it to the new owner. The ground, with its products and appurtenances, was thus symbolically delivered in a manner very suitable to illiterate times and restricted territories.

\* The limit of a magazine article does not allow of the discussion of other social conditions than the two capital ones, land-holding and labor. The engravings of colonial houses supplement rather than illustrate the text, by giving pictorially another phase of the subject.

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But in the colonies land soon came to be, as it is with us now, an article of merchandise and speculation, passing frequently from owner to owner. Remote and unsurveyed tracts of wilderness could not well be handed over "by twig and turf." In Maryland the bare certificate entitling the holder to take up land came

Not only the ancient methods of transferring and bounding real property, but the ancient notions of land tenure, crossed the sea with the English. At first America seemed destined to be a country of great lords and their liegemen. All the territory embraced in the thirteen colonies was at one time or



SEAL OF THE LORDS PROPRIETORS OF CAROLINA—OVERSE.

presently to be passed about as current money. In some places laws were made, after a while, to cover the omission of livery of seisin, and it gradually passed out of use, lingering latest in Virginia, the oldest and most conservative of the colonies.

Other antique customs relating to land found lodgment for a while in America. Once in four years, between Easter and Whitsunday, the Virginians were required to make formal processions about the bounds of their several tracts, renewing the marks in the line trees. When a division line had been thus traced three times, it might never afterward be disputed. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, and on Long Island, the townships, as corporate land-holders, were to "go the rounds" at regular intervals, and each individual owner of plow-land, mow-land, and forest within a "town" must trace his boundary every winter, if his next neighbor exacted it. The colonists were thus following a custom whose origin is lost in the obscurity of the ages before written records.

another covered by grants made to proprietaries. In some regions royal grants overlaid and overlapped one another in bewildering confusion. Most of these grants were without result; yet, at the close of the reign of Charles II., the greater part of the coast was in process of settlement in subjection to feudal or semi-feudal proprietors. Land-holding almost everywhere in the colonial period retained some features of feudalism. In Virginia a quit-rent of a shilling for every fifty acres was paid to the crown or to some grantee of the crown; the people of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Carolina paid a similar tax to proprietary lords. In New York, also, the Crown exacted quit-rents, and the tenants of Dutch patroons brought an annual acknowledgment of feudal service, it might be of five pounds of butter, two loads of wood, or a pair of chickens. In Maryland the traditional pair of capons was sometimes added to a rental of Indian corn. Land was rarely conveyed by a proprietary without at least a nominal rental to save the dignity of the lordship. The commonest of fictitious rents

was the pepper-corn; for instance, the land given in 1693 to Trinity Church, New York, was subject to a payment of one pepper-corn annually. In South Carolina, in one case, a single ear of maize was to be paid yearly for three thousand acres. Lord Baltimore sometimes exacted a bushel of corn, a capon, a pair of pullets, an Indian arrow, or a buck's foot. Such great proprietors as Baltimore held their territories as under-lords to the Crown. Lord Baltimore was obliged to render to the sovereign two Indian arrows every year in Easter week in token of fealty. Penn, perhaps because he was a Quaker, paid two beaver-skins instead of the weapons of war, which were a customary recognition of title by *petit-serjeanty*. The lords proprietors naturally sought to complete in their provinces the aristocratic hierarchy of which they were part; but the "manors" in Pennsylvania and the "baronies" and "manors" in Carolina appear to have been such in name only. In Maryland some manors for a while held courts-leet and courts-baron, after the ancient fashion of such lordships in England. In New York, where the English feudal system was grafted on the Dutch patroonships, the manors had local courts and a representation that made the owners of these estates hereditary legislators with immense influence.

There was a mode of land-holding in some parts of England older than the Norman conquest, far older even than the migration of the English tribes from the continent, whose origin, indeed, antedates the remotest history and the most ancient traditions of our race. The people of a township anciently held their land under the manor-lord, allotting a portion of each of their fields every year to each family according to its rank or wealth. The advancement of civilization relaxed this severe communism; the little acre or half-acre bits of arable land scattered here and there over the fields of the town were given in perpetuity to the several members of the community. But the division of the land retained marks of the older order; each man had many little patches widely scattered, and the meadow, the pasture, and the woodland were sometimes still held in common. The fences and gates of the common fields were kept up by the proportionate labor of each man in the town, and the rents of the lord were paid by the community. This system was still in full vigor in parts of England until the present century, nor is it yet quite extinct.

It was this township plan that obtained generally in New England and in parts of New York and New Jersey. From the beginning of these colonies the Puritans fenced

their fields together, and shared upland, meadow, and woodland between the families in proportion to their investment, their social importance, and some other qualifications not now easily made out. The phraseology and methods of the English communities were retained; the "furlongs," that is, "furrow-longs," held by each family were fenced in common fields, and sometimes for a few years after settlement were cultivated without a permanent division of property — a method very ancient, and for the most part disused at that time in England. Each New England family in a town held land in several widely separated pieces. In some towns these were all sold together as appertaining to the "house-lot." Each individual had his proportionate "house-lot right" and "acre right" in the undivided meadow, forest, and other estate of the "town." The times of planting and of turning in cattle were regulated in "field-meetings," after the immemorial usage of the English township.

The town communities were, in some places, intermingled with large "independent farms." The communities existed without a manor-lord in Massachusetts, while the East Jersey towns paid "the lord's half-penny," as they called it, on every acre, and the New York towns paid a quit-rent to the Crown. If, now, we inquire why these common holdings did not thrive to the southward of New Jersey, we have asked a question not to be readily answered in the present state of our knowledge. The problem is older than the settlement of America. William Marshall, the first to describe such communities in England, found, in 1786, all the people on one side of a range of hills holding common lands, while those beyond held their ground independently, and he suggested that the two regions had been settled by immigrations from diverse portions of the continent. It would be an interesting subject for inquiry whether the first comers of the Puritans, or their leaders, emigrated from a region of common holdings.

But common lands were not unknown in the middle and southern colonies. In Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware the earliest unit of association was the "hundred," — a name derived from a very ancient division of the English shire. We find in the meager accounts that have come to us that land was early granted to the Virginia hundreds in large bodies, and the hundreds appear to have made dividends to individuals somewhat as did the "towns" in New England. The hundreds of Virginia also sequestered, or at least retained, land for "commons"; two of them had assignments of "commons" of fifteen hundred acres apiece, and there

were also public lands given at first to "each particular borough." All the way down the coast the projected towns for trade had "commons" attached. Efforts were made to found in Carolina "townships with privileges," that is, perhaps, townships with local autonomy like those of New England; and at a later period, under the lead of Governor Robert Johnson, new settlers were located in townships of twenty thousand acres each.

But in the north-eastern colonies there were strong selective reasons in favor of the ancient village system with its localized government. The Puritan minister gathered his people into a compact brotherhood; no man might live far away from the meeting-house. So intimate was the relation between church and township, that the people of Guilford in the New Haven colony vested the fee of their undivided lands in the church. The church was a powerful force, from within, holding the town compacted, and the almost unflagging hostility of the savages for nearly a hundred years gave a pressure from without, making it convenient to live, not upon farms, but upon home-lots; and thus the old English land community acquired a new vigor in crossing the sea.

There was that which made all plans for towns of no avail in the South,—a centrifugal force that broke down representation by boroughs or townships in Virginia, and made the parish a vast region with little corporate unity, on account of the rarefaction of the population, and rendered the "commons" of the early hundreds of no benefit. This was the lighting upon a staple. If tobacco, rice, or indigo had been profitable at the North, all the power of habit, tradition, and religion, with Indian hostility superadded, could not have kept the towns-people to their home-lots about the church, their patches of plow-land and meadow, and their "acre rights" in woodland and pasture. The desire for profit would have made men, there as elsewhere, spread abroad to cut and burn fertile patches in the forests, seeking new fields for the staple. But fishing, trading, and manufacturing for trade became the favorite callings; and nothing could have been better suited to these forms of life in that day than the belt of half-agricultural, half-seafaring villages that skirted the coast and dotted the river banks from Long Island north-eastward, all of them formed on the township model derived from the *ham*, or ancient Saxon manor, with the lord and his rentals left out.

## II.

### MODIFICATIONS OF THE LAND SYSTEM.

EVERY English notion about land, and every method of English land tenure, found

place in America for a while; but a process of natural selection, after a little time, began to eliminate those features of each system that were unfit to survive in the new conditions. The common field of the town community could no more remain than the manor with its tenants owing fealty to a lord. The common-field system was distinctly recognized in some places as a temporary make-shift, and individual shares began to be separately inclosed at an early day. The system was becoming antiquated even in England, and the wide-spread movement there during the last hundred years for an improvement in husbandry has almost done away with it. The agitation for division began earlier still in America. By the time the seventeenth century had run its course and the theocracy had lost its grip, inhabitants of town communities in many parts of New England and New York were moving actively to disentangle their interests from those of their neighbors, and this was accomplished after many hot debates. It is only in out-of-the-way places, where human life lies stranded, that one can now find lands held in common by the town.

The first Virginia tenants were little better than villeins; they were bound to remain seven years on the land, and to pay one-half of the whole produce for rent. In a new country such a system quickly broke down. The owner of thousands of acres in Maryland long continued to call his plantation a manor; but tenants soon ceased to swear fealty to the lord, holding one end of a rod in the court-leet, while the lord's steward held the other. Land was abundant. Servants and slaves might be purchased cheap. Why should not a tenant become a lord and keep his capons himself? Tobacco, rice, and slavery undermined the feudal system at the South. The aristocracy, old and new, continued to hold many notions derived from feudalism; servants and slaves took the place of tenants, and the great gentleman was still distinguished by the breadth of his acres and the multitude of his retainers.

The greatness of the tracts of land in royal colonies engrossed by favorites of the governors, and especially by members of the council, was a monstrous evil. Secretary Claiborne received in Virginia forty-six thousand acres. At a later period Spotswood had forty-five thousand acres in one tract; and the second William Byrd, besides princely territories in Virginia, got a slice of North Carolina eighteen miles in length. Colonel Robert Carter was known as "King Carter," from his vast estates; and the Virginia territory which paid quit-rent to Lord Fairfax was truly royal in

extent, covering an area that now embraces more than twenty counties. Baronies of twelve thousand acres were granted in South Carolina — sometimes four of them in a lump. In Maryland, Charles Carroll had twenty thousand acres in one tract.

In New York, the grants were "almost as large as provinces," in the words of Lewis Morris. The Courtlands had two tracts, each twenty miles square; Livingston had one, sixteen by twenty-four miles; the Rensselaer manor extended twenty-four miles each way. At a later period three proprietors held more than a million acres apiece. While the land held out, royal governors had a sure means of political influence and an unfailing source of wealth. One governor of New York is said to have exacted a secret share of one-third in every grant that he made. Lord Cornbury paid Lady Cornbury's funeral expenses by a grant of land at Newtown. Meantime the province of New York languished, immigrants avoided it, and for half a century the young people born upon its soil moved away in a steady stream to New Jersey and Pennsylvania to escape the exactions of the great proprietors, who at first construed their feudal privileges most strictly, claiming even the right to re-assume the land of tenants, as though it were merely "folk-land" and the tenant without any right whatever. The injustice of land monopoly and rent-tax was very apparent in a country where the ground lay for the most part unoccupied; violent discontents arose in New York fifty years before the close of the colonial period. As soon as the first tremblings of the revolutionary upheaval were felt, agrarian riots broke out; but, by espousing the cause of the colonists against the king, the greater number of the New York landlords held their own throughout the revolutionary struggle, and the manors survived to contend with later riots of the tenantry, and to go down at last under the democratic legislation of the post-revolutionary time.

Quit-rents were avoided and evaded in the colonies wherever this was possible, and they seem to have been generally in arrears. In New Hampshire, in New Jersey, and in North Carolina, as in New York, violent resistance was sometimes offered to the claim of the landlord. In Virginia the monopolies of the great land-owners in Spotswood's time led to a powerful democratic movement which filled the Assembly with men of low birth. In Pennsylvania the quit-rents were a perpetual source of dissatisfaction. Everywhere there appeared the tendency, more or less strong, to a simple and direct ownership of the

soil by the occupant — the system that has finally prevailed in this country.

The primitive land systems lasted long enough to exert a considerable influence upon the people. If we consider extreme examples this becomes evident. The inhabitant of the town community was trained to association with his fellows. Measures were taken to promote village life; laws were made in Connecticut, in 1650, against consolidating house-lots, and the dwellers in Andover were forbidden to live upon their plow-land, lest their hogs and cattle should injure the common meadows. Artisans were secured by the community. Newark, for example, reserved a lot for the miller, another for the town's tailor, another for the boatman, and so on. A town in one case kept a flock of sheep for the public benefit. The habit of coöperation promoted voluntary associations. We find one New England mill owned by seven shareholders, another by thirteen, and a third by fourteen. The towns in New England and New York made by-laws, and regulated their internal concerns in field and town meetings. The system was productive of no end of petty wrangling and neighborhood feuds, but it cultivated a democratic feeling and taught each man to maintain his right.

On the other hand, the Southern planter lived in some isolation, but his public interests were as extensive as his county or his province. This state of society begot self-reliance, and produced more leading statesmen than the other; but the people lacked the New England cohesion and susceptibility to organization, without which the statesmanship of the Revolution would have been vain. The Southerner, from his isolation and from other causes, became hospitable, eager for society, and in general spontaneously friendly and generous; the New England people became close-fisted and shrewd in trade; it is a trait of village life. But the benevolence of New England was more effective than that of the South, because it was organized and systematic. The village life of the extreme North trained the people to trade, and led to commercial development; and it made popular education possible. The sons of the great planters at the South were averse to commerce; they were also the most liberally educated and polished in manners of all the colonists; but the scattered common people could have no schools, and were generally rude and ignorant, even when compared with the lower class of New Englanders, who stood a chance of getting some rough schooling, besides a certain education from the meeting-house and the ever-recurring town debates.



## III.

## INHERITANCE.

THE leadership of the great families was sustained in New York and in the colonies south of Pennsylvania by primogeniture—the prerogative of the eldest son to inherit the landed estate in case the father left no will. Custom followed the law, and fathers who willed their property usually left the most or all of the land to the oldest son, as belonging to him by prescriptive right. This inequitable practice had its use in the warlike ages of feudalism, when the first son to grow up must take the father's place at the head of his troop of dependents; but in the American colonies it was only the result of that remarkable and often stupid bondage to tradition in which the Anglo-Saxon peoples contrive to exist and advance. To primogeniture the aristocratic colonies added the dead hand of entail, by which the land was sent down for generations in the line of the oldest male. Even a clumsy fiction, called in law "common recovery," by which the entail might be broken in England, was forbidden by statute in Virginia, and was not accounted applicable to the other colonies.

The pilgrims at Plymouth and the Massachusetts Puritans had belonged to that politico-religious party in England which sought the abolition of certain old abuses. As early as 1636 Plymouth enacted that land should be held after "the laudable custom, tenure, and hold of the manor of East Greenwich," that is, in an ancient Saxon way preserved at the coming of William the Conqueror by the county of Kent. One characteristic of this tenure was that it divided the lands equally among the sons in case there was no will. Massachusetts, which expressly abolished many of the worst features of feudal tenure, by name, gave to the oldest son a double portion according to the Mosaic code, but divided the rest among daughters as well as sons. This system prevailed throughout New England. Primogeniture had come to be esteemed a natural right, and the Massachusetts leaders felt obliged more than once to defend themselves from the charge of having "denied the right of the oldest son." Pennsylvania took the same middle course of sheltering innovation under the law of Moses by giving the oldest son a double portion. The laws of some of the colonies made the land liable, to a greater or less extent, with personal estate for the debts of the deceased—which robbed the oldest of a part of his "insolent prerogative"; but it was not until the shock of the Revolution that primogeniture and entail were swept away, under the leadership of Jefferson

and others. The oldest son's double portion in New England survived the Revolution for some years. A very ancient mode of inheritance prevailed in some English boroughs, called among lawyers "borough English." By this custom the lands descended to the youngest son. It found no lodgment in the laws of the colonies, so far as I know; but in New Hampshire it was a wide-spread custom to leave the homestead to the youngest, who remained at home and cared for the old age of his parents. This reasonable form of the custom of "ultimogeniture" lingers yet in certain parts of the country, as, for example, in some of the northern counties of New York.

## IV.

## THE TRADE IN WHITE BOND-SERVANTS.

THE ancient English tribes emerge from prehistoric obscurity holding slaves and serfs, probably the descendants of captives. In England serfdom was slowly worn out, partly by a political tendency to assert broadly the rights of Englishmen, and partly by a religious conviction, dating from the preaching of the Wyckliffites, that it was sinful to hold fellow-Christians in bondage. Queen Elizabeth appears to have yielded to this opinion, which prevailed widely in her reign; but with characteristic thrift she contrived to sell the privileges of freedom to those upon her manors whose blood was tainted by hereditary slavery, and James I. confirmed these or other copyhold tenures on the royal manors in consideration of another payment of money. Relics of the ancient villeinage, or bondage to the soil, lingered in a few places until after the Restoration.

The abolition of villeinage gave but a shadowy liberty to the lower classes. Long terms of service with wages fixed by authority took the place of the ancient serfdom. Any shrinking from his condition on the part of the poor man was repressed by rigorous laws. By a statute of the reign of Elizabeth, no tradesman might be hired for less than a year, and any artisan under thirty years of age, not at work, might be arbitrarily "retained" by any master-workman in his calling, nor could he depart until "the end of his term." Any unemployed man without rank or property might be similarly "retained" by any husbandman. No apprenticeship to a trade might expire until the apprentice was twenty-four years of age. It is probable that the labor of the servant was assignable during his "covenanted term of service," and during that term he was perhaps sold, bought, and beaten, as though



he were a slave. Certain it is that at the outset of American colonization in Virginia, and again in New England, one finds servants bound for long terms before leaving England, and treated as a recognized species of property.

The settlement of America quickened the stagnant labor market. The wilderness was hungry for men to till it, and a new trade in human beings sprang up. Indentured servants, poor children, vagrants, and other gutter sweepings of London were sent to America with men hard pressed by debt or other dire necessity. So insatiable was the colonial market for men that the trade was very lucrative from the start, and monstrous abuses sprang up. English writers in the middle of the seventeenth century express shame at finding their nation reproached by foreigners for this traffic in its own people. "These English," says a Dutch traveler, "are a villainous people, and would sell their own fathers for servants in the islands." Men of other nations were sometimes entrapped by English seamen and sold into the English West India islands, and prisoners captured by privateers in lawful war were run into lonesome places on the American coast and sold into bondage to increase the profit of the captors. The servants transported before 1650 were bound for long terms, some of them for ten years or more, many for seven or eight. After the restoration of the Stuarts, the opening of New York, the Carolinas, New Jersey, and then Pennsylvania, increased the demand for men, and the term of service was permanently reduced to four years.

English laborers bound themselves to serve a term of years, fairly hoping to better their condition in America; and men in domestic or other trouble would sell themselves for a term of service in the plantations, plunging into the abyss and trusting to luck to come up in better plight in a new world. Husbands forsaking their wives lost their identity in the transport ship, and wives fleeing from unbearable husbands were swallowed up in the same flood. Runaway children and apprentices were greedily welcomed by the crimps; felons and prison-breakers pursued by hue and cry were quickly safe on board. In those days of slow communication, renegades of every sort were as utterly lost to their old lives in America as they could have been had they migrated to the moon.

But this was not the worst feature of the trade. Men who were significantly called "spirits," and whose common trade had been that of "supplying soldiers to divers parts," turned their attention to the new trade in human flesh; and as the supply of the plantations with labor was considered a matter of the utmost importance, the nefarious business

of these knaves was long carried on with small interference from authority. Little lads were "inveigled and by lewd subtleties" enticed aboard and carried to the colonies to be heard of no more. Distressed parents followed the ships down the Thames sometimes, and paid a ransom to recover their children. So frightful was the evil that it excited dangerous tumults in London, which moved the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to address the Privy Council on the subject.

The boldness of the "spirits" is remarkable. The ship that kidnapped Peter Williamson, eight years old, lay fearlessly in port at Aberdeen a month after stowing him and other lads between decks. All of these were sold in Philadelphia at sixteen pounds the head. The Scotch Highlanders were carried off by a regular system of kidnapping. One hundred were captured in a single raid in 1739, but escaped on the coast of Ireland. Some gentlemen of Boston walked down to the Long Wharf one morning in 1730 to examine a company of Irish transports then offered for sale. Among the lads who were made to run up and down to show off their muscle and condition was one who had gone to sea with his uncle, a captain. The uncle dying, the mate and crew sold the boy to a passing transport ship, perhaps in order to secure the captain's property. The boy served out his time, and afterward became an officer in the later Indian wars. There were some cases as romantic as the story of Joseph and his brethren. James Annesley, son and heir of Lord Altham, when thirteen years old was decoyed on board a ship at Dublin, at the instigation of his uncle, and served out twelve years of rough bondage in Pennsylvania. Returning to Europe, he secured a verdict giving him his father's titles and estates, but he died before the case was finally decided on appeal in the House of Lords. There were other instances hardly less curious, and American servitude became a godsend to some of the romance-writers of the time.

Even when downright kidnapping — which was also a trait of the French colonial trade at the same period — had been pretty well done away with, the crimps were none the less active in seducing people into servitude by all sorts of devices. In the "Vicar of Wakefield" Goldsmith has left us a picture of one of these seductive villains whose business it was to persuade people into bondage. So vividly drawn is this account of "Mr. Crispe," the crimp, that one is tempted to believe that the unthrifty Goldsmith had been himself, when in some desperate strait, on the point of going to the plantations under indenture, perhaps with assurances, such as his hero

receives, that he might be employed as secretary to the embassy which the Synod of Pennsylvania was about to send to the Chickasaw Indians!

Bristol was the chief center of the colonial trade; here even the small traders and sometimes the peddlers had ventures in the colonies. Bristol, therefore, naturally took the lead in the servant trade, and most of the great officers of the city became involved in kidnapping. When, in Bristol, a man was on trial for some small crime, the petty officers of the court would persuade him to beg for transportation in order to avoid being hanged. These transports were then assigned to the mayor and each of the aldermen in turn, who sold them into the plantations and grew rich from the spoils of the poor and the desperate. In the most paradoxical scene in judicial history, the worst of judges, George Jeffreys, himself reeking with corruptions and cruelties incredible, is found arraigning the aldermen of this opulent city for their share in this trade. Ordering the scarlet-robed mayor from his seat on the bench to a place in the prisoner's dock, he cried, with brutal exultation: "See how the kidnapping rogue looks!" He ranted at the aldermen in words too vile to be reprinted. Yet the selling of condemned men and the condemning of men that they might be sold were practiced openly in the court of James II. at this very time. The ladies of the queen's bedchamber and the queen herself eagerly snatched at the profits from the sale of the rebels of Monmouth's rebellion, whom Jeffreys had just then condemned; even William Penn begged for twenty of them for the Philadelphia market.

Such being the spirit of the court, it is not surprising that the crimps resorted to means the most shameful. A man made drunk by design would awake to find himself at sea sailing to one of the plantations to be sold for four years to pay his passage-money, according to custom. This was called *trapping*. In vain were acts of Parliament passed for the registration of servants. Driven from one practice, the crimps resorted to new methods of entrapping the unwary, and the abuse lasted throughout the colonial period. The bellman of Cork advertised in a Philadelphia newspaper that he had authority from the mayor of his city to procure servants for America; the Irish mayor had perhaps learned from former mayors of Bristol the trick of turning a penny by selling small offenders out of the country. One ship-master at Annapolis tried to pass a cargo of Irish vagrants and criminals for honest servants by the flimsy trick of showing sixty-six indentures, all signed by the mayor of Dub-

lin, and by fitting out twenty of them with new wigs, thus giving an air of gentility to his rogues.

To Philadelphia, in the later period, were brought great numbers of Germans, inveigled by artful agents to sell themselves through brokers at the Dutch ports. The agents managed to suppress such letters to Germany as would have exposed their misrepresentations, — a matter not difficult of accomplishment when the captains interested in the traffic were the irresponsible carriers of the correspondence. Many hardy Germans, having money enough to pay their fare, preferred to sell themselves for a term of years in order to learn the language and the ways of the country. Others paid half the fare and were sold for the remainder, and some paid the passage of the family by selling one or two of their surplus children into bondage during minority.

One reads in the Philadelphia papers, in 1729, of "choice maid-servants fit for town and country," to be had of a certain wine-cooper, and of "a parcel of likely servant-men and boys" for sale about the same time. The development of the back country produced the "soul-drivers," as they were contemptuously called — men who peddled servants in droves of fifty or more. It is said that a little Irishman in one of these gangs contrived to be the last on hand, and, by rising early one morning and representing himself as the master, sold the soul-driver and escaped.

To the voluntary transports or "free-willers," and the "kids" who had been "trapped" by "spirits" or seduced by the fair promises of crimps, were added convicts transported for crime. Like almost every other abuse of the colonial system, that of sending over the dissolute and criminal had begun in the reign of James I. The severity of English penal laws, by which sometimes "twenty were hanged up at a clap," occasioned evasions of all kinds; for Anglo-Saxon people prefer to reform an abuse by avoidance rather than by direct abolition. The old provision for "benefit of clergy" was stretched to an absurd comprehensiveness. The need for men in the colonies offered a new opportunity for merciful evasions of the death penalty in cases of minor felony. It became common to pardon thieves on condition of their accepting a seven years' term of service in the colonies, and the English State-Paper Office has many curious petitions for this commutation. As early as 1622 a horse-thief indicates that he much prefers service in Virginia to hanging. At a later period a husband is found petitioning on behalf of his wife, condemned

to death for stealing three-and-sixpence, that she might be transported to any plantation. After the Restoration it was enacted that justices, at their discretion, might send "loose and disorderly persons" to the colonies, and at intervals a hundred or so of "Newgate birds" were taken in a close lighter from Blackfriars to Woolwich, where they were put aboard ship for America. This stream of convicts brought no end of defilement to the infant plantations, which were poorly equipped to cope with rogues so sturdy and numerous as England was able to furnish. Laws made by colonial assemblies to obstruct such importations were repealed at home, but some of the colonies succeeded in turning the tide from their doors. The hardest words said against the mother country in colonial prints, a quarter of a century before the Revolution, sprang from the bitter resentment excited by this practice of forcing criminals on the plantations in spite of their utmost endeavor to keep them out. One of the most pungent newspaper writers of the time compared England to a father seeking to spread the plague among his children, or emptying filth upon their table; and Franklin proposed to send a present of rattlesnakes for the King's garden, as a fit return for the convicts out of English jails.

## V.

## THE TREATMENT OF BOND-SERVANTS.

THE number of bond-servants, even in New England, seems to have been large, and the supply was much greater in the wheat and tobacco countries. Every kind of business in Pennsylvania depended upon the labor of indentured servants, and there were great commotions when, in 1740, the reluctance of the Quaker Government to raise or pay troops was met by the enlistment of bond-servants. In 1670 Virginia had six thousand English servants, while there were yet but two thousand negroes. As the servants were freed in four years, this number represented a very large importation. In 1683 it was impossible to buy a large tobacco crop unless the merchant had servants to exchange.

The treatment of servants was as various as the character of the masters. At first, while the country was new and the population sparse, there was a sort of good-fellowship between the faithful servant and his master's family, and there were not wanting those who granted many indulgences to their bondmen. But even in 1629 De Vries, the Dutch traveler, saw English men and women staked and lost at cards, and he bluntly told the Virginians

that he had "never seen such work in Turk or Barbarian." And when there had been brought over a multitude of "kids," as they were called, the decline in the average character of the servants and the incoming of negro slaves rendered the bondman's lot less tolerable, especially when the cultivation of a staple brought into requisition large gangs of convicts and other transports of desperate fortunes and reckless temper. It was an age of flogging; criminals, soldiers, sailors, pupils, children, and now and then even wives, were thought the better for scourging. One ought hardly to be surprised, therefore, at the numerous and cruel whippings of English servants, women as well as men, who were scourged naked with hickory rods and washed with brine; the punishment continuing sometimes at intervals for hours, or being renewed day after day. There were also in use, by masters and overseers, thumb-screws, sweatings, and other such devil's devices. The food allowed was sometimes a scant diet of Indian meal. The sick servant was neglected lest the doctor's charge should exceed the value of his remaining service; and one thrifty master required a servant, sick of a mortal disease, to dig his own grave in advance, in order to save the other men's time. In 1705 Virginia prohibited the secret burial of servants, and the whipping of "Christian white servants" naked, without the consent of a justice; and in 1715 Maryland made several protective provisions, one forbidding the giving of more than ten lashes for one offense, unless with approval of a magistrate. In New England, where servants were often regarded as Christian brethren and where settlements were more dense, care could be and was exercised to prevent injustice and cruelty; but there were instances of brutal hardship, notwithstanding, and even of a servant's dying from a master's cruelty. It was said that in Maryland the African slave sometimes fared better than the white servant — the slave being absolute property, while, as regarded the white servant, it was often only a question of how much profit an unfeeling master might wring out of him before the expiration of his term. On the other hand, there were not wanting many instances of fairness and even generosity. In one curious case a magnanimous Maryland master was rewarded by presents from the servant, who rose to great wealth on his return to England, but whose name and identity remained undiscovered to those who had befriended him as a bondman.

Great numbers fled away from the sharpness of bondage, taking the risk of cruel punishments and an extension of their terms if taken. During the existence of New Netherland, Dutch servants broke away to New Eng-



COLONIAL MANSION. RESIDENCE OF THE LATE WILLIAM BULL FRINGLE, ESQ., CHARLESTON, S. C.

land or Maryland, while English servants from both directions made their way to the Dutch territory. With New England the Dutch had at one time a treaty for the return of those "who carried their passports under their feet." To get away on shipboard, to seize a shallop and make off to a neighboring colony, and represent themselves as shipwrecked mariners, and to fly to the Indians, were favorite devices of runaways. So great was the number of fugitives that "inferior persons" were always liable to arrest on suspicion. The newspapers after 1725 have many descriptions of runaways, with offers of reward for their arrest. In 1663 a dangerous conspiracy of indentured servants was discovered in Virginia, and a general fear of the class, among whom were many desperate characters, probably prompted much of the severe treatment inflicted on bondmen.

It was perceived from the beginning that the criminal and semi-criminal elements in the servile class were a source of moral corruption. The pilgrims found that servants led astray "the unstaider and young." The Massachusetts colonists before starting essayed at considerable cost to sift their servants, ex-

cluding a corrupt element; they even sent back two boys who had shown vicious propensities on shipboard. But the large proportion of penalties meted out to servants during the first years of the colonies shows how slight was the effect of the sifting process. Even in the colonies where the convict element was shut out, many of the servants were obtained from dangerous classes, such as "sturdy beggars, gypsies, and other incorrigible rogues, idle and debauched persons." They could "eat till they sweat and work till they freeze," in the quaint words of a traveler in New England. It was probably from those who had been servants that the searovers fitting out in the colonies found recruits. The pirate James, when short of hands, lay off the Virginia coast and captured transport ships, many of the convicts and servants in them preferring to risk a halter in cruising "on the grand account" to pining in colonial bondage. In some instances the criminal transports rose and slaughtered the crew, taking the ship into some out-of-the-way harbor and escaping. The degradation of the women-servants was a continual source of evil; laws were made to correct their immoralities, and other laws to



prevent these "Christians" from intermarrying with the heathen Africans.

Many indentured servants were of excellent character, and some of them had a fortunate destiny. Kirkbride, bond-servant to William Penn, became a preacher in the Society of Friends, a magistrate, and a member of the Assembly. Zenger, the

class of free laborers and small farmers, or into that migrant caste which has formed a sort of selvage to civilization, pushing its rude cabins further and further over the dangerous frontier in order to avoid contact with the more orderly and less congenial life that presses upon it from behind. There was besides a quite insoluble residuum, the irre-



COLONIAL DRAWING-ROOM AND FURNITURE, IN THE BULL PRINGLE MANSION.

famous New York printer, was one of the "poor Palatines" brought over at royal expense and indentured. Women are proportionately scarce in a new country, and many bondmaids were married to those who had purchased them from the ships or dealers. A niece of Daniel Defoe, who came to Maryland as a "redemptioner," married the son of her master. Many servants became overseers, and these were probably ancestors of the well-defined overseer class in the South. In all the colonies there were those brought as servants who rose to wealth through industry and frugality, two virtues on which a new land pays high premium. Some servants founded families that attained to honor and influence. The larger part of those sold into the colonies, no doubt, fell into the

trievable dregs of the servile class, whose descendants are to be found, no doubt, among the "crackers" and "poor white trash" in the South, and among the hereditarily criminal and pauper families of certain regions in the Northern States.

#### VI.

#### AFRICAN SLAVERY.

IN 1619 a "Holland man-of-war," short of water and food, put into the James River and cast anchor before the only English settlement on this side of the globe. The captain was forbidden to land, but as he threatened to throw overboard some slaves captured in the West Indies, Captain Ken-



dall, commanding at Jamestown, exchanged some "presents" for them. These fourteen "negars" were the first slaves in English America. The opening of new settlements and the lighting upon new staple products produced a demand for unskilled labor which the English "spirits" and crimps could not adequately supply. Negroes were therefore brought from the West Indies, and afterward direct from Africa or Madagascar. The labor of slaves increased the ability of the colonies to "take off" English goods, and the products of slave labor swelled the customs revenue and the profits of the merchant. Colonies were accounted of no other use than to enrich their metropolis, and it is therefore not surprising that a Committee on Foreign Plantations, soon after the Restoration, declared that "black slaves were the most useful appurtenances of a plantation."

The English serfs had received their freedom chiefly on theological grounds as fellow-Christians, with some additional weight thrown into the scale by their being fellow-Englishmen. But free-born Englishmen were by custom sold into severe bondage for long terms, and even sent beyond seas in large numbers; there could, therefore, be no repugnance in the minds of the colonists to the enslavement of blacks, who were not only pagans, but so different in appearance as to seem to be another species, not entitled to human consideration. At least, if they came



A COLONIAL STAIRCASE IN THE BULL PRINGLE MANSION.

from Adam, they were by some theological experts identified with the cursed descendants of Cain; for Ham was thought to have found a wife in the land of Nod.

Slavery is more ancient than historic records. In the centuries of warfare between Christians and Mohammedans, the practice of enslaving captives outlawed by their "infidelity" had prevailed. Negroes were easily confounded with the Moors, and thousands of blacks were annually brought into Europe for sale as early as the middle of the fifteenth century; and a century later, in 1553, one finds four-and-twenty of them brought as far as England. From Spain first, and then directly from Africa, black slaves had been carried to the Spanish colonies to develop the mines. The Royal African Company of England announced to Charles II., in 1663, that the very existence of the plantations depended on an adequate supply of negro servants; and though their



CARVED DOORWAY, DRAWING-ROOM OF BULL PRINGLE MANSION.

declaration was due to cupidity, it was at least true that all rich and successful American colonies up to that time had possessed slaves. So late as 1735 the Lords Commissioners of Trade declared that the colonies "could not possibly subsist" without an adequate supply of slaves. Indeed, the first effect of the introduction of slaves was a rapid advancement in subduing forests and opening sources of wealth.

Negro slavery, therefore, entered the colonies without any law in its favor except the common consent and practice of Christian nations. For sixty years after its beginning here, there seems to have been no scruple or question about it. The life-long bondage of negroes was tacitly justified by their heathen condition. When, in 1677, the question was first raised in an English court, Africans were held to be slaves by the custom of merchants and "as being infidels." This notion was so general that very many planters resisted

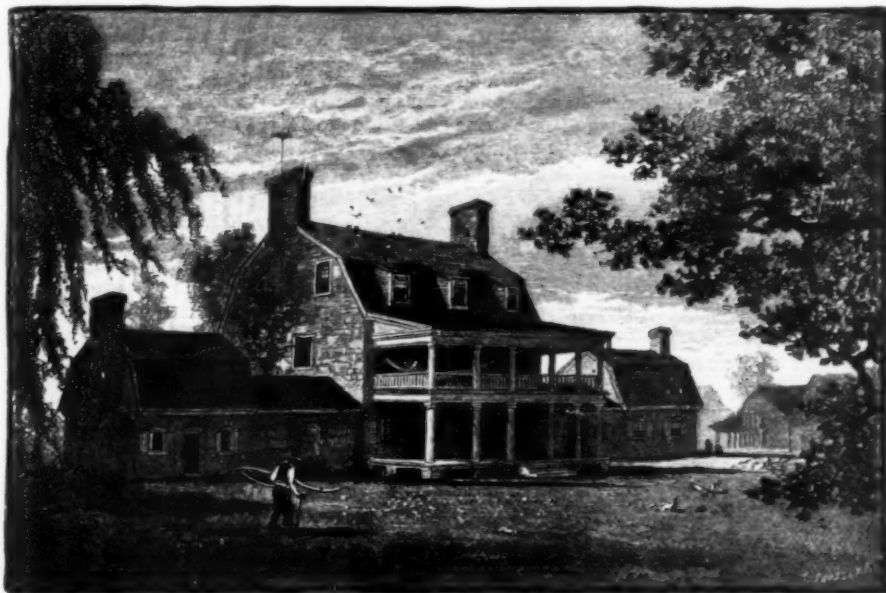
efforts to instruct their slaves in the Christian religion, lest baptism should emancipate them. To remove this obstacle the Virginia Assembly enacted, in 1667, that the conversion of a slave should not invalidate the owner's claim to his services, and similar laws were afterward passed in most of the other provinces. But these laws were merely of colonial authority, and were not sufficient to overcome the scruple of covetousness. A proposal from England to encourage the conversion of the negroes "would not go down" with the New York Assembly in 1699. Solemn assurances that one Christian might lawfully retain another in slavery were given in an address issued *ex cathedra* by Dr. Gibson, Bishop of London, in 1727; and the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General found it prudent to announce in 1729 that neither taking a slave to Europe nor baptizing him anywhere could make him free.



FIRE-PLACE AND CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE BULL PRINGLE MANSION.

After the beginning of the eighteenth century the colonists began to feel keenly two of the evils of slavery: it stimulated overproduction, and it kept the white people in constant danger from insurrection. They

tween a kindly master and a faithful slave, which did much to ameliorate the system at last, were rendered quite impossible while the negroes were untamed barbarians, representing in their features and speech the vari-



AN OLD MARYLAND MANOR-HOUSE.

therefore sought to check the importation of negroes, but found that they had begun too late. The companies which from time to time engrossed a great part of the profit of the slave-trade exerted an immense and, it is said, a corrupt influence over the home government. Bristol merchants were very importunate against the South Carolina duty on slaves. Laws enacted in America to obstruct the slave-trade were usually disallowed by the Crown, and royal governors were informed that the colonists could not be permitted to "discourage a traffic so beneficial to the nation." This refusal to allow the colonists to repel slave-ships was one of those impolitic exercises of imperial authority which tended to estrange the plantations; it was, in fact, made one of the minor counts in the bitter quarrel which brought about the final separation.

#### VII.

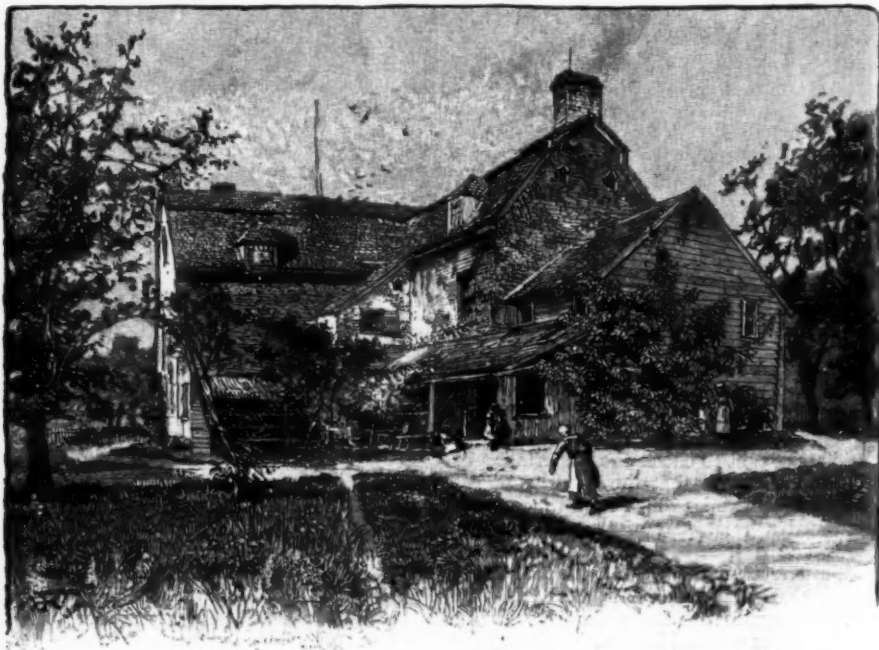
##### SLAVE-LIFE IN THE COLONIES.

FOR a long time after the introduction of slaves they were almost all foreign-born and savage-born, so that those attachments be-

ous tribes of the African mainland and Madagascar. The relation between the two races was, for the most part, one of hardly suppressed hostility. Many who came of slave lineage in Africa were submissive—their backs were bent to the burden of their inheritance; others, who had been kidnapped or captured in recent wars, and especially those who had been of consequence in their tribes, were difficult and defiant, scorning a tame obedience, and proudly contemning toil. For a long time but few women were brought, and the slaves lived together in gangs, with no softening influence of family ties, but in brutal irregularity and vice. Their holiday amusements were savage dances accompanied by beating of drums and blowing of horns; and their funeral ceremonies were, in the eyes of their masters, grotesque mummeries. They were believed to possess many secret poisons,—potent, but tardy in their operations,—and to produce by them long-lingering and mysterious sicknesses, which resulted at last in the death of master or mistress or of some fellow-slave who had incurred the animosity of the poisoners. To this terror of poison was added a dread of the sorceries of the pagans, who were

naturally supposed to have familiar relations with the powers of evil. Such fears of assassination, sorcery, and insurrection aggravated the harshness with which the colonists treated the horde of black servants, whose speech and character were alike incomprehensible. That they were of a savage and ungovernable nature and without any sense of shame was the excuse assigned for the sternness, not to say ferocity, of some of the colonial laws. That they had no fear of punishment in a future life was also urged in the preamble of many acts whose rigor was calculated to make perdition

penalty was not accounted terrible enough for serious offenses. Travelers by night through the forest were sometimes startled by the swinging to and fro of the body of a negro who had been hanged alive in chains for killing his master. Such an offense in Maryland was treated as treason and punished with good old English elaboration of details. The right hand was amputated, then the criminal was hanged, then the head was cut off, the body quartered, and the quarters suspended in the most public places. In some of the provinces a special court of one or two

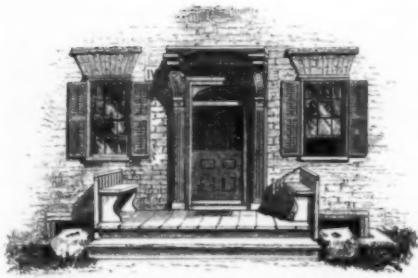


AN OLD NEW YORK MANSION. ANCIENT VAN RENSSELAER MANOR-HOUSE AT GREENBUSH, NEW YORK.

conceivable to the imagination of the darkest pagan. But a part of the severity of the statutes against slaves must be attributed to the general harshness of English legislation in that day, especially such legislation as had to do with the lower classes. Partly also it was due to that almost universal default of humane feeling which makes the first half of the eighteenth century seem so remote from our time. It is rare that the colonial laws propose anything less than death for a slave's offense. Even petty larceny, the tendency to which is a characteristic of the plantation negro as permanent as the color of his skin, by the South Carolina law was visited with death for the fourth offense. The simple death

magistrates, with two or more freeholders, was authorized to inflict death for certain offenses by slaves "in such a manner and with such circumstances as the aggravation and enormity of their crimes shall merit." The pen shrinks from recording the penalties inflicted by these courts; burning alive and a lingering death by hanging in chains were not the most cruel of them. The people were better than these laws begotten of terror; and in South Carolina many constables and other officers flatly refused to execute the punishments, so that to penal laws against the slaves it was needful to add penalties for the humanity of the officers.

There were some offenses not accounted



DOORWAY IN THE VAN RENSSELAER HOUSE AT GREENBUSH, N. Y.

death-worthy. For any resistance to a white person, without regard to extenuating circumstances, Virginia punished the slave with thirty lashes; Maryland cropped one of his ears; while in South Carolina he might suffer more severely. Hamstringing, branding in the face, and slitting the nose were among the methods in use for the subjugation of a heathen. In more than one colony slaves running about at night or "lying out" might suffer a more cruel and degrading mutilation.

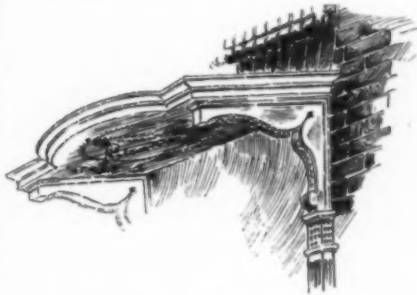
That the law did not, in execution, lose much of the severity of its letter is shown by the complaint in 1714, that the treasury of South Carolina "had been very much exhausted" by extraordinary sums paid to compensate masters for slaves that had been executed. And yet society in this province was more urbane than in any other. In colonies where the statutes did not warrant extraordinary penalties on slaves, the administration of law went to the limit of severity. In Massachusetts hanging was the worst penalty for murder, but the obsolete common-law punishment specially assigned to women who were guilty of petty treason was revived in 1755, in order to burn alive a slave-woman who had killed her master in Cambridge; earlier still the old *lex talionis* had been put in force, that a negro woman might die by fire in Boston for arson causing death. In New Jersey, even in that part of the province in which Quakerism should have softened the spirit of the people, negroes were burned in many instances. New York, without the excuse of serious danger,—for her negroes were not more than a sixth of



ONE OF THE LOOP-HOLES, VAN RENSSELAER HOUSE.

the population,—had a code barely less fierce than that of South Carolina, where the multitude of the slaves was a perpetual danger to the whites. Some of the revolting penalties inflicted on slaves in New York with the sanction of law-courts are striking proofs of the small advance the men of that time had made from positive barbarism.

The tendency of race-pride, wide religious difference, and the condition of perpetual bondage was to dehumanize the negro in the white man's thought. The slave-ships tossed dead negroes like brutes into James River, and their floating carcasses became offensive to dwellers on the banks. In many places black servants went about the house but half clad, and negro children of twelve or fifteen were seen waiting at table "without even a fig-leaf." Slaves were sometimes marked or branded like cattle; and a theory was very current that the African was a sort of sub-human species, possessing no soul. The laws



OVER THE DOORWAY, VAN RENSSELAER HOUSE.

sought to strip him of human attributes: the slave might not, even with the master's consent, own boats, canoes, or cattle; he might not learn to write; he could not be freed without license; and one colonial law forbade a master to dress a servant in fine clothes. In South Carolina manslaughter of a slave was not punishable; in Virginia "death under correction," if not proven to be willful killing, did not entail punishment. In South Carolina, after 1712, the cold-blooded murderer who, "of wantonness or only of bloody-mindedness or cruel intention," slew a negro was obliged to pay a fine of fifty pounds. Such was the law, but public policy generally prevented any punishment of a master for the death of a slave; even in Pennsylvania, where the slaves were hardly a fortieth of the entire population, a master who had murdered his negro was allowed to escape from the province by the connivance of the magistrates.

The treatment which slaves received ranged all the way from the utmost indulgence to





THE PEABODY MANSION, DANVERS, MASS. BUILT, ABOUT 1754, BY "KING" HOOPER, OF MARBLEHEAD.

the utmost cruelty, according to the character of the master. It is in the nature of man that in such a relation there should be cases of extreme hardship. Overseers usually had a share in the crops, and overseers as a class were coarse, passionate, ruthless, and covetous—"unfeeling sons of barbarity," a writer of that time styles them. Eighty of Spotswood's negroes perished from cruelty and neglect during his absence in England. It is probable that under the utmost pressure a negro could rarely be brought to do as much work as an energetic white man. But the hours of slave labor covered the whole period of daylight; corn-husking and rice-beating were often before daylight and after dark. There were laws forbidding masters to exact more than fourteen or fifteen hours in winter, and more than fifteen or sixteen in summer. A peck of corn-meal a week, often ground by their own hands after the day's task was done, was the usual allowance. Humane masters, and those with fewer slaves, added sometimes a little meat, and sometimes skimmed milk. Their beds were benches or boards. It would be wrong, however, to insist on their fare or their lodging as peculiar hardships; slave fare and lodging were better and more regular than the food and dwellings of the poorer classes in Europe. Whitefield avers that for trifling offenses slaves were sometimes cut with knives or had forks thrust into

them, and the restraining statutes of the later colonial time tell the same story. Scalding and cruelly mutilating were forbidden in South Carolina, and the laws recognized the half-starved condition of some slaves as an extenuation of the crime of breaking into granaries for food. Georgia specifically forbids the cutting out of the tongue, the putting out of an eye, and other mutilation of slaves. But these punishments represented the extreme of cruelty exercised only by the brutally depraved. Compared with the condition of slaves in the sugar islands, the negroes in the continental colonies were in a state that might almost be called comfortable, and there were plantation owners, even in that time, who showed no little humanity.

All other doors of hope for betterment of condition having been closed, many negroes ran away. Sturdy fugitives, lying out in secret places, carried on a bold system of plunder, subsisting sometimes for years on the crops and hogs of the planters. One "Billy" was the terror of three Virginia counties in 1701, and is immortalized by a special statute of outlawry. In New England, as well as at the South, the Indians were the most effective restraint upon fugitive slaves. Finding himself pursued by Indians, the runaway negro would turn about in despair and deliver himself to the tender mercies of the overseer, knowing how exquisite were the tortures

which the Indians liked to inflict on a black, — "being allowed so to do by the Christians," says one traveler. It was deemed impolitic to drive off the Carolina Indians, lest the woods should be filled with fugitive negroes, who, from their relations with the slaves, would prove a far more dangerous foe. In spite of white men and Indians, there were adventur-

sought to send these last back to Virginia. New York slaves ran away to the French in Canada, and South Carolina negroes, abetted by the Spaniards, got into Florida in such numbers that they were formed into a regiment. Slaves found north of Saratoga were to suffer death; those seen south of the Altamaha were likewise to be taken, dead or alive.



THE FAIRBANKS HOUSE, DEDHAM, MASS. BUILT BY JONATHAN FAIRBANKS, IN 1636.

ous negroes who got away into the "back-woods" of Maryland, into the Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia, and the "Great Alligator Dismal Swamp" of North Carolina. In the somber recesses of these swamps, usually accounted impenetrable by white people, they lived on corn, hogs, and fowls, which they raised on spots not covered by water. During the Revolution two travelers through North Carolina found their way barred by fourteen naked negroes, armed with poles, and intent on robbery. In some instances runaways from Virginia were kept in a sort of peonage by North Carolina borderers, who settled them on secluded parts of their land, and exacted from them a heavy tribute as the price of this shadow of liberty. Others got clean across the mountains; in 1721 the Indians were be-

#### VIII.

#### NEGRO INSURRECTIONS.

SO LONG as the greater part of the slaves were foreign, and some of them free-born, strange to the speech and customs of the country, and under the ban of religion, the attitude of perpetual siege was inevitable in those colonies where there were many negroes. The rigorous laws we have cited are not for servants, but for foes. Fontaine, of Virginia, styles the slaves "our intestine enemies," and Milligan regarded the South Carolina negroes as "necessary but very dangerous domestics." Slaves had many ways of carrying on a concealed warfare, as by stealing boats, or setting fire to tar-kilns, stacks of rice or corn, and

other valuable products of labor. Some warlike slaves, remembering perhaps the arts of Africa, made weapons that appear on the statute-books as "wooden swords."

An account of all the insurrections of negroes would be a dreary accumulation of horrors. Of some of them, indeed, but the slightest mention has come down to us; and there were, no doubt, others that have left no trace on the records. The one in New York City, in 1712, is perhaps a typical one. Some slaves of the Carmantee and Pappa tribes, having suffered ill-usage, took a blind and savage vengeance by setting fire to a building in the middle of the night, and then attacking with guns and knives the crowd that gathered about the conflagration. At the approach of soldiers from the fort they fled to the woods; the next day the whole island was "driven," in order

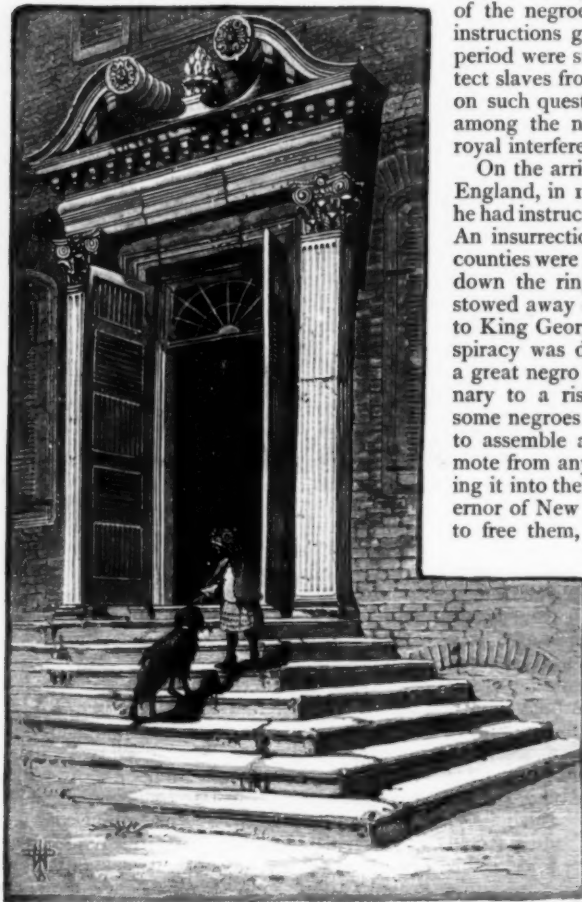
to hunt them out. Six of them killed themselves, and eighteen or more were executed. Some of these were hanged, some were burned at the stake, one was broken on the wheel, and one was hanged alive in chains and left to die a lingering death of torment in the very streets of the town. The people of the little capital were long in recovering from the terror excited by these scenes. It, no doubt, contributed to the wild panic of 1741.

The years between 1730 and 1740, and a little later, constitute a period in which insurrections and fears of insurrections were rife in widely separated English colonies. Perhaps the new interest in the religious condition of the blacks, and the discussions awakened by the letters of the Bishop of London, and the deliverances of the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General on the legal status of converted slaves, had filled the befogged minds of the negroes with groundless hopes. The instructions given to royal governors at this period were strongly in favor of laws to protect slaves from inhumanity, and the debates on such questions could not but set a-going among the negroes exaggerated rumors of royal interference in their behalf.

On the arrival of Colonel Spotswood from England, in 1730, a report got a-going that he had instructions to free all baptized negroes. An insurrection took place in July, and five counties were under arms at one time hunting down the ringleaders. One slave was found stowed away on a ship going as ambassador to King George. In the next month a conspiracy was detected in South Carolina, and a great negro dance near Charleston, preliminary to a rising, was broken up. In 1734 some negroes in New Jersey, who were wont to assemble at night at a negro quarter remote from any dwellings of white people, taking it into their heads to believe that the Governor of New York had the King's command to free them, conspired to rise at night, kill

the white men, seize horses, and get away to the Indians.

Two years later an insurrection in the English island of Antigua was suppressed with the execution of sixty negroes by the most barbarous methods known to civilized ingenuity. In September, 1739, occurred an insurrection in South Carolina, the memory of which still lingers in local tradition as the "Gullah War," so called from the tribal name of the negroes engaged in it. Breaking open a ware-



DOORWAY OF COL. WILLIAM BYRD'S HOUSE AT WESTOVER, VA.

house and seizing arms, the Gullahs marched southward, putting to death in barbarous ways twenty-three white people and burning all the houses in their way. They perhaps intended to push through to Florida, but a congregation of white people attending the Wiltown church received warning of the outbreak. The men, who had all brought their arms to the place of worship, as required by law, left the terrified women huddled in the church, and marched against the negroes. These had stopped to dance in half-drunken triumph in an open field, so little were they fitted to conduct any military movement. An encounter took place on a plantation still known as "The Battlefield." All but two or three of the negroes were killed in the fight or executed afterward.

The very incapacity of the blacks to appreciate military considerations—to distinguish the possible from the impossible—added to the danger and to the fears of the whites. The military superiority of the masters afforded small protection to isolated families, who were never quite safe from a rising of some small party of infatuated and perhaps fanatical slaves.

This will in part explain the New York panic of 1741. It chanced in this year that the buildings inside the fort, at the southernmost cape of New York island, were burned. The fire was traced to the carelessness of a plumber. Other fires occurred soon after: two of them visibly caught from burning chimneys; one was caused by the carelessness of a smoker; others were probably of incendiary origin. The quick succession of these fires alarmed susceptible people. One militia officer got the nickname of "Major Drum," by beating an alarm on the occasion of a fire. But when yet other fires occurred, Major Drum's terror became contagious; the people probably recalled the massacre in their own streets in 1712, and the recent insurrections in Virginia, Antigua, New Jersey, and South Carolina, with the fresh disasters of Jamaica in the war with the Maroons or runaway negroes. The public sensitiveness was increased by a fear of the Spaniards, who were at war with the English, and by the old unreasoning religious belief in impossible papist plots, cherished by all good Englishmen after the revolution of 1688. The incoherent mutterings of a negro named Quack, who, when he saw a building afire, said, "Burn, burn, scorch, scorch," with other words as much to the point, kindled a flame of suspicion. It was believed that certain "Spanish negroes," who claimed to have been freemen until taken prisoners and sold as slaves in New York, were in secret league with the enemy, and that

many of the slaves were in the plot. The jail-rooms were soon crowded with suspected negroes, and citizens were fleeing from the doomed town in such numbers that carts could not be found to remove their household goods. When a reward of a hundred pounds had been offered for information, an ignorant girl, a bought servant of a keeper of a drinking-house that was a resort for disreputable people and a place of deposit for stolen goods, swore to a plot of negroes and low white people to burn the town. Certain of the accused negroes were forthwith condemned to be burned. Some of these protested their innocence to the last; some, stimulated by promises of pardon, made confessions implicating others. In the white heat of fright and rage to which public feeling had now been wrought, no tale seemed too incredible for belief; even the judges were not staggered by any improbability or contradiction. All the lawyers in the town joined the prosecution, leaving the execrated blacks without counsel. A whole summer was spent in one-sided trials, in burnings, and in hangings. Thirteen blacks perished at the stake, eighteen were hanged, and seventy were transported. Three disreputable white people were executed. One Ury, a school-master, who was also a non-juring clergyman, was transformed by the excited imaginations of the people into a Jesuit and a Spanish emissary, and was condemned and hanged upon the self-contradictory testimony of a girl ignorant and vile. But the death of Ury awakened sympathy, and people were by this time found who were cool enough and bold enough to stem the tide. The reprobate witnesses had begun to fly at higher game, and now included people of good standing in their ever-expanding tale of conspiracy. The tide ran out as fast as it had come in, and as the town regained its wits the very existence of any plot was doubted. The fanatic judge, Horsemanden, whose narrow and credulous intellect had been the source of much of the mischief, published a stout volume containing much of the evidence, the arguments, and the judicial rant of the trials,—a perpetual monument to his memory.

## IX.

## AMELIORATIONS OF SLAVERY.

THOSE European travelers in the colonies who were most averse to slavery express astonishment at the cheerfulness of the "poor but unhappy wretches" who, with but eight hours or less for supper and sleep, would yet drag their tired bodies six or seven miles across





AN OLD VIRGINIA MANSION. INTERIOR OF THE CARY HOUSE, NEAR RICHMOND.

country to spend the night in dancing to the thrumming of a banjo or the beating of a quaqua. Whitefield, complaining of the cruelties inflicted on slaves, gives, unconsciously, another view of the matter, by lamenting in the same breath that the negroes spend their Sundays in "piping and dancing." Now and then a high-spirited African was found to whom bondage was worse than death; such was Cato, the slave of the noted minister, Dr. Stephen Williams, of Longmeadow in Massachusetts, who bore many severe scourgings for his repeated disobediences, and finally drowned himself in a well. But a happy insensibility, a forgetfulness of yesterday and a recklessness of to-morrow, with a temper inclined to jollity, often enabled the negro to get more merriment out of life than his master.

When the number of slave-women came to

hold some proportion to the number of the men, the negro became domesticated. Negro children born in America spoke English, and, with the quick imitableness of their race, affected the manners of those above them. There came to be a semblance of marriage and something like family life; the old savage concourses, with drum-beatings and horn-blowings, and the pagan rites over the dead, were presently forgotten. Many of the new race had been playmates in childhood with their owners, and there were black nurses who were looked upon with filial affection, and venerable "uncles" among the old men whose native wisdom was respected by white and black. Thus the relations between the races by degrees took on a more human character.

In communities with English traditions the wide gap between a higher and a lower race was not likely to be bridged, as it has been in other lands, by a legitimate intermixture of blood. In Maryland there was an early tendency of lower-class whites to intermarry with the negroes, and Peter Fontaine expresses dislike of actual marriages with quadroons in Virginia; but English race-pride caused such unions to be detested and forbidden by law. Of hybrids there were enough, but since they were under the ban of a double illegitimacy, and without recognition by the white father, they fell into the slave class of the mother, and did not in any way serve, as half-caste people elsewhere have done, to modify the antagonism of the races.

Philanthropic exertion for the negro was at first wholly religious, seeking his conversion not so much for the good of the negro as for the glory of Christianity. The attention of James II. having been called to the pagan condition of the negroes, he resolved at the council board, in 1685, that all the slaves in the plantations should be christened; the thought of baptizing them in a mass, by royal order, whether they would or no, was no doubt doubly pleasing to



him as a zealot and as a lover of arbitrary methods. Efforts to convert the slaves in the seventeenth century were few and languid, the most notable being those of the superannuated Eliot, in Massachusetts. There were a few individuals who, like William Penn in 1700, had "a concern for the souls of the blacks"; but many held them to be quite without souls, and hence not proper objects of concern. In 1704 Elias Neau, a French Protestant, began to act as catechist for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, his work lying among the fourteen hundred negroes in New York city. In this field he labored eighteen years, under all sorts of discouragement, and even with peril to his life during the excitement which followed the massacre of 1712. About 1728 and afterward there seems to have been a movement, widely diffused, but rather feeble, for teaching the slaves the rudiments of Christian doctrine. This agitation had its main impulse from England. Ten thousand copies of an address of the Bishop of London on the subject were circulated. Certain South Carolina ladies and some South Carolina clergymen made diligent, and to some degree successful, efforts to Christianize their slaves. About 1743 a school for negroes was founded in Charleston under the auspices of Commissary Gardon; while in Maryland the negroes appear to have been sometimes taught in company with white children in the parish charity schools. As early as 1728 there was a negro school for teaching "reading, catechising, and writing" in Boston, and at the same period the ministers sometimes preached special sermons to the blacks.

But more than a repetition of creed and catechism, or an exposition of doctrine, was needed to interest the tropical nature of the African. In the general quickening of the conscience and religious affections that came from the revival led by Whitefield and Edwards toward the middle of the century, the zeal of religious people extended to the pagan Indians and negroes, and many of the Africans in turn were touched by a form of religion that appealed to their mercurial affections. Davies, the Presbyterian apostle of the "New Light" revival in Virginia, exults, in 1756, that he "had the pleasure of seeing the table of the Lord adorned with forty-four black faces." He taught negroes to read in Sunday-schools a quarter of a century before the experiment of Robert Raikes in England. But it was left for the more democratic and enthusiastic sects which had their rise as the colonial period drew to a close, especially for the Baptists and Methodists, to bring the plantation negroes to such religion as they were capable of—a religion of ecstasies and

plaintive songs, of visions and childlike anticipations.

Compassion for any object cannot well be exercised piecemeal. Efforts for the conversion of the slaves brought them at length within the radius of the white man's sympathies. The religious movement, the growth of home-bred slaves, and the increase of humanity and refinement among the colonists, combined to ameliorate the treatment of the negroes. The statute-books began to look less grim. As early as 1722, soon after a conspiracy of the negroes, the South Carolina code was softened a very little. And it is to the credit of that province that, in the excitement which followed the insurrection of 1739, the legislation was not, as was to be expected in a time of passion, wholly adverse to the negroes. Wise law-makers set themselves to correct abuses that tended to provoke such outbreaks. The New York laws, which refused a slave trial by an ordinary court, were in the later age often allowed to lie dormant; the Georgia acts of 1755 contain many humane restrictions upon the master.

But the revolutionary movement did most to better the legal standing of the negro. In Virginia, at this period, the more barbarous punishments of slaves were abolished, and the extraordinary discriminations of the law against free negroes and Indians were removed; while in Massachusetts, where the money interest at stake in slavery was comparatively small, the system began to break down in the new enthusiasm for liberty.

## X.

## ANTISLAVERY MOVEMENTS.

DIRECT movements against slavery before the Revolution were found only in the Society of Friends and among the New England Puritans. The first voice in America to speak against the perpetual bondage of man to man was heard in a memorial of some Friends of Germantown in Pennsylvania. This protest, in vigorous broken English, was addressed to the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting in 1688, and it opened an agitation which resulted, seventy years later, in bringing the Philadelphia Quakers to a conclusion opposed to slave-holding. During all this period the richer Friends held slaves, and several obscure and now almost forgotten preachers were censured or disowned for their "testimony" on this subject. There came one, however, who was no more to be silenced than a Hebrew prophet. Benjamin Lay was born a Quaker, but was disowned for his eccentricities. He had been compelled to leave Barbadoes for his protest

**TO BE SOLD by William Yeomans, (in Charles Town Merchant,) a parcel of good Plantation Slaves. Encouragement will be given by selling Rice in Payments, or any other sorts suitable for the Season.**



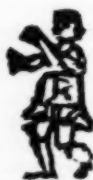
ILLUSTRATED ADVERTISEMENT, FROM THE "CHARLESTON GAZETTE," 1744.

against negro-keeping; whereupon he came to Pennsylvania to be a thorn in the side of respectable Quakerdom. Hating luxury and ostentation, eating no food that had cost animal life, and using nothing that was in any way the result of slave labor, Lay was the forerunner of the radical come-outers who lent grotesqueness to later antislavery agitations. His short, hunchbacked figure, long nose, and "milk-white" uncut beard hanging on his breast, with his white overcoat, made him a startling apparition when he sought interviews with men in authority to complain of the sin of slave-holding, or attended — a most unwelcome intruder — now one and now another Quaker meeting to taunt the very elders and high-professing Friends with the sin of keeping slaves. He resorted to sensational and dramatic tricks to excite the imaginations of his reluctant hearers; and once, when thrust neck and heels out of meeting, he lay still where he had fallen until the meeting dispersed, "not feeling free" to get up himself, but waiting for those to take him up who had cast him there.

Of a very different type were two reformers who followed Lay. John Woolman, a rising merchant at Mount Holly in New Jersey, feeling "a stop in his mind," gave up a prosperous business and worked at the trade of tailor, without journeyman or apprentice, that he might be free from distraction, and have leisure for good works. He lived austere. His clothes were undyed, the woolen white, the linen the natural color of the flax, while his hat was obviously of the natural beaver fur. He held that dyes concealed dirt, and were opposed to the spirit of cleanliness and purity. He could not be called eloquent, but he possessed what others have purchased with a great price of pains and application,

namely, the gift of expressing his thoughts with lucidity and precision; and his style has long been a matter of admiration with men of letters. In the beauty of his visions and meditations, and in enthusiastic self-sacrifice, he was a Quaker St. Francis. His conciliatory temper, perfect freedom from vanity and cupidity, joined to a rare practical wisdom, or rather tact, made him one of the leading agents in eradicating slave-holding from the Society of Friends, a work to which he devoted years of energetic and persistent toil. But he was without bitterness; if any one spoke severely against slave-holding Friends, he forthwith "felt a tenderness" for those entangled in a system so hard to rid one's self of.

Of a more restless and diffused activity, and with a more liberal culture, but of the same exquisitely gentle spirit, was Anthony Benezet. Brought from France in infancy, by parents who were Huguenot refugees, he became a Quaker school-master in Philadelphia, a reformer of school methods, a writer of reformed text-books, a pamphleteer against war, a teacher of negroes in night-schools, a promoter of hospitals, a benefactor of the poor, a disseminator of methods for resuscitating the drowned, a chief friend and protector of the Acadian exiles, and a correspondent of philanthropists and philosophers in Europe; — all these, besides being an ardent opposer of negro slavery. This indefatigable little man, who had freed his slaves and given away the most of his substance in charity, had also his oddities; he wore plush clothes, because the material lasted so long that it proved economical and left him more to give away; moreover, when worn threadbare the plush garments were still strong enough to cover some poor man. Both Woolman and Benezet enjoyed the highest reputation for sanctity and purity of motive; and their influence did most to bring the Pennsylvania Quakers to the critical decision of 1758, that all Friends must cease to hold slaves, or be disowned.



### **RUN away, on the 3d**

**Day of May last, a young Negro Boy, named Joe, this Country born, formerly belonged to Capt. Hugh Hunt. Whoever brings the said Boy the Subscriber at Edisto, or to the Work House in Charles Town, shall have 3 l reward. On the contrary whoever harbours the said Boy, may depend upon being severely prosecuted, by**

**Thomas Gibson.**

NOTICE OF RUNAWAY SLAVE. "CHARLESTON GAZETTE," 1744.

So great was the admiration excited by Benezet's disinterested character, that a Revolutionary officer is reported to have said, when he was buried: "I would rather be Benezet in that coffin than Washington in his glory."

The early New England Puritans were strongly committed to the liberty of the poor, as it was understood in the seventeenth century. In the fundamental law of Massachusetts and Connecticut, villeinage and other feudal servitudes were prohibited, and in 1646 the Massachusetts General Court actually undertook to send back to Africa negroes who had been kidnapped by a slaver, and to send with them a letter of apology and explanation. But the Calvinist reverence for the law of Moses was a less elastic standard than the "inward light" of the followers of Fox. If the early Puritan, bound to the letter of Scripture, was less likely to run into aberrant fanaticism than the Friend, he was also less quick to gain new and modern views of duty. Refusing to participate with "man-stealers," the textual conscience of the Massachusetts forefathers did not shrink from selling Indians captured in war into chattel slavery, or from buying slaves who appeared to have come into bondage otherwise than by downright kidnapping.

These nice distinctions could not be kept up, and thousands of negro slaves were sold into New England without any question for conscience' sake. Some merchants of Boston engaged in the Guinea trade, of which however, Newport was the great cen-

ter. Before the antislavery writings of the Quakers, Burling, Lay, and Sandiford, had appeared, an influential but rather timid voice, that of Judge Sewall, was heard opposing the importation of slaves to Massachusetts. He had been led by the narrow theological spirit in which he was bred into grievous mistakes in the witchcraft trials, but he was an honest and even a scrupulous man. Fond of popular favor and shrinking from censure, it cost him a struggle to give to the press, in 1700, his little tract against the slave-trade, entitled "The Selling of Joseph." It shows a moral insight ahead of the time, but its influence was probably not great.

With the rising of the strong tide of liberal and democratic feeling which preceded the revolutionary struggle, there set in a vigorous movement against New England slavery. Writers in Boston took the part of the negroes, and the pamphlets of Woolman and Benezet were circulated there by the Quakers. Some Massachusetts slaves brought suit for freedom in 1669, and this was granted in every case; the verdicts were given more out of deference to the drift of public sentiment than from the soundness of the argument drawn from the fact that no positive law of the colony expressly established slavery. Thus, while the Quaker agitation against negro slavery was a religious movement, whose direct results were confined to the liberation of slaves held by members of the Society, the New England agitation was political in its origin and effect.

#### BRAXTON'S NEW ART.

THE lively "Bob" and "Gus" were skylarking in the wide, comfortable hall. It was the hour following the afternoon Washington dinner, a repast which has something of a place of its own, unlike the general run of dinners elsewhere. Its time is fixed by the exigencies of the public business of the United States of America.

The scene of the sports was a Washington boarding-house, somewhat different from ordinary boarding-houses. It had once been a private mansion of dignity and state. Its hall was provided with old-fashioned, hair-cloth sofa and chairs, and a square platform staircase mounted at the back. Without, its front, in a bulged or curved pattern, was of old red brick, upon which the sun shone genially. A clustering wistaria vine climbed nearly to its cornice, and above the cornice peeped the tops of some slated dormer windows. The whole was of a certain warm and friendly air, well borne out by the condition of things within.

There were few transient comers among the inmates. The tone was fixed by a pleasant set of people of Southern affinities and sufficient means who had been there time out of mind, and talked in a drowsy way about the superiority of the past and the degeneracy of the present day. Retired Mr. Boltwood, that gentleman and lawyer of the old school, once of Alexandria, boasted of having been the intimate of Henry Clay. The Dunsmore family, of the Eastern Shore, Maryland, had had daughters married, and Mr. Greenway, of Prince George's County, buried his wife from there.

The habits of the house were set by that part of its occupants engaged in the official business, and its life ticked, as it were, with the clocks in government offices. This part comprised Congressmen who came down from the Capitol to rehearse at table — sometimes imprudently, perhaps — the run of the doings of national moment at the day's session. There were upper private secretaries and

clerks of committees, and there were important functionaries from the War, State, and Interior departments.

And tucked into a modest nook among these more worshipful personages was one gentle and pleasing young woman, a pretty Treasury girl, who counted fractional currency in the Bureau of Redemption.

Then there were "the boys," a group of irrepressible fellows, sons of the house, all as yet under twenty-one, but a part already in the government employ, and the rest prepared to enter it, after the usual destiny of Washington youth.

Bob and Gus, skylarking as aforesaid, were now joined by one Aleck, displaying an open note of invitation.

"Oh, hush!" said Aleck, in accent and phrase certainly never acquired above Mason and Dixon's line. "Are you all going to the Postmaster-General's blow-out on the tenth?"

"You shouldn't say 'blow-out'; it's bad French," returned Bob severely, producing a similar note of invitation.

Gus produced a third in turn, and began to execute a double-shuffle of pleased anticipation.

"Terrapin!" he exclaimed; "oh, no. Champagne! oh, no; not any."

"I'll dance you for the cup," said Aleck, joining him in this athletic exercise.

But Bob, by pushing smartly against them, managed to overthrow them both from their balance and send them sprawling upon the hair-cloth sofa. They were rising to wreak a proper vengeance for this, when there entered brusquely a fourth member of the clique, in the person of Morris Howe, son of the quiet Mr. Howe of the Light-house Board.

"Stop raising Cain! I shall have to disinherit all you boys," he began. "Why weren't you on the Avenue this afternoon? Every pretty girl in town was out."

The others now paused to listen with interest to what he might have to report.

"By the way," he went on, "I saw old man Braxton ambling along in the crowd and looking at the people. First time I've ever seen him outside the house since he's been here."

"Oh, you'd see him if you traveled around the outskirts of town, as I used to do when I had my horse," said Aleck. "I used to ride across the Long Bridge over Georgetown way, and out to old Rock Creek Church and the Soldiers' Home. I've met him mooning about at all those places. Seemed to be examining the rocks and brooks, sampling the leaves, and so on. I passed him once leaning on the fence at the cross-road out there by Mount Pleasant, and looking across at the city as fixed as if he never meant to stir again."

"What does he do?" asked Morris. "He certainly is not in any of the departments, since he is never at breakfast before nine, and I always hear him in his room when I get back at three. I hear him nights too. I believe eating and sleeping are no great objects with him, anyway."

"He's prospecting for a gold-mine," suggested one.

"Or inventing a patent medicine," said another.

"I wouldn't wonder if it *was* a patent medicine," said Gus. "He used to bring in all sorts of curious-looking traps, thingumbob bottles with crooked spouts and handles to them sticking out of his pockets. Don't you all remember?"

"I thought it was a drug-store he must be keeping somewhere, one while," said Morris. "I've smelled drug-store odors from his room sometimes, when the door was ajar a crack, strong enough to knock you into the middle of next week."

"But then he has drawing and painting traps in there too. I caught sight of those one day," added Gus.

"Say we ask Miss Mary Dale," suggested Aleck. "She can get it out of him if anybody can. She's probably the only soul in the house he has ever spoken to. I saw him give her some sort of a curious plant he brought in one day. Oh, she's a sly one, with that sweet, winning way of hers."

"If he's getting up a patent medicine," said Bob, "Miss Mary Dale had better go for him. There's big money in it. It's about time she stopped wasting herself on that Treasury Department; it's too hard lines for a girl."

"Who is taking my name in vain?" asked a pleasant feminine voice.

Kindly Mrs. Commander Glenham—for whose relief a bill was now pending in Congress, the commander having imprudently laid out his private funds for government account before his death of a sudden fever in the China seas—appeared at the head of the dining-room stairs, having under her wing, as it were, a younger companion, Miss Mary Dale. It was the latter who spoke.

She was quite a charming person, of perhaps three and twenty, with brown eyes of the kind which an Oriental poet has described as like the sparkle of fountains in autumn. She was dressed in modest black; seemed to pant a little from the exertion of mounting the stairs,—though she was a slender figure enough,—and carried in her hand a plate on which were an orange and some cakes.

The two ladies came forward together on their way toward the drawing-rooms, and Miss Mary Dale, taking courage apparently



from her companionship, demanded further of the boys, with a sweet assumption of authority added to a natural manner of prepossessing refinement, to know what had been said of her. They were all evidently on excellent terms.

"'Deed it was not I. 'Deed I said nothing," responded the disingenuous Bob.

Gus, by way of a diversion, upon this, seized the orange from her plate, balanced it on one finger, and tossed it to Aleck, saying:

"Presto! change! All done by sleight of hand, ladies and gentlemen, and perfectly simple when you understand the process."

Miss Dale appealed against her despoilers, to her protecting matron. "It is of a peculiar kind," she said, "and Mrs. Glenham has just given it to me."

"My time, my purse, my honor, my life itself, are at your disposal, Miss Mary," said Bob, into whose possession the fruit had now come, "but not this luscious product of the tropic climes. I want it for myself."

"Ah, I know the boys of old," sighed Mrs. Commander Glenham, in a smiling despair.

They were passing on hopelessly, to leave the romping coterie to its own devices, when the front door once more opened, and he who had been the recent subject of conversation entered.

"Ah! here is Mr. Braxton," said Miss Dale, addressing herself under the inspiration of the moment, with a kind of shy or demure bravado, to this recluse individual. "Perhaps *he* will help us. Please make the boys give me back my orange, Mr. Braxton? They are so bad."

The latter were tantalizingly playing at ball with it just out of range above her head. "Old man" Braxton—extraordinary thing that it was for him, who had scarcely seemed to remark even the existence of most of his fellow-occupants—suddenly entered into the spirit of the occasion. He caught the coveted object with a kind of awkward dexterity, as it passed near him, and with a bow returned it to its owner.

"Thank you so much!" said the young woman. "You are an admirable champion. I shall appeal to you again when I have wrongs to be redressed."

"I shall always be at your service," replied the austere Mr. Braxton, with another bow, most courteous and urbane in intention, but still very stiff and constrained.

The ladies proceeded on their way, and after a moment Mrs. Glenham went to her room above stairs. In the parlor Miss Mary Dale encountered the severe glances of Mrs. Chisholm of Montgomery, a somewhat snappish, eccentric matron, who did not approve of her. She bore these as meekly as possible, and, going to

the piano in a corner, sat down at it and began to finger softly the Bluebeard Lancers.

Mrs. Chisholm did not approve of her, partly because she seemed to have no cousins of superior note, even in the third or fourth degree, and partly because of her peculiar situation in the house. The young Treasury girl clerk was under a general *ægis* there rather than of any one in particular. A kind patroness who had brought her and been her chaperon, in the first instance, had been obliged to depart long before, and had left her to her own resources. Even the influential senator through whom she had procured her place (at sixty dollars a month) in the Redemption Bureau was dead. Should superior interest now be made, the situation might, no doubt, at any time be taken from her and conferred upon another applicant. This last was a reflection, in fact, by which Miss Mary Dale herself was not a little troubled.

Mrs. Chisholm sometimes chose to speak of her, confidentially, as even a *dangerous* person. Mrs. Chisholm's theory of her was that neither her father (who was united to an exceedingly amiable second wife) nor relatives, who would otherwise have offered her a home, could endure her bad temper, and had, on the contrary, been obliged to send her away.

But Mrs. Chisholm's opinions, after all, carried no great weight in the house. The pretty Treasury girl was, in fact, the daughter of a refined family of Pennsylvania, thrown upon her own exertions for support by some of those calamities into which it is not necessary to go in detail, but which happen in the most excellent families. She had chosen the present form of livelihood—the opportunity offering—in preference to the alternative of school-teaching. She was elastic and hopeful of nature, turning instinctively to the brighter side; blithe and gently gay of disposition; frank, conscientious, and industrious in a score of little feminine ways. She was a ray of genuine sunshine in the house. She had conciliated to herself friends there, after the loss of her own backing. Mrs. Commander Glenham stood by her. Mrs. Stone, the landlady, cherished her, and they two had not a few confidences together. Stylish Miss Wheelright, daughter of the Congressman of that name, when she was there, hung about her admiringly on the most equal of terms. Even Mrs. Chisholm's own niece sought the company of the disapproved-of one, and had many a frown of discontent at the injunctions which would have debarred her from it. Miss Mary Dale, by prescriptive right, had come to enjoy a position somewhat like that of the boys (between whom and herself was a sort of half-sisterly sentiment), as a child of the house; and

she might much less easily have been spared than some of the more important inmates.

The incident above described has no special significance, further than that it served to break the ice and pave the way to a better acquaintance with "old man" Braxton.

That gentleman, now about to ascend the stairs, was politely invited by the boys to stop and "take a smoke." The request was seconded by Colonel Brand, the chief disbursing officer of the Bureau of Ethereal Claims, a veteran smoker, who at the same time took his customary chair in a corner, and proffered a cigar.

Mr. Braxton, following a first impulse, declined, but then hesitated, turned back, accepted, and sat down at one end of the hair-cloth sofa.

He did everything uneasily, and sometimes with a constraint painful to witness. It seemed bound up with some brooding melancholy, however, rather than with any suspicion of a purpose to conceal actions that might not be honorably known. He was a man under thirty, and yet perhaps appeared older. His sad expression, somewhat rounded shoulders, heavy gait, and a certain carelessness in dress, though it was scrupulously neat, and his total lack of ardor in small concerns like their own had moved the boys to confer upon him their sobriquet.

They were no respecters of persons nor things. From the hall they often carried the milder forms of romping into the parlor, and talked to the younger ladies there, in their own parlance, "like a father" and "like a Dutch uncle." They had seen "old man" Braxton passing mysteriously in and out among them for some months, carrying curious utensils and acting in a way like nobody else. They were gentlemanly, and a prying curiosity was tabooed from their simple code of morals. Nevertheless it was but natural they should like to know what manner of man he was, and what was going on. The subject grew in interest as they turned their attention to it. With the brisk confidence of their years, they set to work to make his acquaintance and find him out.

It transpired incidentally in this interview that Scott Braxton was a graduate, many years back, of the University of Virginia; that he had once crossed the Plains with a surveying party; that he had come to Washington because he liked the climate. He was also of a Virginia family which Mrs. Chisholm, the genealogist, commented on with favor.

"Saw you on the Avenue this afternoon," said Morris, passing a light.

"Yes, I was there. I went to see the land-

scapes at Radfield's picture-store. It is too seldom we see good pictures here."

Ah, pictures were a principal interest with him, then? It was this that had drawn him out of his shell to-day? the boys reflected.—But then the bottles?

"Wish I could paint," said Bob, artfully. "I've seen you at it, you know."

"I would hardly advise anybody to," said Mr. Scott Braxton. "There are so many of great merit even in this country, to say nothing of the excellence of the Europeans, that the prospect for anybody without talent of the highest order is far from encouraging." He sighed. "Not that I mean to reflect upon the kind of talent you would no doubt possess," he added pleasantly.

Colonel Brand, who had sedate opinions, between his puffs of smoke, on almost all subjects, threw in a hopeful remark from his corner about the future of American art.

"The only hope of—of some people," returned Braxton, "is in some startling new invention, some inspiring discovery, to change the whole face of things. What if new theories of color were demonstrated?" he said, moving about excitedly in his chair. "That is—what if some person of our own country, of this—of these times should do it?"

Miss Dale was heard singing in the parlor at this moment a ballad to a slow, plaintive waltz measure,

"When the leaves begin to turn,  
And the summer days are done;  
When the roses fade and die —"

Whether it was this that recalled Scott Braxton to something he had forgotten, or only that he had caught himself being run away with, he finished his speech lamely, blushed, and said he thought he had better go upstairs and look after his fire.

The boys exchanged glances and whistled shrewdly to themselves. His fire—at the beginning of June?

## II.

WHEN "old man" Braxton reached his room, he applied the key to an intricate private lock he had caused to be placed upon the door, entered, sat down upon a rather quaint, chintz-covered chair, and gazed at his own troubled face in a mirror by the window, before which he chanced to find himself.

He had chosen this apartment in the attic, illumined by a large dormer window, for the better light and the privacy. He admitted to it none but himself, and was here carrying on a singular labor.

"To work!" he said,—*"to work! I was losing time in unprofitable gossip. What has come over me to-day?"*

But again his despondent face in the glass arrested him.

"I certainly need success in this," he said. "What else is left to me? I must, I *will* succeed, or there is no justice in heaven. It is a beautiful world; am I to have no part in it? Have I my aspirations for fame, for love, for happiness, like the rest, only to be forever balked in them? I have been honest, I have worked, I have injured no man knowingly. —Bah, Pharisee! thou art not as other men," he broke off, mockingly, and went to inspect a decoction simmering on the fire in a copper pot.

There was, in fact, a small stove or furnace, with a steady fire, in the room, even on this hot summer day.

The apartment was of some size, not uncomfortable in aspect, but decidedly *bizarre* for the place. The occupant had an appreciation of color, if the flowered chintz coverings, including a canopy to the old "four-poster" bed, and the rich barred table-spread were of his providing. There were a couple of tall blue vases, a piece of armor, a carved oak chest, a lay figure, easels, and a pair of Indian clubs, for which his hollowing chest would have been the better had they not been allowed to disappear under an increasing cover of dust.

In one corner were canvases, and charcoal and crayon drawings in large variety, tacked upon the walls. In another were an air-pump, microscope, electric batteries, crucibles, spirit-lamps, blow-pipes, and the small furnace. In one corner he would have been certainly pronounced artist; in the other chemist, or even alchemist.

What is his singular occupation? He pulls out an old memorandum-book from a mass of papers among which he is searching, and drops down to inspect it. Let us look on as he reads from one of its pages in a soliloquizing way.

MEM.—LANDSCAPES WITH CHANGEABLE COLORS.

To examine why the vegetation of nature changes from pale and tender greens in spring to full deep greens in summer, and red, yellow, purple, and russet in autumn?

Is it the action of the atmosphere on a delicate coloring matter contained in the sap?

Might not this coloring matter, if so, be extracted without destroying its properties?

Might it be possible to combine it with a very sensitive medium or varnish, to paint landscapes still so susceptible to the action of the atmosphere as to change with the seasons, as actual landscapes in nature change?

"Here it is!" he says. "How little I thought when I put down this entry, as a passing fancy, in university days, that I should ever be actually engaged in trying to carry it into effect! What would the university men think of me now? Ah, well! they have all gone their way, and left me astern. Each to his own method

for fame and fortune! If I could but cease thinking of the rewards of success. It paralyzes me. Ah, well, this is not work either." And again he resumed his occupations.

And this was the drug-store that Mr. Scott Braxton kept; this the gold-mine, the patent medicine of which he was most keenly in search.

It was many years since he had left college. He had established for himself even there the reputation of a person with some curious kinks in his brain. He had since tried business and a learned profession, and failed. He had been left to himself, traveled, and dissipated in his trials a good share of a moderate property that had fallen to him. He was long confident that he should find the right thing at last, but later on was not so confident. He had always had a certain taste for the fine arts, and beautiful shapes and colors gave him intense pleasure. Something turned his attention especially that way at last, and he asked himself: "Why not be an artist? It will give me license at least to be different from others, and who knows but it is my true vocation."

He went at art thereupon, but was not content with the usual slow and patient steps. The crotchet took him of some highly original stroke. He must regain the distance, rapidly lengthening, between him and the companions of his former life, by some brilliant, new achievement which should lift him far above and beyond the ranks of ordinary men.

Some may recollect, but probably very few, his effort to create a distinctive "American art." This was to be done by idealizing modern industrial progress. He endeavored to glorify and give a sort of personality to machinery. He had in his pictures locomotives, trip-hammers, steam-dredgers, and steam-harvesters; he had pale girls among a tangle of spinning-jennies, and grimy mechanics in dusky boiler-shops. These works were not often admitted to the exhibitions. There were touches of good in them, in a figure or an effect of light, but they were mainly very crude and callow. The public resolutely refused to associate its interest in the subjects. They were pronounced "barbaric yawsps" after the inexpressible.

This ambition o'erleaped itself. Its author retired into seclusion, growing more and more morose, but eating his heart out with a fiercer determination than ever.

At length came up again this last idea of his, original indeed. He had revived an early whim, and now persuaded himself that it was actually capable of realization. He had made himself chemist and botanist for its sake, had withdrawn from all other pursuits of his life, left his home, and labored at it indefatigably for months.

Shall I describe here his processes? Shall I enter upon his confused heaps of memoranda, often written upon random scraps, and little intelligible? Shall I open his large volumes of record, showing the composition of colors, the effect of chemicals upon one another, and of various forces upon them? It would not be an easy task. He was himself far from a methodical person. He murmurs even now as he looks round at the bulk of his labored accumulations:

"What disorder here! Perhaps I should have somebody to help me."—"The young Treasury girl is very pleasant," he adds presently, but perhaps with no very close connection of the two in his own thoughts.

He picks up a volume of the writings of an ancient alchemist,—not that he has faith in those gentry; he would scorn it in these days of exact scientific research. It is a volume of his bric-à-brac, which he bought when not able to contain a certain feeling of likeness once between them and him, in his peculiar pursuit. He falls upon a passage which insists on the necessity of a preliminary ingredient only of the second rank, and absolutely necessary to be found before the great secret itself, the elixir of life, or philosopher's stone, as the case may be, could be discovered. This was called, in mystic parlance, sometimes "*the ferment of Luna for the red*," and sometimes "*the ferment of Luna for the white—having found which you will rejoice*."

The one preliminary which had sometimes of late seemed to Scott Braxton important before all others was some sympathetic mind to freely confer with, somebody to help him keep his traps in order.

"The money might be measured out, I suppose, to last for two," he mutters again, and then dismisses these unprofitable ideas for good.

He set to work to brew, ferment, distill, and extract essences, as of old. He was utilizing in his labors plants growing in his windows and a dried collection like a house-wife's herbarium. He brought back every day fresh leaves and barks gathered in his walks. He produced vacuums and electric and magnetic currents, generated, combined, and decomposed vapors. He kept his vigil far into the night; then threw himself exhausted on the bed, and dreamed an interminable chemical dream till morning.

### III.

THE acquaintance of Scott Braxton had to be made all over again by the boys next day, so completely had he once more retired into his shell.

Still, by degrees, after the step accomplished, his moroseness was dissipated, his character mellowed to a certain extent; he began to join the after-dinner smokers in the hall, and yield himself to society. The toil-some effort in which he was engaged, to tell the truth, was passing the limits of human endurance, and he felt driven almost in spite of himself to the relief of companionship.

The careless rattle of the boys diverted him, drew him out of himself. No greater contrast in type than he and they could be imagined. He even recalled some quaint, humorous stories of his own, which he told in a shy way. His interest in such matters seemed to have to come back from a very long way off. Finding that Colonel Brand had a fancy for collecting things about the alchemists, he gave him the volume of his own.

"The alchemists," maintained Colonel Brand stoutly, "were in search of wisdom, and not a tangible philosopher's stone."

"Then the other was mere child's play," said Scott Braxton.

The boys asked him to walk with one, then another, and explained to him common things about Washington, where he seemed to have lived in a kind of daze. They took, in their way, a fancy to him, and were somehow sorry for him. Once they even had a rowing expedition together on the Potomac, above the Chain Bridge.

All this threw him much in contact too with Miss Mary Dale, and the boys seconded the association as much as possible. They seemed to make up their minds that it was a benevolent enterprise to bring the two together.

Still it was not known what Braxton did for a living.

"It's patent medicine, as sure as a gun," cried Morris again, one day, when an intenser aromatic odor than usual pervaded the upper regions. This was a day when the erratic neighbor alongside had let fall and broken a bottle of his most costly chemicals.

They asked Miss Mary Dale.

"How should I know?" she replied, coloring. "You should not be so inquisitive. He is not very well. He is interested in scientific things. It would be better for you boys if you had more to occupy yourselves with too."

Did she yet know? Perhaps. It is certain that she had seen the interior of his room. That came out from information of the landlady, who accompanied her on a certain occasion.

One day there had been a great clattering in the upper hall. The scuttle was thrown open and a flood of white light let into the obscurities below. Workmen were there who



had repairs to make on the roof. Mrs. Stone directed them, and Miss Dale had chanced to accompany her in friendly companionship. All at once the closed door of Braxton's room, jarred by the trampling, swung back, as is sometimes the way of doors in old houses, of its own accord, and disclosed the recluse at his work. Miss Dale was at the moment at its very threshold.

"Will you not come in?" he asked politely, rising and responding to her look of evident interest.

Mrs. Stone, an imperturbable person who saw little and wondered at less, provided only her dues were paid, joined her, and was included in the invitation. The two entered, and the girl, thus freed from timidity, indulged in some of those sprightly ways, quick-darting, and discovering traits characteristic of the feminine sex in the bachelor apartment.

"What an extremely odd room!" she exclaimed. "And how attractive!" in a complimentary tone. "I like all these things."

She was shown by the host some of his sketches, bric-à-brac, and miscellaneous properties.

"What are you doing here?" sprang involuntarily from her lips. That very instant she repented and would have choked the words back, but it was too late.

"Growing plants, for one thing," he answered semi-evasively.

He led the way to the window and showed two small rose-trees in pots.

"This," he said, indicating a creamy white rose, "is nourished exclusively upon milk. And upon this," showing one of a rich dark crimson, "I pour red wine every day."

He was going to detach for her the principal blossoms from each, but she opposed the gift vivaciously.

"Why not?" he asked. "I attach no importance to them. It is a mere whim. I wanted to see what they would do. It is not my principal work, I assure you. Once I tried an ink-flower also, but that was a very short-lived experiment. The ink killed it."

"What *could* they do?" she asked, sticking to the point. "What were you expecting of them?"

"As to that, I can hardly say. If I had developed some peculiarly rare and choice flower, in my milk-white rose, I should have considered it suitable, say for brides and occasions of the purest and most innocent gayety. You see there is little effect as yet—it is city milk," he added, with a ray of humor. "My wine-rose, on the other hand, I should have recommended for the heated brows of the wildest bacchantes at balls."

"But plants do not flourish on the same sustenance that is good for men," urged his

visitor. "On the contrary, it is carbonic acid, the very poison that we throw off, which furnishes their life, while they, in turn, set free the oxygen so necessary to us."

"Are you a botanist?" asked Braxton with interest.

"To a very slight extent. I would *like* to be.—But now your ink-flower?" she went on.

"Oh, that, if it had succeeded, would have been worn in the button-holes of tired workers with the brain. Perhaps its aroma would have contained a refreshment, the subtle germ of ideas, or given rise to occult inspirations."

The young woman looked at his small array of books, all of a peculiar sort—*De Candolle on the Color of Plants*, Böhm, Frémy, Lawson on Chlorophyl, Corti on the Movement of Sap. Some were in the original foreign tongues, for he had become a linguist, too, in the pursuit of his aim.

"But you should have your table here, the book-case on this side, the cabinet here, it seems to me," said Miss Mary Dale; "it would be all more convenient."

With two or three of the changes so deftly indicated carried out, there was improvement, a vast improvement, and economy of space. The recipient of these services looked gratefully after his visitor when she went, and took an air of deep reflection.

Not long subsequent to this his real scheme was disclosed to her. She had asked him, referring to what has just been described:

"Have you any *more* singular ideas?"

"A few," he replied; and he outlined to her a project for a universal language, and another for a system of musical notation with exquisite forms and colors, so that the pleasures from the three sources were to be united in one.

"I fear you are too much alone; you are morbid," she said, studying him with a glance of a certain peculiar concern.

Then, to defend himself, and as by way of showing that he was not a mere unpractical visionary, and because he was longing for sympathy, as we have seen, he took her fully into his confidence.

Thereafter they had this secret in common between them.

The session of the legislative branch of the Government now came to an end, and the Congressmen and other important people went away, leaving the house quieter. The boys remained, it is true, but their interest in "old man" Braxton had by this time subsided. They voted him a good fellow enough, and took him as a matter of course.

Miss Dale and the inventor were observed to be much together, of evenings, in the parlors. They withdrew to remote corners and conversed in low tones, or sometimes read

to each other. Once Braxton drew her portrait, a fairly good one. Most sprightly young women were not very considerate to him; he was "not their style." But this one was highly appreciative, seemed to ignore entirely whatever there was of awkwardness and constraint in his ways, and extended the interest of a mind, itself active, and fond of the curious, new, and thoughtful, to his ideas. Mrs. Chisholm pronounced her more dangerous than ever.

It was not that Miss Dale became on the instant a convert to Mr. Scott Braxton's project. On the contrary, they argued it at length.

"Would such pictures be anything more than a mere trick and plaything," she asked bravely, "even if they succeeded?"

He showed almost a touch of offense at this. He had idealized his conception. He described to her the delicious pictures he fancied under his system.

"I conceive them—thus changing and full of a subtle mystery—as bringing in something like the genuine breath of nature upon our walls. Contrast them with the ordinary fixed, immovable scenes that we now have, at which, after a sufficient familiarity with them, we almost cease to look, however much we may have liked them in the beginning. On the other hand, these new ones, likely to differ every time they are approached, would retain the charm of perpetual freshness and novelty."

"They would have to be landscapes, of course? You could not have figures, buildings, and the like?"

"Landscapes, of course."

"You have your young and tender greens in the spring, your dark greens in the summer, and your russets in the autumn. What do you do for the winter? You can hardly make your leaves fall and a mantle of snow appear upon the ground."

"I have thought of that. They would be arrested by the winter. Perhaps they will have to be put away during the winter, their period having run down, like that of a clock. Or, again, they might stand during that time as ordinary landscapes, in their late autumn aspect. Only on some rare days of a mild temperature they might stir again with a slight new premonition of spring."

"And you might paint in enough evergreens, among the other foliage, in the ordinary way, to keep always an agreeable contrast," said his auditor, contributing a point to the scheme.

He thanked her with a grateful glance.

"But in the succeeding spring itself," she continued, "would they not have totally run down, like the clock, so that they could not renew their rounds again? You could not expect to make them last forever?"

"I should hope to make the medium sensitive enough, so that they would go on a long time. Very few things do last forever."

"But there is difference in the texture as well as in the colors of foliage at different seasons. Leaves are coarser in summer than in spring," she objected.

"Ah, Miss Doubting Thomas!" answered the inventor, "I can give only a suggestion of nature, not nature itself; no painting can do that. I shall convince you yet."

He often tapped his forehead sagely at the mention of obstacles, saying: "I shall meet that—I shall meet that."

"It is my passion to be known, to do something out of the common," he told her. "I cannot understand those who are content to go on in the ordinary humdrum way."

By degrees the fair young Treasury clerk was impressed. She was not a profound mind, and she had never known the sanguine class of inventors. By little and little all this scientific talk and array of experiment produced its effect. Money, and the assiduous effort of a man otherwise intelligent and worthy, were being put into the scheme. That could not be for nothing. She gave him a large measure of her faith, and to his scheme a dim admiration.

They investigated matters of detail together. Braxton made her see how chlorophyl, the minute green granules in the fiber of plants, is at the basis of all. He dissolved it from leaves, in alcohol or ether, obtaining a residuum partly wax and partly a peculiar substance allied to indigo.

It was found, he said, with dextrine, gum, and sugar in the original cellulose or germ-cell of the plant, and its color was not always green. It occurred in but small quantity, yet was the active agent in decomposing the carbonic acid, and converting the other gases into organic matter for vegetable life. He hoped much for his purpose from its intense energy.

Under his microscope he showed how the dark green of the upper layer of a leaf is due to the closer crowding together there than below of chlorophyl cells. He exhibited in the leaf the multitude of openings through which it breathes and acts upon the crude sap, which it draws up from below instead of drinking the rain from above, as is believed in the popular error.

They followed the course of the sap in the green layer of the bark; the laws of growth; the mathematical adaptation to light and air of the system of leaves in every plant, haphazard though it seem. The occupation, so far, was surely an ennobling one in itself.

A few times Scott Braxton had joined Mary Dale after her official tasks, and had walked home with her down the long wide stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue. At one end the vista

was closed by the white-colonnaded pile of the Capitol; at the other by the vast granite Treasury. The street, with all its awnings out, was sultry, almost Oriental, in the hot mid-summer afternoons.

He ventured now, finally, into the Treasury itself, where the feminine employees are to be seen strolling with blue and green veils over their heads in the long, dim corridors at lunch time. He met with his friend, made some appointment with her, and returned, agitated, after office hours; when they strolled first through the grounds of the White House, close at hand, and then to small Lafayette Park, across the way, where they sat down upon a bench.

Braxton had in his hands a section of young maple showing the successive rings of its development.

"The tree grows from within outward," said he. "After a time the heart ceases to grow, solidifies, and is dead. I have looked up to the sky through the heart of a great tree entirely hollow, from the outer sap-wood of which, nevertheless, sprung leaves and branches. So it may be with a man, if he give his attention too exclusively to exterior things."

Upon this preamble, he made her an ardent proposal. He had a certain far-off, absent look even in the midst of his devotion. His work was the main thing, after all. It was chiefly an aid in his work that he wanted. He had strongly felt that with a little wife and house of his own, the probability of an early success in his project would be greatly enhanced. He said to himself, "I will measure out the money for two. It will carry us through; and there is no one I would rather share it with than her."

As to the recipient of this offer of marriage, she had been browbeaten that day by the chief of her bureau. It was often so, and it was but a wearisome, dragging life at best. She liked Braxton, respected his persistent industry, and even his self-absorption at her expense, and they had got on wonderfully well in their friendly companionship. She was surprised at his offer, and she — accepted it.

The young alchemist had secured his principal ingredient. He had secured, he might have assured himself,—from the charming, confused play of colors in her complexion,—"the ferment of Luna," both for the "red" and the "white."

"He is so odd, dear," was her landlady's smiling comment on the news. Mrs. Chisholm thought Miss Dale—for having ensnared this scion of a highly respected family!—now at last utterly abandoned.

There was a regular wedding very soon at an adjoining church. The boys, among the rest, voted to attend the ceremony in a body. They placed themselves in a pew adjoining

one full of boarding-school girls — whose attention had been casually attracted in passing by the genial bustle.

The principals being rather long in making their appearance, Bob conducted a dumb-show of being the groom, solemn, nervous, in broadcloth and high collar; then of being the bride, modest, drooping, yet coquettish, in her long veil and wreath of orange blossoms. Whereat the boarding-school girls were convulsed, and people looked inquiringly. Aleck gave his blessing, as ostensible clergyman, to the rest. Gus announced his intention of going out to play on the organ himself, but feeling sure that the G string was broken, abandoned the project.

But just then the organist struck up Mendelssohn's Grand March, the bridal party entered, and the boys, to do them justice, behaved most commendably throughout all the rest of the proceedings.

## IV.

THE young couple spent some time in a honeymoon which included visits to some relatives on both sides. Then they returned, and took a vacant cottage in Mount Pleasant, a pretty suburb, inhabited chiefly by politic government clerks who had succeeded in making themselves fixtures under successive Administrations. When it was intimated to McJames, for instance, one of the more important among them, that the Administration was about to change, and he had better look out, he said:

"I should like to see any Administration change quicker than I can; that's all."

Nothing could be more charming than the new bride in her quiet, fresh, economic toilets, her native gayety a little subdued by the novelty of the situation. The groom abated somewhat the tremendous energy by which he had been distinguished. The cottage had a pretty garden, in the renovation of which he assisted with his own hands, setting out there, however, many plants which he needed in his labors. He interested himself in the matter of tastefully furnishing the house, cultivated for his wife's sake some acquaintance with the neighbors, and became in all ways more like the ordinary human being.

This was but a lull. Scott Braxton was gathering strength. His energy broke out with a greater zest than before. He prepared a painting-room of a peculiar sort. He concocted a prodigious number of sap-greens and varnishes. He refined and refined again upon the delicacy of his medium. By October he was ready to begin a picture, which was to herald forth his invention to the world.

The painting-room was prepared in accordance with the peculiar conditions of the case. It was fitted with a very perfect heating apparatus, and made as air-tight as possible. The painting was to be kept while in progress at a uniform, spring-like temperature, and then, when complete, exposed—for the greater beauty and completeness of the display—in the presence of a company of friends and critics, to the influx of a late autumn or winter atmosphere.

Such was the programme for this early experimental canvas, though others, of course, would be allowed to develop more slowly. He admitted to his wife that his process was not yet perfect at all points, but he wished to wait no longer. He would launch it in its great main features—like the imperfect phonograph, for instance—and, while enjoying the consequent fame and fortune, complete the details at leisure.

The most excellent of heating arrangements has its faults, and there were annoyances too from other sources. Strive as he would, the artist was driven to many an unsatisfactory makeshift, and forced to supplement his curious new colors, here and there, with chemicals and pigments of a much less ethereal sort. Pure chromium, for instance, gives a rich, brilliant green, but, under certain conditions, is spontaneously inflammable, and care is to be taken how it is handled.

As the work progressed he began to withdraw from the confidences of his wife. A time came when he would no longer admit her to his painting-room.

"No," he said, playfully, "I am going to have my surprise for you also."

None but himself knew the drama that began to take place there, the intolerable strain upon every fiber, mental and physical, the desperate appeals for help, as he agonized over his strange, unheard-of project. Sometimes, relaxed to the point of utter feebleness, he essayed, as it were, like a child, to coax providence and fate to his aim.

"Ah, dear Heaven," he cried, well-nigh beside himself, "pray let it be! You cannot let me fail."

It was all becoming vague and wild to the young wife, and passing beyond her ken. Once she asked him, nervously:

"Are you really sure, dear, that we shall succeed?"

"We *must* succeed," he answered. "The money is measured out to last only till then. After that, the deluge."

He endeavored to turn this off as humor the next moment, but she had her misgivings. She wept bitterly at the new and tragic aspect of the case. She saw her husband grow

pale and haggard in these days. She implored him to pause, to take even the most trifling precautions for his health. But he repulsed her, and cried fiercely:

"I would give the last drops of my heart's blood to mingle with it if I might make it succeed."

Finally, however, he had less absorbed manners; then all at once announced: "It is over. It is done."

On the tenth of December the village of Mount Pleasant showed an unwonted bustle. This was the occasion fixed for the launching of Scott Braxton's strange invention. Although it had long been spoken of as about to occur, the precise date was only determined upon the evening before. All indications then went to show that the morrow would be clear and cold, as was desirable.

The day was cold, but in its earlier hours cloudy. The hour fixed for the unveiling of the picture was two o'clock. Guests were invited for a luncheon at one. A considerable company had assembled. A number of the neighbors, the official employees, had withdrawn their valuable services from government business for the time being to be present. Congressman Wheelright and his family, in town for the new session, were here. The boys—or most of them—supplied a gayer element. They took a sort of personal pride in the affair. They had known "old man" Braxton when he was pegging away at his invention in its early stages, and considered themselves in a measure co-discoverers with him. The important thing, however, was the force of critics. There was a professor from the art museum, and one from the Smithsonian Institution, and the art critics of the morning papers. Greatest of all, influence had been made to bring the Washington correspondent of a great New York daily. He could flash the whole through the Associated Press, and could make you famous from Dan to Beersheba.

When luncheon was over the guests moved to the studio. All put on or kept on their wraps, for the doors and windows were to be thrown open to the chilly out-of-door atmosphere. The critical force was favorably posted and the signal given.

The requisite openings were made to admit the raw December air, and the covering withdrawn from the phenomenal picture.

A buzz went around the room, now rapidly lowering in temperature. A cry of admiration broke from the lips of the young wife. Her husband sent her a sharp glance of reproach, as if this were not in the best of taste.

For the first few moments nothing peculiar happened. The sun meantime came out,



and Scott Braxton accepted it as a happy omen, and beamed accordingly.

Surely—yes, it was indeed so—the colors of a group of pale-green trees in the lower left-hand corner of the painting began to shimmer and deepen strangely. The reflection of these in a pool of water followed. The movement communicated itself to the general mass of foliage. It had been but now April—it was now midsummer.

The audience held their breath in a kind of awe. The heart of Scott Braxton was nigh bursting with suppressed rapture.

Red and yellowish appearances ensued. Autumn hues of varying strengths slid and shifted over the face of the work, the scarlet of maple, the crimson of oak and sumach, the pale and deeper gold of birch and chestnut. But the clouds, too, the parts that should have remained fixed, began to act strangely, gave highly unexpected effects. Soon everything in the picture moved in a universal wavering and flicker. One would have said that it was burning up.

It *was* burning.

The picture was going off *by spontaneous combustion*.

Its author rushed wildly out-of-doors with his hands in his hair. His wife, after a first impulse of solicitude toward the poor painting, which was now all aflame and hopelessly doomed to destruction, followed him. She kept up somehow with his strides, hurried as they were, and finally drew her arm through his, though he at first repulsed her. They walked on a long way in silence. They walked away into the lonesome parts of the village, and out upon the open roads, leaving their stupefied or mocking guests behind them. She induced him to stop at an outlying house while she negotiated for a hat for him, making some plausible excuse to account for his need of it. She began to let fall some soothing monosyllables, and then fuller words of comfort.

"You must go away for a while," she said.

"Of what use?" he returned, moodily. "I have no further ideas, and the money is spent."

"Your picture was *lovely*, even apart from the strange contrivance," she continued. "Did you not hear me cry out in admiration?"

"I heard, but thought you fancied that the change had commenced, and was annoyed that you should be premature."

"I could not help it. It was a fine and beautiful picture, if I have ever seen one in my life. My heart ached to see it destroyed. You do not know how good it was?"

"I scarcely thought of it, I was so intent upon the process."

"You can do others as good and noble, I am sure. Come! that is our future. Let us dismiss these juggleries! I never more than half liked them, though I was afraid to tell you so. You must study simpler, more legitimate things, and I know that they will succeed. And I—I meantime can get back my place in the Treasury."

The erratic limner bent down and kissed her, with a new birth of affection in his heart. And she, in his despondency and failure, had never felt so great a tenderness for any human being.

They walked on as the day waned, and did not return till long after the red twilight had ceased to burn behind the wintry copses.

The affair naturally made a great stir at Mount Pleasant, and not a little elsewhere. The critics of the local papers could not forbear to write humorously of the exceeding "warmth," and the like, of the new coloring; while the correspondent of the great New York daily gave its history at length in his dispatches as that of a freakish inventor with an unusually absurd bee in his bonnet.

Nevertheless, others too, besides the young wife, had noted the unusual excellence of the picture in itself. The intense preoccupation under which it was made had resulted in a *naïveté* and unconsciousness of resource, a directness and power, and an original charm of effect which could not be denied. Its author seemed a born artist, and had struck in true landscape his proper field.

Threatened with a violent brain fever, this was waved back, as it were, by the sympathetic hand of the sweet ex-Treasury girl, who never for a moment relaxed her vigilance over him. He passed through his metamorphosis, and entered upon a new period of existence, devoting himself to the simple forms and hues of nature as ardently as he had once tried to divine her chemic mysteries.

He is to-day younger, gayer, and his pictures sell for those prices that place them beyond the reach of all without Croesus-like bank accounts.

And, as everything comes to him that already hath, it seems probable that a rich bachelor uncle, who has taken a fancy to his wife, will make him his sole legatee.

"I was beside myself," Braxton is fond of saying to this amiable, charming helpmeet, "with loneliness, disappointment, and brooding over unhealthy problems. You brought me back to simple, natural, human existence. You gave me my career. You are the essence of chlorophyl, the resultant of all my obscure labors, my strange, incredible discovery."

William Henry Bishop.

## THE "ODYSSEY" AND ITS EPOCH.

### ON THE TRACK OF ULYSSES. III.

THE mythical world which had for its center Ithaca, and for its chief people Penelope and Ulysses, was, out of all proportion, larger than the Europe of to-day; for it comprised the whole known world, from the shadows of Cimmeria to the clouds that gave birth to the Nile. Its geography, however, has a value to archaeology and prehistory which has not been fully recognized. The date and place of origin of the "Odyssey" will never be determined with any high degree of certainty, but in dealing with epochs that comprise unmeasured centuries we need not fear a variation of two or three. And the collation of traditions from the same mythical world will help us to this approximation to the probable date of Homer's life, if not that of Ulysses.

Gladstone, in the "Juventus Mundi," has made use of an argument which, even if not sound as to the Trojan war, I believe to be good for the "Odyssey." The earliest authentic records in Greek history reveal Greece as under the control of two races, the Ionians and the Dorians, elements whose antagonisms have been the chief cause of the disasters and ruin of Greece.

But neither Dorians nor Ionians were the dominant race when the "Odyssey" was written, as neither Ionians nor Dorians appear in the record. The Greeks of the Trojan war are always called Achæoi, and the Dorians were evidently, as a race, unknown to the author of the Homeric poems. Now, as they came into Greece about 1000 B. C., and as our researches show the island of Ithaca, with which Homer was well acquainted, to have become Dorian with the rest of the western Greek lands, the original germ of the "Odyssey" must have been earlier than 1000 B. C., and possibly not much later than the Trojan war. Nor does any possible modification of the Homeric poems in the recitals continued over centuries affect this argument in the least, as, being common property of all the bards and all the tribes, they were liable to be modified in the various versions according to the localities and local knowledge of the singers; and, one "rhapsody" being preserved by one tribe and another by another of this hardly homogeneous people, the traces of the modifications received in their migrations could not be by the philology of the date of their collation so effaced as to leave no marks of their incomplete restoration.

In pointing out the deductions to be per-

mited from the Ithacan inscription, I ventured the hypothesis that the "Odyssey" might prove much older than the usually assigned date, 850 B. C. Is there not justification for carrying it back to 1000 or 1100 B. C.? It is impossible that any idea of archaeological consistency had led to the exclusion of the Dorians from the "Odyssey." If the Dorians had been ruling in Greece when it was composed, it seems to the last degree improbable that they could have been so completely ignored, if it were but for the deference to be paid the rulers of half the Greek world; and whether we look at the invariable practice of all early poets to adapt their work to their own times and surroundings, or to the entire consistency of the work in this respect,—too complete to be due to the study of utterly unscientific or illiterate times,—I think it is to be admitted as probable that the "Odyssey" was composed before the great ethnical revolution in Greece.

The purely local evidence supports this hypothesis to a certain extent, and in this topography and geography I propose to wander as far as Homer's indications lead us. Corfu was inhabited by a race alien to the Greek, and which recognized its descent from the Siculi displaced by the Pelasgi from Sicily. Opposite Ithaca lies the more important island of Cephalonia, to which Ithaca is now completely subordinate, but which then was less important apparently than Ithaca, in all probability only because it was only partly, if at all, Hellenic. Now, the earliest classical name of this Island, *Kephallenia*, was derived from Cephalus, a mythical hero who appears to have been contemporary with Minos. But this name is never applied to it in the "Odyssey." Of the island very little is said, but of the chief city, Samos (a colony from which gave its name to the Asiatic island now known under that appellation), Homer has much to say. It lies clearly in sight from Ithaca, from which it is separated only by a narrow strait, and is one of the prominent objects in the view from Ithaca. It was originally one of that line of prehistoric cities whose only record is in the stones of their walls, and from these we learn that it was a very ancient coast settlement, which, unlike the city on Aëtos, survived through successive civilizations until history got hold of it. In Ulysses' day it must have been a rich place, for it furnished twenty-four pretendants to the hand of Penelope. "There are first fifty-two young men, the

chosen of Dulichios—six servants accompany them; twenty-four have come from Samos; twenty from Zakynthos [Zante]; and from Ithaca were twelve, the bravest." But the author of the "Odyssey" seems to have had no personal knowledge of its topography, and mentions no other locality in the island. Tradition tells us that the island was peopled by Telebœans, a people driven from the continent by Achilles,—before the siege of Troy, therefore, but subsequent to Cephalus; but this is one of the confusions of mythology, as Cephalus found the Telebœans in the island. The usual condensation of history into myth leaves very little clear in these early traditions. Races become personified in individuals, and the work of centuries is attributed to a life-time and an individual. Whether Cephalus was in reality a race or a man it is impossible to do more than conjecture, but the poems mention the *Kephallenes*, though the "Odyssey" never mentions Kephallenia [Cephalonia], and this entire ignoring of its topography and traditions, even of the visit of the Argonauts to it, makes it difficult to believe that it was inhabited by a race kindred to that of Ithaca when Homer knew it.

Cephalus having, according to the legend, killed his wife Procris, mistaking her for a wild animal as she, excited to jealousy by his devotion to the chase which she attributed to another love, hid herself in the thickets to watch him, was banished from Athens, and, wandering in exile, came to Thebes, just then under excitement owing to the Telebœans of Cephalonia having killed the brothers of Alcmena, wife of the Theban Amphytrion, and he was requested to take charge of the expedition to avenge the murder. He succeeded in conquering the island and gave it his name. His descendants reigned there two generations, after which, the latest rulers of his blood being recalled to Attica by the oracle, a federative republic succeeded, formed by the four principal cities, or perhaps by the four which had survived the changes of race, for there are more than four antique sites. Those which history has preserved as having submitted to the Romans in the year of Rome 563 were Samé, Nesia, Crané, and Palé.

The city of Samé alone presents in the annals of historical times any interest, and this is sad and glorious. Livy says that at the end of the Ætolian war the Romans sent to Cephalonia to know whether they would submit or try the fortune of war, as they seem to have joined in the war with the Ætoli-ans, though he gives no record of the part they took. He gives the account, brief and tragic, of the fate of the city, which I will neither dilute nor abbreviate:

"An unhopèd-for peace had now shone on Cephalonia when one state, the Sameans, suddenly revolted, from some motive not yet ascertained. They said that as their city was commodiously situated they were afraid the Romans would compel them to remove from it. But whether they conceived this in their own minds and under the impulse of a groundless fear disturbed the general quiet, or whether such a project had been mentioned in conversation among the Romans and reported to them, nothing is ascertained except that, having given hostages, they suddenly shut their gates, and would not relinquish their design even for the prayers of their friends whom the consul sent to the walls to try how far they might be influenced by compassion for their parents and countrymen. When no pacific answer was given, the city began to be besieged.

"The consul had all the apparatus, engines, and machines which had been brought from Ambracia, and the soldiers executed with great diligence the works necessary to be made. The rams were therefore brought forward in two places, and began to batter the walls.

"The townsmen omitted nothing by which the works or the motions of the besiegers could be obstructed. But they resisted in two ways in particular, one of which was to raise constantly opposite the part of the wall attacked a new wall of equal strength on the inside; and the other was to make sudden sallies at one time against the enemy's works, at another against his advanced guards, and in those attacks they generally got the better. The only plan that was invented to confine them within the walls, though ineffectual, deserves to be recorded. One hundred slingers were brought from Ægium, Patræ, and Dymæ [Peloponnesus]. These men, according to the customary practice of that nation, were exercised from their childhood in throwing with a sling, into the open sea, the round pebbles with which, mixed with sand, the shores were generally strewn; therefore they cast weapons of that sort to a greater distance, with surer aim and more powerful effect, than even the Balearian slingers. Besides, their sling does not consist merely of a single strap like the Balearic and that of other nations, but the thong of the sling is threefold and made firm by several seams, that the missile may not, by the yielding of the strap in the act of throwing, be let fly at random; but, after sticking fast while whirled about, it may be discharged as if sent from the string of a bow. Being accustomed to drive their missiles through circular marks of small circumference placed at a great distance, they not only hit the enemy's heads, but any part of their faces that they aimed at. These slings checked the Sameans from sallying either so frequently or so boldly; inasmuch that they would sometimes from the walls beseech the Achæans to retire for a while and be quiet spectators of their fight with the Roman guards. Some supported a siege of four months. When some of their small number were daily killed or wounded, and the survivors were, through continual fatigues, greatly reduced both in strength and spirits, the Romans, one night, scaling the wall of the citadel which they call Cytides (for the city, sloping toward the sea, verges toward the west), made their way into the forum. The Sameans, on discovering that a part of the city was taken, fled with their wives and children into the greater citadel; but, submitting next day, they were all sold as slaves, their city being plundered." (Bohn's translation.)

It is only by conjecture we can distinguish between the two hills which are covered with the ruins; and the walls are so broken in their circuit, and so complex as well as various in their epoch of construction, that no plan of

the siege could be made, but the above indicates the westernmost as first captured.

The city must have been very wealthy, if we may judge from that generally excellent indication, the tombs, which line the roads and the sea-shore beyond the city (looking from the point where the general view is taken), and by the enumeration of the booty taken by the Romans, which is given as follows: Two hundred golden crowns of ten Roman pounds each, eighty-three thousand pounds of silver, two hundred and forty-three pounds of gold, one hundred and eighteen pieces of Athenian money, two thousand four hundred and twenty-two of Macedonian, two hundred and eighty-three statues of bronze, two hundred and thirty of marble, besides the money distributed to the army.

I know of no place where the ruins of all epochs are so well indicated as at Samé. The large fragment of wall of the best Hellenic time which runs down the slope of the eastern hill is one of the finest, if not *the* finest, I have ever seen. Its stones are perfectly hewn, and some of them are twelve to fourteen feet long, and the highest portion still standing is not less than twenty feet high. At other points are various examples of the Pelasgic, similar to that of "Ulysses' Castle," but of later work. There are magnificent subterranean passages, one of which leads to the citadel on the easternmost hill, the more remote in the distant view, but the higher and probably the site of the greater citadel as marked by the most imposing ruins and remains of works, and without doubt the locality of the original settlement. On the lowest hill stand some interesting remains—a tower and remains of city wall of mixed Hellenic and Pelasgic, the tower being of the very latest Hellenic, showing the beginning of "rustication." It was built upon in the middle ages, and the whole mass of buildings transformed into a fortress and afterward into a convent. Samé must very early have been a large and important city, as the whole of the space, including the two hills and the land between them, shows traces of Pelasgic construction, and one fragment on the brow of the hill near the tower is one of the most perfect examples of the best Pelasgic work one can find away from Mykenæ and Argos. The stones in the illustration range about five feet in length, and are faced with exquisite exactness. A wild fig-tree has taken root in the interstices of the stones, and the roots have pushed the masses of rock apart, but in several places it is difficult to see the junction when the light is flat against them. Of Roman work there is nothing; but some thermæ walls on the plains by the sea and some tombs

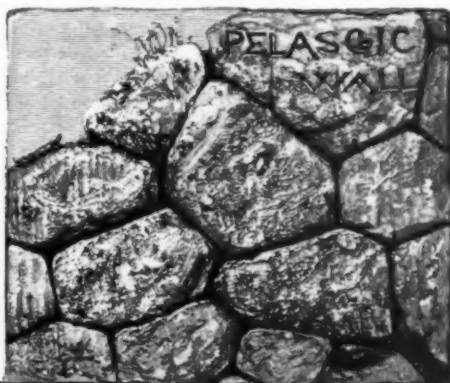
show a Roman occupation. Livy says that Marcus Tullius, the conqueror of Samé, went over to the Peloponnesus "after having placed a garrison in Samé." This negatives the notion that the walls were razed to the foundations, as is asserted by La Croix; and it is also rendered improbable by the existing ruins, though it is not impossible that so much of the wall was destroyed as made the defense of it temporarily impracticable. There are, however, some slight traces of rubble-wall on the old ruins, which show a Roman (or possibly middle-age, though I incline to the former) construction, which negative any supposition that the *enceinte* was rendered useless for defense; for no one would repair a wall which was not tolerably complete in its circuit. The remains of the Roman time, however, are insignificant compared with those of the Pelasgic, either as to preservation or quality.

At present Samé is an insignificant village, consisting of twenty or thirty small houses stretched along the beach, with a tiny port formed by a breakwater constructed from the stones of the city wall, the fairest and best cut that could be found. The people are a thievish clan, who set on any chance comer, like mosquitoes on a solitary and bewildered fisherman in a swampy land. They have coins and antiquities to sell, for which, as everywhere else in Greece, they demand the most absurd prices; and they beset one with offers of service as guides, etc., etc., till they weary out all human patience. This may be said of the Ionians in general, but less of the people of Cerigo, perhaps, than the others. We found, however, a grateful exception. We had wandered along the beach to the furthestmost houses of the line, and on passing a very respectable-looking house, the owner, sitting in the coolness of the twilight at his gates, seeing two strangers, rose to salute us and invited us to enter; an invitation so amiable and earnest that we accepted, and were ushered into the guest-chamber, clean and furnished with divans in eastern fashion, where we were entertained with the usual sweetmeats and coffee, while the daughter of the house went into the garden and collected for each of us a bouquet of roses, the most fragrant I ever remember to have seen. Our host narrated many incidents of the English rule in Cephalonia, and when we rose to go urged us to take up our quarters in his house; and finally, as we stood before the gates, as a last favor, offered me two beautiful Greek stelæ, memorials of the ancient dead possibly of the period of the heroic defense of Samé. He had found them in digging his house cellar, and they were the ornaments of his court-yard; but learning that



we were in search of antiquities, he offered them freely as his contribution. I shall not soon forget him or his fragrant roses and the dark-eyed Samean girl who offered them to us.

Of Crané scarcely a trace remains, even of the Pelasgic walls. It stood originally on the Lake of Argostoli, to which place we drove from Samé across the island, but at a point now far from the water's edge. The lake is a singular geological phenomenon, formed by a number of springs bursting out from under the hills on which Crané lay, with a force sufficing to drive mills and form a strong current over the whole extent of the lake, which is a mile or more



VIEW OF SAMÉ FROM THE WEST,—WITH PARTS OF PELASGIC AND HELLENIC WALLS.



driven by the springs; and on asking him what he went there for, he replied that he supposed I wanted to see the mills—since that was what other people had come for. I gave him an energetic sample of modern Greek, and ordered him to show me the way to the ancient city—Palaiokastron. "Palaiokastron!" he ejaculated with surprise and bewilderment in his eyes, and turned to ask some shepherd boys or other vagabonds, who were sauntering near by and watching us, where the Palaiokastron was. They declined to give any information, probably regarding

him as a poacher on their preserves. I had, therefore, to depend on my antiquarian instincts, and, taking the lead, climbed over the heights above until, guided by the nature of the ground, I found the traces of the old wall.

The position of the city was entirely characteristic of the sites of the Pelasgic epoch: a bold, double peak, almost inaccessible on the sea-side, and on the two flanks still very precipitous, but connected with higher land

I took a guide at Argostoli, a man of the usual type of Greek guide, who assured me that he knew the ancient city, and had often guided strangers there. On arriving at the head of the lake I found him taking useless détours to bring me to the mills, which were

on the side opposite the water. On the side from which the view is taken none of the ancient walls remain. The movement of earthquakes, the gradual fall of the rock at the precipitous edge, or the leveling labor of man has carried away all the blocks that made this side of the *enceinte*; but many of the stones may be recognized at the foot of the slope, some worked into modern walls, and some in the débris of the hill. On the opposite side

the voyage across the bay from Argostoli is not pleasant in the small boats that make the service. We got up anchor as the land breeze began to blow at midnight, and I went to bed, having given orders to anchor in a little bay about half-way to the southern extremity of the island near which some ruins are indicated on the map. Awakening in the morning and finding a most suspicious tranquillity prevailing, I took a look at the



CRAÑÉ FROM THE SEA-SHORE.

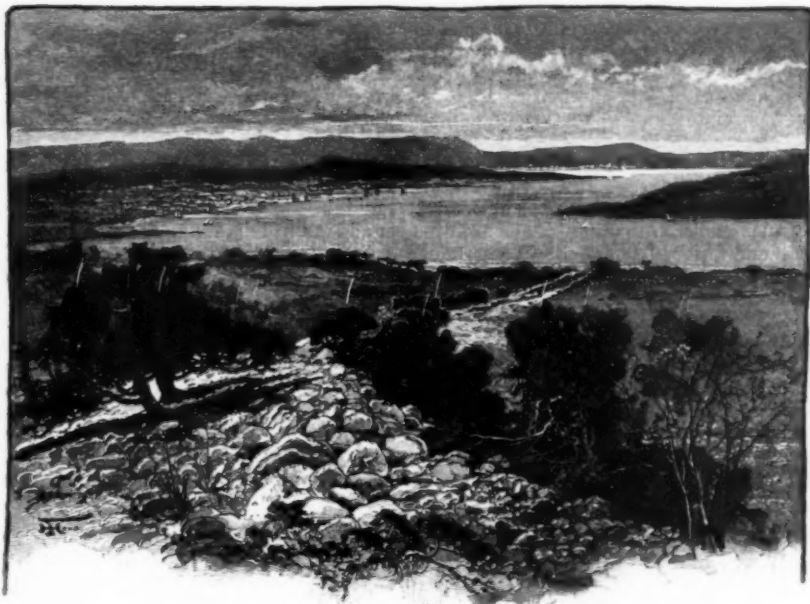
the traces are more distinct, and the wall may be traced a long way, and the site of the citadel determined, with a gate and the angles of some of the towers. From near the citadel a view is obtained which shows a long line of the débris with a distant view of the town of Argostoli and the lake, and far beyond the lines that form the western shore of the superb harbor of Argostoli, almost without a rival in the Adriatic. The mass of wall is hardly to be distinguished from mere decomposed rock; so much have time and frost, the great demolishers, split and crumbled the flinty, massive limestone, the preferred material of the Pelasgi. On the further shore shown in the view may be seen, when the air is clear, the houses which form a modern village on the site of the ancient Palé. Here were Jason and his fellow adventurers entertained on their search after the golden fleece,—an expedition which perhaps we may translate from myth into probability, as an expedition to obtain an improved breed of sheep, a finer-wooled stock, from one of the northern and inland countries.

At Argostoli I inquired about the ruins of Palé, but was told that they are mainly built over, and what is visible is only of the Roman period. I attempted, however, on our return to Samé, to run around in the *Kestrel*, as

outside surroundings, and found the yacht quietly moored on the same spot she had occupied the day before. A furious sirocco had sprung up and met us half-way to our destined anchorage, and after beating for an hour in vain, our little boat nearly buried in the seas, we were compelled to retreat and run back to our former place of refuge. There is no getting ahead in such small craft against the sharp, violent seas of the Mediterranean.

Three days the sirocco blew, and we tried in vain to pass the time fishing. The Ionians have adopted dynamite so universally to catch their fish that they are as scarce as honest people on shore. One does find them sometimes, and we caught a shark about four feet long and a half dozen red mullet where, before dynamite was discovered, we could have caught in the same time a hundred-weight.

The third night we got under way again, and, with a heavy swell still on, ran down to our harbor, reaching it as a flaming, splendid thunder-storm was coming up, the finale of our southern blow. We moored with cables out in three directions, and when the storm had all gone by I went ashore to hunt my ruins. A vagabond Cephalonian offered his services to carry my camera and guide me; but his crafty and evasive face, coupled with the assurance with which he clung to me, so



DISTANT VIEW OF PALÉ FROM THE CITADEL OF CRANÉ.

irritated me that I plunged into the pathless thicket. Traveling by compass, and, searching long and closely, I found at last the remains of an early Pelasgic wall on a magnificent site, with a breezy outlook to sea north and west and overlooking a fertile valley inland, not especially pictorial, for it was too regular and too thoroughly cultivated, but through it ran a bright crystal brook overhung by huge pollard sycamores and fringed with oleanders just bursting into blossom and making the valley like a rose-garden. Beyond the hill on which the city stood is a wild ravine through which runs the brook, which in Greek would naturally be dignified by the name of a river. Only a narrow neck, as usual, gave access to the site. It is impossible to ascertain with any kind of assurance what the name of the city was. It could not have been Nesia, the only one of the four principal ones we have not visited, for no ruins are visible approaching so late an epoch as the Roman, and it was probably Heraclea. Its position was magnificent for defense and on account of the fertility of the country behind it, but the site was probably abandoned very early for one further inland, where I was assured there were ruins of an ancient city. But my time had been so invaded by the loss of three days through the storm, and I was already so behind my programme, that I was not able to

give the time necessary to the search and examination, or, indeed, to follow my plan of visiting Palé.

We climbed down to the brook, and I enjoyed the pastime of wading in the gurgling water as if I were a boy—it was so long since I had had that pleasure! We followed it into a close and gloomy gorge, where the crag of the ancient site overhung us like a huge, rough wall, almost a sheer precipice, and down at the foot ran the brook, which we followed to the sea. The sun was setting as we reached the yacht, and before we waked from sleep next morning we were bounding toward Zante.

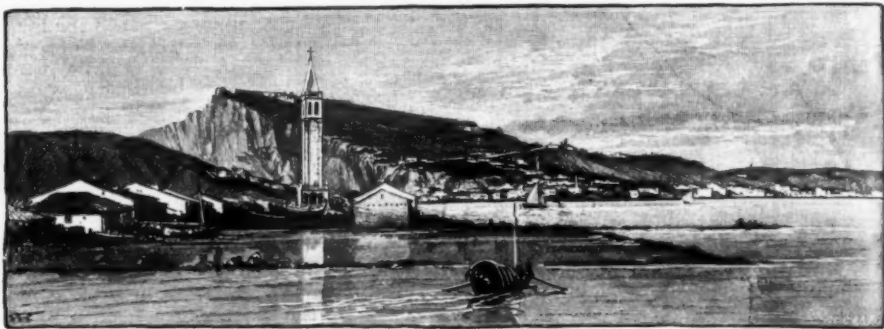
In Zante (Zakynthos) there is, so far as I could find, no ancient ruin whatever. The character of the rock explains this; for, except at the extreme southern end of the island, there is no stone which would resist even the weather-wear since the Roman epoch. The island seems to be a bed of sand raised from the sea and slightly hardened, so that, though the citadel hill is imposing enough as a mass, the material of it is being continually dissolved, and looks at a distance more like a bank of clay than like rock.

Zante is rhymingly called the "fior di Levante" (flower of the Levant), but it is difficult to see wherein it surpasses Corfu in any flowery attribute. I guess that, as in many other cases,

the rhyme went for more than the fact, poetical or otherwise. It is fertile, and the land extends in an immense unpicturesque plain covered with olive-orchards and vineyards for miles from the port. Its history is unimportant and its mythology not interesting. It was said to have been colonized by Zakynthos, son of Dardanus of Troy, about 1500 years before Christ; but, as I have before said, all Greek dates earlier than 1000 B. C. are purely conjectural. Zante suffered with the other islands from the endless and furious feuds of the Greek states; ravaged by turns by Athenian and Lacedæmonian, it came down to the Romans an unruly subject province, conquered and reconquered, and finally lay still in the tranquillity of slavery until Geneseric, king of the Vandals, began an epoch of devastation, which only concluded with the purchase, by the Venetians from the Sultan, of its soil depopulated by the sword and slavery.

He who goes about in the Mediterranean has a chance of seeing some bad weather, for

was fair, and we hoped to make Kapsali, in Cerigo, before the squall came down. Already the heights of Cerigo loomed before us, and we had begun to look for the landmarks, when the wind struck us. All hands made what haste was possible to get in sail and get up a small storm jib to lie to under, and not too quickly, for no common canvas would have stood that blast when it struck us. The sun was setting, and soon we were out of sight of all land in the driving spray and rain. The lightning was such as only they who sail in semi-tropical seas can have known, blinding and incessant; it seemed to have gathered around the mountains of Cerigo as a center, for it went and came and still hung there as the rain swept down the coast and up again. As the wind fell off with the down-pouring of the torrents we got off again and pointed our bowsprit for Kapsali; and as the waters above and those below seemed to have formed an alliance against us, we went below and shut the hatch. Fortunately the wind



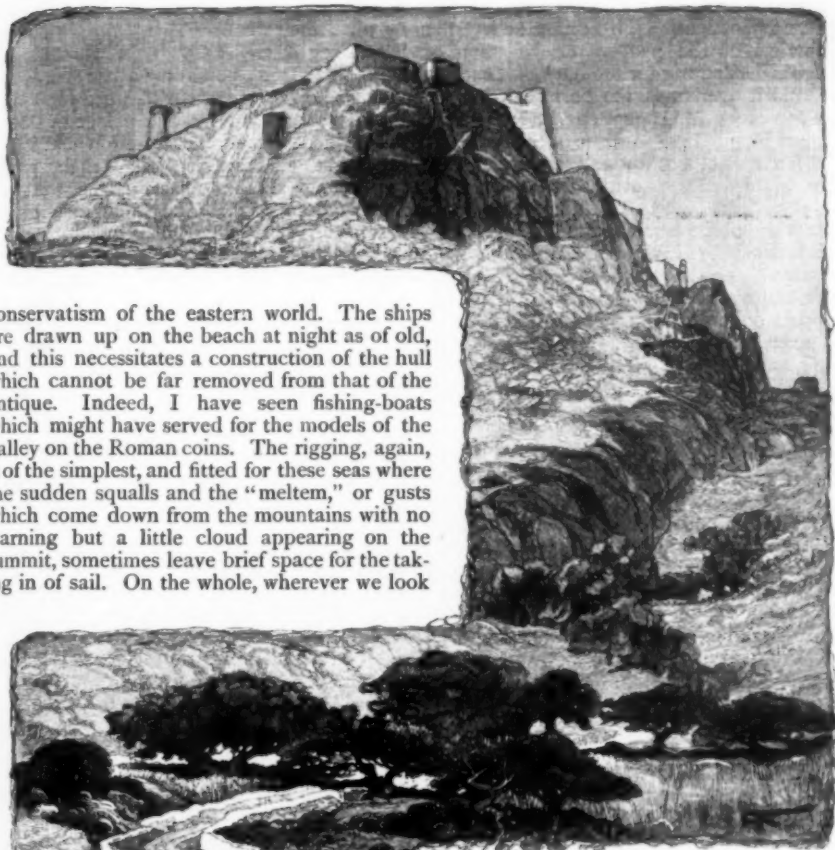
ZANTE.

it is the reverse of a pacific sea, and in a scrap of a boat like the *Kestrel* the phenomena are sometimes interesting. Our course from Zante to Cerigo (ancient Cythera) leads by Cape Mátapan, opposite Cape Maleá, the two southern points of Greece, which enjoy a reputation of the kind that the American proverb gives to Hatteras and Lookout. The *Kestrel* was again baffled, and, after beating for hours to get past the point, we had to put up the helm and run back to Navarino, the nearest shelter, before a gathering southerly blow. We lay in our old anchorage another day, and as the wind fell at night we beat out again and ran through the little archipelago of barren and desolate islands which lie off this part of the Morea. The weather still looked ugly, and thunder-clouds were gathering on the hills of Lacedæmon, and we could see the storm creeping down toward the sea; but the wind

was off shore and we had little sea, and managed to creep along nearly as much as we had drifted to the leeward; so that when the storm broke and the rain held up we were able to see the rocks off the coast, and finally to grope our way into the little port of Kapsali, which is secure against everything but a southerly blow. The wind, always contrary, fell off as we drew near the light-house, and we had to get in with our sweeps in the small hours of the morning, wet, cold, hungry, and jaded from the excitement of the night; for, though it is simple and safe in the telling, a large Greek brig was lost only two miles from us in the squall, and we had experienced the worst weather we had yet felt, and since the storm began no one had been able to eat or even get a cup of coffee.

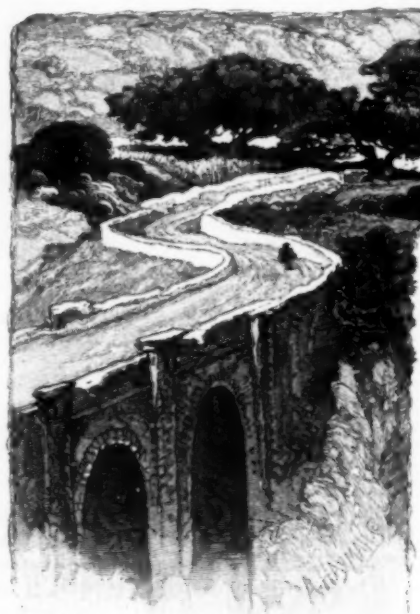
At Kapsali one begins to see the antique sailor ways and the evidence of the intense





CITADEL OF CERIGO.

conservatism of the eastern world. The ships are drawn up on the beach at night as of old, and this necessitates a construction of the hull which cannot be far removed from that of the antique. Indeed, I have seen fishing-boats which might have served for the models of the galley on the Roman coins. The rigging, again, is of the simplest, and fitted for these seas where the sudden squalls and the "meltem," or gusts which come down from the mountains with no warning but a little cloud appearing on the summit, sometimes leave brief space for the taking in of sail. On the whole, wherever we look



thought are the same as those of Homer's day. Nature has changed more than man. Where the Venetians came they brought new habits of military life and construction, and demolished all the old ruins to make fortresses; but on the domestic life and on the character of the Greek they had little or no influence.

Whether Kapsali, a mere village, the port of Cerigo, had any ancient existence, we do not know. Cerigo lies on the high rock above it, and is a Venetian fortress; and, as is generally the case with Venetian fortresses, has used up all ancient masonry, if any existed, in its construction.

The road from Kapsali to the town of Cerigo is of Venetian construction, kept in repair by those fitting successors of Venice, the English, who certainly left the Ionian Islands in a state of prosperity higher than that of to-day. Good roads were almost

we see ample evidence that in the whole Levant, where the original population exists in a considerable proportion, the ways of life and

everywhere provided, and good ways of other kinds, now lost entirely, if I might believe the complaints of the people. The position of Cerigo is very strong for the days of Venetian rule, and it overhangs the port and country round on every side, except one, like a Pelasgic site, but I could find no stone of that date. It is not likely that there was any very ancient city there, as no tombs or evidences of a necropolis have been found. The formidable character of the position in the times of the Venetians is shown by the view from the road above the ravine which severs the mountain from the lesser hill over the port—a ravine whose existence is quite unsuspected from the port.

The city itself is without interest except as the first really Eastern city one will see coming from the West, and as an example of Venetian fortress-building. The view from the citadel is fine and breezy, the islands of Ovo, Cerigotto, and Crete being visible, and a great expanse of that sea which, on sunny days, is in itself so beautiful from its color. You look down on the houses, white as continual white-washing will make them, whose flat, terraced roofs serve in the hot and rainless summer as sleeping-places for the whole family. How many nights I have dragged my mattress from the bedroom out on this delightful substitute and let the night breeze fan me to sleep!

Of history the island has next to none. Mythology puts the landing of Aphrodite here, as she came, foam-born and sea-borne, to found her religion in the Greek worlds. The first who are traditionally reported to have colonized the island are the Phœnicians; but it is impossible to ignore the previous coming of the Pelasgi, who have left a well-marked ruin of the earliest type. To see the traces of the antique settlements, one had better go to Port San Nicolo if provided as we were; but secure an intelligent guide previously from Cerigo, as the country people, as in other islands, while pretending to know all about the antiquities, really know absolutely nothing. They know the tombs because they serve as sheep-folds, and they have sometimes a curious knowledge of the relative antiquity of the ruins; but they have heard modern myths, and apply them with the least possible regard to archæological facts, and invariably assure you that they know everything.

So it happened that I was again, for want of choice, out on a search with an ignorant guide. There had been some excavations commenced on the site of what is now known as Palaïopolis (the old city), which evidently was Phœnician, and was occupied down to Roman times. There were some columns of Roman or Byzantine work unearthed, and from mere curiosity to know *his* notions, I

asked a shepherd boy watching his sheep near by what they were. "This," he said, "was the palace of the king." "Of what king?" I asked. "Don't you know?" he said, opening his eyes at me as if this were the very *abc* of history. "Why, the palace of Menelaus." There is an old tradition that it was the place of residence of Menelaus and Helen, and all the objects to be seen are attributed to them. The Phœnician city is close to the sea; the real ancient site is several miles back, and looms up on the highest mountains in the vicinity. In a previous visit I had seen but had not explored it; but now I determined to see the whole extent of it. My guide, who brought a donkey for my occasional changes of mode of locomotion, pretended to lead me to the ancient citadel; but when we got on the hill on which I knew it to be better than he, he began to inquire about it of the women at work in the fields; thereupon I, as usual, took the lead. Guided by the nature of the ground, I found all that remained of the ancient citadel wall—a fragment kept up by the chance of its being the limit of a field, and so kept in repair, but in such a state of dilapidation that but for the evidences of the continuity I would not have been sure that it was a wall. I followed the main wall a mile or more along the edge of the precipitous slope, and saw that it bore testimony to the importance of the ancient city, for it was wide in its compass and massive, with towers, gates, and flanking towers of the true Pelasgic style, but in most places only two or three stones high. I got an imposing view of the hill from below the lowest trace of wall, showing its position with reference to the valley below, through which ran once a river of some volume, if we may judge by the alluvial plains at its mouth, but which, at the time of my visit in midsummer, was dry as desert dust. A strip of white pebbles shows where it still runs in winter-time. On the hills close to the sea-side, and on both sides of the mouth of this ancient river, used to lie the old Phœnician, Greek, and Roman city, whatever it was originally called,—probably Cythera, like the island. As I have said, it is now called Palaïopolis. The temple of Aphrodite, the people pretend, was on the hill near the citadel where now is an insignificant chapel, but with no evidence of antiquity except that there are in the construction of the chapel some large stones which are evidently of Hellenic cutting; but as the Greeks had the habit in all ages of keeping up the temples of their gods, there is nothing to show that it was a temple of Aphrodite rather than a Pelasgic god, which Aphrodite-Astarte was not, and her temple must have been near the sea.

The site of Palaiopolis is marked by a quantity of tombs, most, if not all, of Hellenic date. There are now no temple remains there; but Spon, who visited the spot two hundred years ago, says that he saw the statue of Aphrodite, which was very ugly and of coarse brown stone, which reminds us of the statues of Cyprus. The rock is a soft conglomerate which the sea cuts away very rapidly, and apparently there has been a subsidence of the soil, since they say that when the sea is tranquil there may be seen beneath the water, some distance out from the actual shore, the ruins of a city. This may have been the port of Cythera—scarcely a fortified city, as the site must have been too low. Right and left of the rivulet which now represents the ancient river are bluffs of the conglomerate, that on the left honeycombed by tombs, some of which have fallen with the rock, but of which others are still visible, opened to the elements but showing within the rock-cut graves. Many valuable articles of gold work have been found in past times, but the treasure seems to have been exhausted. These two bluffs are the lineal representatives and successors by right of position of what Aphrodite must have seen as she came ashore on the foam, otherwise they have no interest.

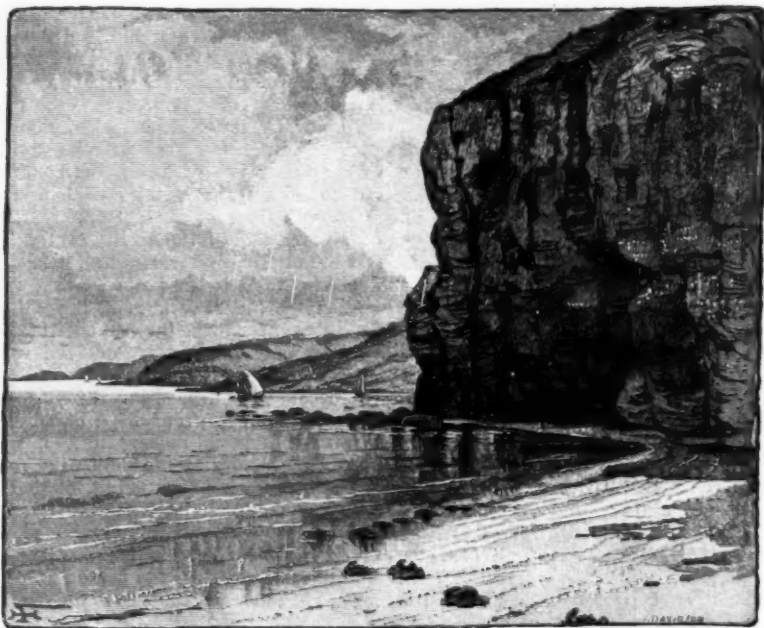
The two low hills on which lay the city of Cythera are covered with fragments of building and traces of tombs, but, so far as I could find, no wall. This is all that is left of Aphrodite, Helen, and Menelaus in their land of fabled existence. The coming ashore of Aphrodite undoubtedly indicates, like that of Europa at Gortyna in Crete, the landing of a colony from Phœnicia, bearing the worship of Astarte, who became later assimilated to Aphrodite, one of the earliest of the Greek divinities, though never greatly worshiped in the best times of Greek history or art, who in her original attributes was very widely separated from Astarte. Of the presence here of Helen and Menelaus there is no evidence in any trustworthy tradition. The subjection of Cythera to Sparta is of historic date. My conclusion as to the island is that in Homeric times it was Phœnician in its relations, as Melos was at one time, as well as Santorin and other eastern islands, and that, like Corfu, it did not come into the Greek system.

Opposite Cerigo, and with its snowy peaks glistening under the noonday sun, lies Crete. The strangest omission of the "Odyssey" would have been that of the island of Minos from its reminiscences, if the author had ever visited it; but, as we have seen in his interviews with Athene, Ulysses did not fail to include it in his geography. Of Egypt we had learned through the visit of Helen and

Menelaus. Of the great Greek-African colony, Cyrene, we have no hint, yet the inhabitants of Greece, especially of the Peloponnese, knew of Libya earlier than the Dorian invasion—as early, in fact, as 1500 B. C., as we know by the Karnac inscriptions. The story of Eumæus shows knowledge of the ways of that race of merchants and pirates, the Phœnicians, but nothing of their country.

The questions of the personality and date of Homer and of the reality of the Trojan war are utterly diverse, and not, in fact, interdependent. As to the latter we have thus far no direct evidence whatever, beyond poetic traditions, in which the supernatural is so strongly and inextricably involved with the pretense or actuality of history that no inferences can be drawn from any part of the narrative, though from its *ensemble* we are assured that in its ancient form it was accepted as history by the entire Greek world as early as we know anything of that world with historical certainty. But that is no criterion. Even at this day myths grow and crystallize in the Oriental mind with a rapidity which leaves the ancients without any advantage. The universal belief from the sixth to the eighth century B. C. that the "Iliad" was history need not weigh with us. Scientific investigators differ so widely that we have no general inference to draw from their arguments. The most recent excavations leave a grave doubt whether any of the ruins excavated in the Troad can by any reasoning be admitted to be as old as the "Iliad." Professor Jebb, one of the most acute of the literary investigators of the question, is convinced that the topography of the "Iliad" is eclectic, some of its indications suiting only Hissarlik and others only Bunarbashi; Max Müller maintains that the whole story is a solar myth; while Nicolaides, a patient and thorough Greek student of the "Iliad," believes that he can follow the whole strategy of the poem on the plain of Troy.

The existence of an individual author of the "Iliad" has been hotly contested, but the "Odyssey" raises no question as to a personal authorship recognized as "Homer." The value of the poem, beyond the perennial glory of its art, is that it contains, in all probability, a *résumé* of the geography of its date, and this ought to be approximately determinable, without, however, prejudicing any question as to the actuality or date of the Trojan war. All Greek dates beyond about 1100 B. C. are lost in a vanishing perspective, and the century between 1000 and 1100 certainly includes the work of many hundred years. All that I have proposed to discuss in this and the two papers which have gone before is the probable date of the "Odyssey" and its geography.

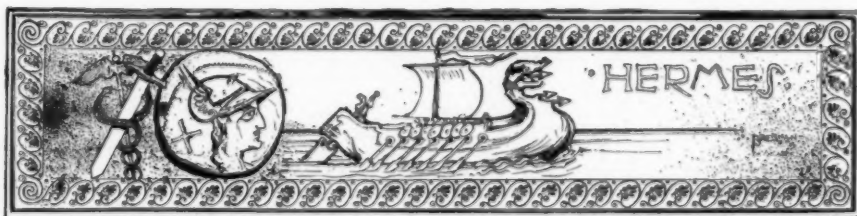


LANDING-PLACE OF THE CYPRIAN APHRODITE OR ASTARTE..

The general knowledge shown in the "Odyssey" divides itself into two kinds: that which was part of the general geography of the day, and this included the coasts shown on our route map; and that of which the poet had personal cognizance, which is limited to Corfu, Ithaca, Nericus, and possibly Pylos; and this exclusiveness suggests to us that Homer, a stranger in the West, had come, as I did, simply to follow and study the traces of Ulysses' wanderings, and that he did so in obedience to a clearly preserved tradition as to his great exemplar, which was almost impossible without the still remembered personal presence. What he describes is admirably told, even to the "sandy shore" of Pylos, in a world whose sandy shores are rare; but Homer does not seem to have any mental vision of the lands and islands of which Ulysses only speaks in his story—the lands of

the Cimmerians, of the Læstrygonians, the Cyclops, the Lotophagi, the homes of Circe and Calypso, are only heard of. Cythera, close by, is not named, and Crete is only named. This kind of fulfillment, as well as this kind of omission, gives a tone of personality to the poem, as the composition of one person, and that one familiar with the scene of its major events, and it strengthens my belief in the hypothesis of the presence of Homer in Ithaca, and of the early date of the "Odyssey," and by a certain implication argues for a logical relation between the hero and the Trojan war, implying the actuality of both. It is generally maintained that the "Iliad" shows more evidences of change and reconstruction, as well as of dubious authorship, than the "Odyssey." This contrast opens a theme too much and too hotly contested to be touched on here by me.

W. J. Stillman.





## A PROBLEMATIC CHARACTER.\*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN,

Author of "Gannar," "Tales from Two Hemispheres," "Ilka on the Hill-top," etc.

### XII.

Two days after Madame de Salincourt's dinner, which had been duly noticed in the society journals, Hannibal sold one of his pictures in the Salon for three thousand dollars. He was jubilant at his success, and marched across the Pont Royal toward the left bank of the Seine to the air of "The Star-spangled Banner," which he mentally hummed as he went. He saw in spirit his name floating proudly down to posterity, and viewed himself already as an historic character. The sorrows of the world seemed to have no existence except in hysterical romances and in the brains of discontented reformers. He rang the bell of the Salincourt mansion with a vehemence which startled the dozing functionary at the door, and learned in response to his inquiries that "Mademoiselle Beach" was not at home, but that the Countess would undoubtedly be happy to see him. He accordingly permitted himself to be conducted to the drawing-room, on the second floor, where the Countess, arrayed in a ravishing morning toilet, received him with cordiality.

"I am so sorry to inform you," she said, seating herself with her back to the closely curtained window, "that we are about to break up for the summer. Paris is charming only so long as you are yourself charming. The moment you lose your temper or feel slightly out of sorts, Paris, with its bright, unfeeling gayety, becomes unendurable. I want to find some place where I can bathe myself in the primeval stillness —"

"In other words, you want to go to a summer watering-place," suggested Hannibal, who had acquired an exasperating habit of viewing Madame and her moods humorously.

"That is the very thing I do not want," she replied, with emphasis. "I want to do something out of the way. I want to rend my Parisian garments, and dress in cool and unostentatious flannels; and I would strew ashes on my face, too, instead of rice powder, if they were not ruinous to the complexion. Then, again, I should like to show Alice Italy, as it would be a pity to have her return home without a glimpse of that Garden of

Eden. I mean strictly to exclude serpents, however, yourself included. I mean to be severe and merciless; and within three months I shall return her to the old gentleman in Kingsbridge, without any taint from serpentine acquaintances. By the way, what did you say was the name of the man who bought your picture?"

"That is what I wish to know," said Hannibal energetically; "but for some reason or other the agent refused to tell me."

"And have you no clew by which to trace him?"

"Not a shadow of a clew, unless it be the fact that the check is drawn on Munroe & Co. It is probably some rich American, who has (what Americans rarely have) a taste for obscurity. I have got it into my head that he is a cranky old man with a Western beard, who has a gallery at the back of his house, which he keeps under lock and key all the year round for his own private delectation. He takes, I imagine, a malicious delight in letting little bits of tantalizing intelligence leak out occasionally through the newspapers, in order to arouse a curiosity which he never intends to satisfy. I have speculated on his personality a good deal since seeing his agent; and the fact that he made me sign a legal oath never to duplicate the picture furnished food for endless conjecture."

At the mention of the Western beard, Madame rose a little abruptly to her feet and began to busy herself with one of the curtains at the window. Two or three minutes passed before she had arranged the light to her satisfaction, and even then it was only the dim light in the room and the joyous self-absorption of her interlocutor which prevented him from suspecting that possibly she was not unacquainted with his anonymous benefactor. It would have been extremely inconvenient to Madame if he had hit upon any such conjecture; and she had invented the little ruse with the oath and the draft on the American bankers on purpose to mislead him. Her motive in buying his picture had been to furnish him with funds for an Italian trip, and the surest way to make him follow her was to protest that she did not want him. She had begun to

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suspect dimly that he was anxious to make amends for his faithlessness to Alice, and she had very definite reasons for wishing to make such amends impossible. She heartily regretted her own rash generosity and puzzled her brain for devices wherewith to frustrate the intrigue which she herself had spun. If on some pretext or other she sent Alice home again, he would be very certain to start in pursuit, and, after a proper delay, to receive the parental blessing. The situation was truly delicate, and only a delicately constructed counterplot could accomplish the desired result. But Madame prided herself on her delicacy, and she did not fail in this instance to take all considerations, even the most odious, into account. She came to the conclusion that it was all-important to remove Hannibal from Paris. Paris was a cynical place, and its atmosphere was deadly to romantic hallucinations. In Paris Hannibal would be sure to have constantly in mind the unpleasant fact that Madame was thirty-two years old, while Alice was only twenty-one. He would reflect morbidly upon the absurdity of his situation as the lover of a woman who was by six years his senior. In Italy such fancies would never occur to a sane and normal mind. There, man found himself face to face with the strong primeval motors of life: love and ambition. But lest Hannibal should find himself face to face with a love for the wrong woman, Madame took provision to make assurance doubly sure. She procured for Alice an invitation from her friend, Madame de Calas, the mother of the unsuccessful dramatist, who was to spend the summer months with her two daughters at the Baths of Lucca, and it was implied, though not stipulated, that M. Alphonse de Calas should find sufficient leisure from his dramatic labors to pay a visit to his mother and sisters. M. de Calas had the good taste unwittingly to favor Madame de Salincourt's projects; he professed to be madly in love with *Mademoiselle la Puritaine*, and he had of late been assiduous in his attentions. His passion, which had at first been a purely æsthetic one, had assumed a new and more serious phase, after he had gained some important intelligence from Madame regarding Alice's financial prospects. Thus the summer campaign had been satisfactorily arranged for all parties concerned; and although Hannibal and Alice had not been directly consulted, it could not be reasonably supposed that they would in the end object to being surprised by an unpremeditated happiness. Madame acted upon Herbert Spencer's principle of the greatest happiness to the greatest number; she only insisted upon being herself in the happy

majority. She intended to play providence in a small way by supplying the environment favorable for the development of a grand passion.

Hannibal spent a full hour in the Countess's presence trying to ascertain the details of her programme. But beyond the fact that she had hired a certain grand historic villa at Frascati, he could learn nothing definite. Everything else was in a charming state of uncertainty. Even the day of her departure was dependent upon a dozen contingencies. She wished, for once, to give free sway to chance and surprise, she said; nothing was so destructive of pleasure as an inexorable programme staring one in the face at every turn of the road. A Cook excursion would constitute a constant appeal to her perversity, and, by making this exceptional state of mind permanent, would in the end land her in an insane asylum. She talked on in this strain with delightful *abandon*. There was something luxurious and oriental about her in the dim warm light, and the unembarrassed naturalness of her motions gave no hint of coquettish intention. She seemed all the while the soul of careless sincerity, while she was clearly entangling him in her meshes. Æsthetically at least, Hannibal was at this moment keenly alive to her charm. But having convinced himself that he could not obtain any satisfactory information from her, he took his leave hastily, and determined to wait outside in the street and to intercept Alice before she entered the house. Agreeably to this resolution, he spent three hours sauntering up and down in the shade of the close-shuttered houses, until it suddenly occurred to him that Alice might have returned home during the hour he had spent with Madame. Being reluctant, however, to intrude once more, he concluded to repeat his call the next morning. At noon, however, which was the earliest hour which etiquette placed at his disposal, he found the Hotel de Salincourt empty, and the porter who was left in charge of the premises informed him that the Countess and her American friend had started at nine for Italy.

### XIII.

HANNIBAL, as we have seen, had a large deposit in the bank, and it naturally caused him considerable uneasiness. There could be no good reason why he should not spend it in going to Italy rather than waste it in the cafés on the boulevards, and in suppers to men, which always dragged a long trail of bills after them for weeks to come. Italy was always a good investment for an artist, while Paris was at least a doubtful one. It required no pressure from without to induce him to convert his deposit into a letter of credit, and to buy a ticket

by way of Turin and Genoa to Rome. He passed within an hour's journey of the Baths of Lucca without suspecting that the object of his search was, at that moment, promenading on the esplanade, talking conscientious French with Madame de Calas and her good-looking son. He paused in Rome just long enough to take a bath and a luncheon, and arrived at Madame's villa at Frascati while the evening was yet in its glory. He had taken a donkey at the railroad station, and had induced it to climb in his stead the steep slope of the road which leads toward ancient Tusculum. The villa which Madame inhabited was situated half-way up the hill and was sufficiently imposing to bear without embarrassment its illustrious name. The great stone pines on the terrace above the *casino* lifted their green pavilions into the still, cloudless air, and exuded a resinous incense which seemed, somehow, to lessen the burden of the heat. Still more refreshing was the artificial cataract which played down the slope in a series of small cascades and vanished in an unaccountable manner at the base of the terrace, re-appearing again in the lower garden in clusters of superb fountains of a wonderfully complicated movement. Half hidden among the grave cypresses, which grew in long, stately avenues, were frolicsome satyrs and fauns, whose petrified mirth glimmered pathetically through a semi-visible coating of moss. The living scions of the noble family to whom this cumbrous inheritance has descended make no longer any pretense of keeping it in order, although they interpose now and then a feeble protest to the ravages of time. Once a year they sweep out the immense apartments and patch the roof with tin sheeting where the wind and rain have made a leak. Then they rent it at a moderate price to anybody who can afford to pay the whole rent for the four summer months in advance.

It seemed a hopeless task to Hannibal, when he had dismissed his donkey, to find Madame in this enormous domain. He wielded for some time a huge brass knocker in vain, and was himself surprised when, at the end of half an hour, a shabby little girl appeared and asked him what he wanted. She informed him that the Signora Contessa was somewhere on the lower terrace, and that if he went there he would undoubtedly find her. Taking it for granted that Alice was where the Countess was, he strolled around the house (which was in itself a considerable walk), and hit by a lucky accident upon a long, humid tunnel, whose orifice proved to be somewhere far down in a cypress and ilex grove. There, in a spacious arbor, made of the intertwined boughs of four ilex trees, Madame

was reclining, while her maid stood sentinel outside. The floor was paved with broken tiles, and the tangled leaves and branches overhead formed so dense a screen that hardly a ray of the fierce sun filtered through.

"Good-evening, Countess," said Hannibal, suddenly obscuring the entrance with his tall form.

The Countess, half raising herself among her cushions, gave a faint scream, and let the novel she was reading drop on the floor.

"Mr. Tarleton," she exclaimed, with well-feigned surprise, "how in heaven's name did you get here?"

"By rail," he answered laconically.

"By rail?" she repeated wonderingly; "but didn't I tell you that I should not expect you to follow me?"

"Undoubtedly. But you gave me your address, which was equivalent to an invitation."

"You are a terrible man, Mr. Tarleton," she said, with a smile which was far from being unfriendly. "Where in the wide world may an unprotected woman be free from your persecutions?"

"You had better apply to a less prejudiced authority," he replied, laughing. "If I knew such a place, I should not be likely to tell you of it."

"Well, well," she went on, after a pause, during which she had been scanning his face with evident pleasure. "Since you are here, I know of nothing better to do than to make you welcome."

"You might tell me where Alice is," he ventured to suggest.

"Ah, to be sure; I had forgotten that you did not know. She is traveling in the north of Italy with some friends of mine."

"That resolution must have been taken very suddenly," he remarked ruefully.

"So it was. We met Madame de Calas and her two daughters on the train, and they suggested taking Alice to Verona, Venice, and everywhere. I was sorry to part with her, but I could not bring it over my heart to deny her such a pleasure. She will be here within a week or two, and in the meanwhile, I am glad you have come, as I should die of *ennui* if I were left alone in this blooming wilderness."

Hannibal could think of no appropriate answer to this, and I am afraid his face came very near betraying his disappointment. He seated himself on the edge of a grass bench, propping his elbows on his knees and twirling his hat on the point of his cane.

"Do you know why I am so fond of Italy?" resumed Madame, leaning backward and gazing contentedly toward the leafy roof from which small spiders every now and then

let themselves down, and hung in mid-air by a single shining thread.

"I could imagine a hundred reasons," replied Hannibal, "but I am not in a mood for guessing."

"It is because Italy is fond of me."

"In that case, Madame, you ought, in justice to the universe, to distribute your favor. France, too, is fond of you; and Japan, I doubt not, would go mad over you, if she had the opportunity."

"But America did not like me," protested Madame smilingly. "Kingsbridge, I am well aware, detested me. Uncle Jabez, 'the soap man,' looked upon me as a problematic character, and old Mr. Beach had some suspicion that I might be the Antichrist, concerning whom it was prophesied in the Apocalypse."

"Very likely. The people in Kingsbridge are accustomed to characters in plain, legible, and uniform type. They are not skilled in deciphering the hyperbolical flourishes and charming arabesques with which nature saw fit to adorn yours. They suspect at once an interpolation by the devil when they hit upon ornamentally illuminated initials or other complexities which make the text a little hard to read."

"Hail Columbia, happy land!" said Madame, hiding her face in a cushion with a soft, low, and irrepressible laughter. "Do you know I think it is the heat," she cried, raising herself again and gazing at him with a strange, languid smile. "I feel so irrational and irresponsible. Come, let us take a walk, and you will give me your opinion of the artistic curiosities of the place. Hortense," she added, turning to the servant, "you may go to the butler and order another cover for dinner."

#### XIV.

It would give me sincere pleasure to assert that during the week that followed Hannibal Tarleton opposed an adamant heart and a stanch Anglo-Saxon fidelity to the ingenious wiles of the Countess de Salincourt. If Madame had been five years older, and had abandoned all pretense of being a young woman, and her consciousness of being a pretty one, Hannibal's Anglo-Saxon characteristics would undoubtedly have asserted themselves more brilliantly. As it was, he had to remind himself about ten times a day that he was really in love with another woman. The days flew along with a strangely accelerated motion, and as love is the most natural attitude of the soul, in such an atmosphere, their minds dwelt persistently upon this fascinating topic. They discussed it in all its possible phases, and arrived at the most novel and interesting conclusions. They

said everything beautiful and ingenious that could be said on the subject, until, at last, there seemed no possible escape from saying: "I love you," which was the only thing that neither of them said. They roamed together in the cool dusk of the cypress grove, they rowed and caught chub and gold-fish in the large artificial pond from which the fountains were supplied, they scraped the moss from the rococo nymphs and goddesses and criticized them like true connoisseurs. They dug for coins and visited a surreptitious dealer in antiquities in the town. They quarreled amicably about contested points of archaeology, Madame, from sheer perversity, maintaining that Livy was a safer authority than stray coins and inscriptions; and finally, they sat together at night on the superb balcony, listening to the whisper of the *tramontane* in the tree-tops, and gazing out over the green, rolling campagna, with the Eternal City in the misty distance. Hannibal, who slept and took his breakfast at an inn in Frascati, vowed every morning that to-day he would devote himself to work, and not see Madame until evening; but, somehow or other, there was no atmosphere of work about the place, while the air, the sun, the birds, and in fact all nature, seemed to join in a gentle but persistent summons to "loaf and invite one's soul." It was gloriously cool, too, even during the hottest hours of the day, in those vast stone halls at the villa, while his little room at the inn was only endurable when the *tramontane* was blowing. Paradoxical as it may seem, the sight of Madame, too, was cooling. She was always fresh. Never was a feather of her precious plumage even momentarily ruffled. There was something aesthetically satisfying about those airy tropical toilets, the very sight of which lowered the temperature by several degrees. Hannibal found the edge of his critical judgment growing perceptibly blunter in the presence of so much taste and beauty and intelligence; and Madame, who, in spite of her honest infatuation with the young man, still kept her observing eyes unclouded, concluded that it was merely a question of time when he should cut loose from his old allegiance and ask the decisive question for which she was waiting. She fully realized that she had much at stake; Providence had granted her this late Indian summer of love as a compensation for her many sufferings, and if she failed to improve this opportunity her youth would be irretrievably closed, and a long expanse of fading autumn was all that was in store for her. A woman could not afford at her time



of life to squander her precious emotion. I am not prepared to say that she was not right; it might all have reduced itself to a question of time. But, in this instance, Father Time, who was old enough to know better, took it into his head to play a prank on the Countess. Alice, who, according to a special arrangement with Madame de Calas, was to have sojourned at the Baths of Lucca for at least a month, arrived one evening unheralded and unexpected, upon a donkey, and shocked her friend's nerves so seriously that she would have remained in bed the following day if her prudence had not triumphed over her vexation. M. Alphonse de Calas, it appeared, being unfamiliar with the American style of courtship, had allowed his dramatic nature to run away with him. He had seized the first opportunity to propound the fatal question, and had thereby precipitated a premature *dénouement*, which was equally inconvenient to himself and Madame de Salincourt. After such an occurrence Alice naturally did not desire to accept his mother's hospitality, and, like the headstrong little New Englander that she was, had packed her trunk and started unattended, by rail, for Frascati.

The Countess, it must be admitted, bore her disappointment with diplomatic tact and coolness. Instead of going into hysterics, she embraced her rival affectionately, and began on the spot to make arrangements for a picnic to Tusculum. Her delightful trust in a benevolent Providence was at an end; and she was not foolish enough to ruin her chances by over-confidence. She was forced to strike while the iron was hot; and her stroke, after a brief reflection, assumed the shape of an expedition to the ancient villa of Cicero. She had half hoped that Alice would be too exhausted from her long journey to consent to being jostled on the back of a donkey for several miles on the following day; but, even after this hope had been disappointed, she kept up her courage and plotted with untiring zeal.

The sun rose large and radiant over the mists of the Campagna, and the vast sky was flooded with light. The world looked small and drowsy under the immeasurable vault of the heavens, and even the dome of St. Peter's melted into indistinctness on the dim horizon. The Sabine Mountains, unsubstantial as a vision in a dream, traced themselves softly against the upper sky and shone faintly in the airiest tints of blue and pearly gray. The horizon round about was of a misty white, which shaded by degrees into the intense, unfathomable blue of the zenith. It was nearly ten o'clock when Madame, after having kept Hannibal and the

donkeys waiting for two hours, appeared at the door, with a gold-mounted whip in her hand and in a toilet which was as appropriate as it was pretty. Hannibal had never suspected that simplicity could be made so stylish. Her clothes seemed to have been born, not made; only nature contrives to produce such an absolute fit. Alice, in her unpretentious white flannel, looked, in spite of her youth, a trifle clumsy at Madame's side; it was impossible to avoid observing that the latter was the product of an older and riper civilization. They both permitted themselves to be swung into the saddle without further ado, and the donkeys scrambled up the steep slope, zigzagging to the right and to the left in search of every patch of shade which the tall chestnut and the broad-crowned olive-trees flung across the road. Alice, who had hardly had time to realize as yet that she was on Italian soil, was in an eager and solemn frame of mind and absorbed impressions with wonderful avidity. The great stone pines, those green islands in the air, as Hawthorne called them, delighted her, and the dense, black-green cypresses, with their stiff and compact outline, growing in solemn companies along the hill-side, set her mind vibrating with a delicious poetic tremor.

"Doesn't it appear as if they were talking together?" she said to Hannibal, whose donkey, having small respect for authority, frisked about in a manner which made conversation difficult.

"Yes," answered he cheerfully. "They are probably at this moment exchanging lugubrious reminiscences of my distinguished predecessor and namesake whom Livy has black-guarded so shamefully. I believe he used to encamp somewhere in this region."

"Isn't it very odd," observed Alice soberly, "that no historian is ever just except to his own countrymen?"

"I don't find that so very odd; justice is a very rare article in this world. It implies an absence of mental bias to which only the loftiest minds can attain. I never flattered myself that I was or could be just to anybody. I am constantly vacillating from one extreme predilection to the opposite one. And toward women I find it much harder to exercise justice than toward men. I think, when the time comes for me to marry, I shall appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, I believe, has a reputation for judicial acumen and impartiality, and request it to decide between the various aspirants for the vacant throne of my heart. And if the one who is unsuccessful refuses to quit the premises, I shall have to procure a writ of ejectment."

He had uttered, in his thoughtless, bantering way, whatever happened to pop into his head,

and it did not occur to him, until the capricious donkey had afforded him a front view, that she might give his words a personal application. She looked serious and reproachful, but not offended.

"What are you children quarreling about?" cried Madame, who had been talking Italian with the guide and heard some interesting gossip about the *grandees* of the region.

"We were wondering what the cypresses are whispering in the long summer nights," said Hannibal. "I maintained that they were recalling the times of the Punic Wars."

"You were very foolish to maintain anything of the kind. Don't you know they are whispering about the loves of Montagues and Capulets, of the passionate intrigues of Borgias, Borgheses, and Barberinis, and of the nephews and nieces of the popes who grew to manhood and womanhood in these stately villas?"

"I admit that your supposition is the more probable," assented the young man, bringing his animal alongside that of Madame while the guide fell behind and joined Alice. Reaching the wide, wind-swept heights around the ancient villa of Cicero, they dismounted to inspect the scanty remains of its ancient grandeur. The small amphitheater, the *piscina*, a large reservoir or aquarium in four compartments, and, above all, the superb view of the Campagna, the Sabine Mountains, and the distant glimpses of the Mediterranean, successively arrested their attention. In the shelter of a rude stuccoed hut, near by, they tied their donkeys and sat down to lunch. The fragments of ancient marbles found in the neighborhood, which had been thought unworthy of a place in a museum, have been built into the walls of this anomalous edifice and firmly imbedded in the mortar. There was something absurd and yet pathetic in the sight of this anatomical collection of broken marble limbs and maimed goddesses, who looked dignified even in their decay. Learning from the guide that a neighboring villa was inhabited for the summer by a French family which she knew well, Madame resolved to abandon her antiquarian researches at Tusculum and to make her presence known to her friends. It was in vain that Hannibal and Alice protested; Madame was seized with a sudden irresistible longing for the occupants of the villa. The distance being short and the view constantly more magnificent, they soon forgot their reluctance to bear her company, and the welcome they received at the villa was so cordial that they readily consented to being detained until after moonrise. They then took a light supper, and again summoning their donkeys, were jostled up and down the steep hill-sides toward Tusculum. It was at a caprice of the Countess that they took

this route instead of the more direct one to Frascati; but again they had occasion to congratulate themselves on having taken her advice, for the æsthetic profits of a moonlight excursion through this venerable landscape were rich beyond expression. They talked in an enthusiastic strain, and even Madame seemed serious. A throbbing undercurrent of excitement gave a strange fervor to her speech. She made observations which for simple, unaffected beauty could hardly be surpassed. She seemed to be in profound harmony with the scene and the night. There was something rich and tender in her which vibrated lightly at every breath of emotion. Hannibal, for fear of betraying his admiration, felt called upon to make an occasional irreverent remark simply because he felt uncertain of himself and suspected that if he should give free rein to his sentiment he would do or say something which to-morrow he would be likely to regret.

"He was a very swell fellow, that Cicero," he said, as they dismounted once more at the ruin, and stood gazing out over the mist-flooded Campagna, from which the broken aqueducts rose in ethereal lightness; "if I had known in my school-days that he kept a private aquarium and a theater, I should have had greater respect for his opinions on 'Old Age' and 'Friendship.' To think that the old fellow may have sat on this very spot dictating to his slave those drowsy compositions—it makes my blood run cold. I have, however, a sufficiently high opinion of Cicero to believe that, if he had foreseen that some nineteen hundred years after his death an innocent little boy in the United States, named Hannibal Tarleton, would be shut up in solitary confinement, and forced to commit to memory five pages, beginning with, '*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina,*' etc., and all for having given a friend a black eye,—if Cicero, I say, had foreseen such dire consequences from his activity, he would have let Catiline and his conspiracy alone, or, at all events, withheld his eloquence from publication."

The Countess, who was leaning upon his arm while he spoke, stood listening in reproachful silence. Alice and the guide had climbed to a hill near by, from which they had a wider view of the moon-lighted, mist-flooded landscape.

"You Americans are a queer people," said Madame thoughtfully; "there is nothing under the sun which you respect. It may be because you are unhampered by traditions of any kind, that you are destined, for a couple of centuries to come, to lead the world. For we on this side of the water are engaged in getting rid of our traditions. You who have none to get rid of will advance the faster."

"That is a clever way of rebuking me for my disrespect to Cicero," remarked Hannibal, laughing. "Confess that it jarred upon you; and yet you have kindly arrived at the conclusion that my offense was chargeable to my progressive American spirit. You are a better friend than I once gave you credit for being."

"There can exist no mere relation of friendship between you and me," she said, in an ecstatic whisper, and gazing out into the moonlight with large, radiant eyes. "It must be something more or something less."

Her words seemed addressed to the heavens or to nature in general, and in spite of their intensity seemed to have no personal bearing. He looked sideways at her upturned face with the gentle light upon it, and pressed her arm more closely to his side; in the next moment the suspicion awoke whether she might not be acting. But he brushed the thought away with scorn. She was adorable, she was sublime.

They were standing at the upper tier of seats of the Ciceronian theater, the interior of which slopes below the level of the surrounding land. With a common impulse they descended step by step until they were only a few tiers above the stage. The evening wind sang softly in the tops of the solitary plane-trees and ilexes which cut the line of the horizon, and the moon drifted behind their dense crowns, tracing them in black silhouettes against the light.

"Do you know," said Hannibal, looking up into the nocturnal sky and sweeping with a glance the wide horizon, "I feel as if I had been led to the pinnacle of a mountain to be shown all the kingdoms of the world spread out before me."

"And do you mean to extend the comparison to your companion?" asked Madame earnestly. "You know who it was who led Christ to the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, saying: 'All these things will I give you, if, etc.'"

He was silent for a while, but did not release his hold of her arm.

"I expressed myself maladroitly," he said at length. "I meant to say that I felt as if I were standing on a pinnacle of history, seeing all the civilizations of the past passing in a grand panorama before me. It gives me a kind of shuddering veneration for the very stones upon which I am treading, when I think of what storms of historic action have passed over them, what turbulent tides of ever-changing life. Pardon me if I appear to be spouting; but it is the first time in my life that my sensations, on a remarkable spot, have come up to my expectations."

"I like to hear you 'spouting,' as you call it," said the Countess eagerly, "and I sympa-

thize profoundly with your feeling, and in your sober reflections I recognize your better self."

"How you and I have changed rôles!" Hannibal was about to say; but feeling a vague tenderness for his companion in her solemn mood, he forbore.

"Isn't it glorious to think," she went on, in her rich voice, in which there was a note of exalted enthusiasm, "that on this stage may have been declaimed, in their native Greek, the *Antigone*, the *Œdipus*, the *Iphigenia in Tauris*, and all the master-pieces of the ancient world? I can imagine the grand lament of *Electra*, the dark prophecies of *Cassandra*, and the sublime defiance of *Prometheus*, resounding even now among these ruined stones. I feel a strong impulse to unburden all the tragic intensity within me. Don't be afraid! You know I am sometimes half mad. I am going to recite *Shakespeare* to the moon. You and the shade of *Cicero* will listen."

With three stately steps she reached the stage, spread her hands against the sky, and, in a voice of intense emotion, began:

"Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;  
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek;  
For that which thou hast heard me say to-night.  
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny  
What I have spoke. But farewell compliment!  
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;  
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,  
Thou may'st prove false; at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo!  
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:  
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,  
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,  
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.  
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;  
And therefore thou may'st think my behavior light;  
But, trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true  
Than those who have more cunning to be strange."

She paused for a moment and stood gazing, as if in mute supplication, toward the star-besprinkled sky. Then, with uplifted countenance and in a voice of exquisite sweetness and fervor, she continued:

"Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,  
That runaway's eyes may wink; and Romeo  
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen.  
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,  
With thy black mantle. . . .  
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! Come, thou day in  
night,  
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night  
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.  
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd  
night,  
Give me my Romeo; and when he shall die,  
Take him and cat him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night,  
And pay no worship to the garish sun."

Her voice, rising in such impassioned accents through the still night, thrilled him—he knew not why. He felt remotely that it was all addressed to him, and a wild impulse rose within him to spring forward and clasp her to his breast, as he had done once before, now, as it seemed, ages ago. But something—a whisper of conscience, a dim suspicion, an undefined dread—held him back; and he clung to the stone upon which he was sitting as if by the physical clutch he could master the eager longing. He had no censure for her—no accusing thoughts. His joy in her physical grandeur and the beauty of her declamation warmed his heart toward her and dimmed his reproach into a confused pity and admiring regret.

"I think it is time we should see what has become of Alice," he said, rising and looking up toward the eastern hills.

"Oh, don't speak to me of Alice!" cried Madame, hastening to his side. "What have you and I to do with Alice?"

"We are responsible to her father that she does not come to harm," said Hannibal gently. He felt her tremulous grasp upon his arm and the quick beat of her heart against his breast.

"You mean to tell me, then," she whispered, gazing beseechingly into his face, "that you still belong to her; that you have played with me these many years, and seen, with superior pity, my love for you growing from hour to hour. Oh, yes, I know what you are going to say! I know it all! It was I who first made you untrue, and

'Why should I think you can be mine and true, Who have been false to "Alice?"'

Well, you are proud now, I hope, that you have accomplished what you set out to do, and gained an unhappy woman's love that you may scornfully fling it back into her face. You wished to humiliate me in the dust in return, perhaps, for what you thought I had done to Alice, and you have had your wish."

There was something touchingly humble and mournful in her words; as pure declamation nothing could have been more admirably effective. But Hannibal, upon whom her beauty always heightened the effect of whatever she said, was too profoundly moved to judge her cynically; and who knows but in that moment of sympathetic emotion he judged her more truly than he did after his worldly wisdom had had time to assert itself? As he reflected swiftly on all that had happened, he began to see his own conduct in a different and less favorable light. Having

followed Madame to Frascati, contrary to her wish, and daily shown his delight in her company, why was she not warranted in believing that all this had been the usual preliminary to a declaration of love? She was certainly yet beautiful and accomplished enough to have a right to expect to be loved for her own sake. While he was standing with averted face wrestling with these thoughts, all seemed darkness before him. Wherever he turned, whatever he did, he would bring misfortune upon some one. And yet his heart clung to the brave and pure Alice, but whether in pity or in love it was hard just then to determine. While thus thinking, he made an instinctive movement to release the Countess's hold of his arm. But she clutched it only the more desperately, and flinging her other hand across his shoulder, continued to plead with suppressed ardor: "I know you will not leave me, Hannibal. You could not if you would. You were born to live with me upon the heights of existence, not to grovel with some meanly honest soul in the sordid depths. What do we care for that small, and chill, and miserable life, for which, merely to torment me, you feign such tenderness? That was what you said to me years ago, was it not, when we first found each other? Have you forgotten that, Hannibal? No, surely, you have not. You were glorious then in your strong and fearless youth, when you pressed me to your heart like a young god, without pausing to ask my consent. It was that stormy fervor of yours which won me. Thus, I thought, no puny mortal woos; and, though I hardly knew it, I have loved you from that moment, Hannibal. I have regretted a thousand times that I thrust you away when you came to me, and I have been ready to brave all to win you back. In comparison with a love like that, what has your shy, pale-blooded Alice to offer you? A few honest tears, no doubt, a decent, coy reluctance, as custom and modesty demand, and then a meek surrender. And after that, a long stretch of unrelieved humdrum. If that is all you ask of life, then go and forget me, if you can."

She flung his arm away with a dramatic gesture and raised herself up to her full height, gazing upon him with an air of outraged majesty. But as, without venturing to speak, he made a motion to take her advice, she sprang forward and, bursting into tears, flung herself upon his neck.

"Oh, do not leave me," she cried in despair. "I cannot live without you! Have pity on me, Hannibal, and do not fling me away! I have so much to give you. If you only knew me as I know you! You think I am worldly,



do you not? Would a worldly woman who has wealth and position and a noble name exchange all these things to be the wife of a poor artist whom she loves? No, no, Hannibal, you know she would not. Why are you so silent? Why don't you speak and tell me that you love me? It is not fair that you should humble me in my own eyes by your unresponsive coldness. You are only trying to cheat yourself, but you cannot do it long."

The last words were uttered in a tenderly coaxing voice, while she brushed away her tears and strove to look him playfully in the eyes. But when she found no response to her tenderness in his rigid features, her expression suddenly changed, she took a step backward, let her hands drop to her sides, and measured him slowly with her eyes. There was just a touch of histrionic art both in the pause and in the gesture, and a load was lifted from his heart as he perceived it. If, a moment ago, he had been too lenient in his judgment, he was now too merciless.

"Oh, I understand," she burst out angrily; "it was that snake of a girl who stole you away from me. She came very opportunely and her story seemed quite plausible. If it had not been for her—oh, if it had not been for her! It takes those coy and saintly looking girls to invent the shrewdest lies. But wait, only wait, and I shall be even with her yet! I am not such a lamb as you think, Monsieur Hannibal. I have teeth and I have claws" (she flung forward a hand, showing five carefully polished and rose-tinted nails), "and I might scratch the tender skin of your *fiancée*, if she isn't careful. They have told you, perhaps, in Paris, that I am not as harmless as I look. Perhaps they are right. I am not threatening you, but I warn you for your own good."

"Well, I will take your hint, Madame," he said sternly. "You have been improvising a fine tragedy for me here upon the antique stage, and I understand well that you had no intention of being interpreted literally. Nevertheless, it happens to suit my convenience to take my leave of you now, and even if we do not meet again, I shall not be apt to forget the debt of gratitude which I owe you. You have been very kind to me, Madame, and whatever you may have recited to the moon, the moon may remember, though I should forget it. Farewell."

He turned sharply away from her and walked rapidly up the slope. When he was about a hundred feet distant, he glanced back over his shoulder, and saw the Countess seated where he had left her with her face buried in her hands. He even thought that he heard his name called, but the wind was blowing away from him, and the long, despairing

sound was so incorporeally light as to seem unreal. The distance, the moonlight, or possibly the weird antiquity of the spot, had deprived it of all human quality. It was as if a spirit had called from the upper air. He hastened his steps up the rugged hill-side in a strangely desperate mood; he paused to call Alice's name, but the sound died away between his lips into a confused whisper. He saw something white shimmering on the gnarled trunk of an olive-tree, and thought it was a veil or handkerchief fluttering in the wind; but as he approached it, it melted away and vanished. There was an unceasing noise in his ears like the rush of many waters, but whether it was the wind or a purely imaginary sound he could not determine. The shadows of the plane-trees and ilexes lay like black silhouettes on the brown turf, and the lighter cloud-shadows scudded along with a fierce speed, climbed the barren slope, and vanished. The landscape wore an air of deep solemnity; and the solitude, mingling in the wind with the gray, historic memories, imparted to it a shuddering picturesqueness, impalpably heightened by the barrenness of the soil, the moon, and the shade of Cicero. And below, at the edge of the Campagna, the Eternal City reared its domes and towers lightly in a fairy-like mist against the sky, and far away beyond Ostia the sea glimmered like a long, silvery stripe along the western horizon.

Hannibal had walked more than fifteen minutes, and was beginning to feel apprehensive, when he found the guide sitting on a stone smoking, and two donkeys tugging at their halters in their efforts to extort some nourishment from the brown turf.

"Where is the signorina?" he cried in alarm.

"She is not far away, signor," answered the guide, pointing with his whip up the hill-side.

"You need not wait for us, Giacomo," said Hannibal, when, after a moment's search, he discovered the girl's slim form outlined against the sky. "The Countess will need you; she is waiting for you at the ruins."

With rapid steps he hurried up to the spot where Alice was standing, and was breathless when he reached her side.

"Something has happened," he said gravely, "which will make it impossible for you to return to the Countess de Salincourt. I want you to accompany me to the villa where we spent the afternoon, and I know they will give you shelter for the night."

She looked at him without surprise, but in a strangely searching manner.

"You must tell me what has happened," she said at last, "and I shall judge for myself."

"I cannot tell you now, but if you have

any faith in me, take my word this time, and do what I ask of you."

"The Countess has always been kind to me, and I cannot leave her so unceremoniously because, possibly, she has been unkind to you."

"Oh, she has not been unkind to me," he groaned, seizing her hand. "On the contrary, since you compel me to speak, she has been too kind to me. She hates you, Alice, because I love you, and she has threatened to do you harm if you return to her again."

"She will do me no harm," said the girl placidly; "she has a good heart, and if she is in trouble, I will try to console her."

Heedless of his pleading, she started down the hill-side, Hannibal following close behind her. At the Ciceronian villa they found their donkeys tied, but both Madame and the guide were gone. Silently they rode down the long, winding path toward Frascati, and it was not yet midnight when they reached Madame's villa. They saw lights moving rapidly before the windows, and heard ponderous doors slamming and hurried footsteps resounding through the long stone corridors. The Countess had been taken ill, they were told, and a servant had been sent for the English doctor at the Villa Falconieri. The house was in a terrible commotion, and Hannibal, racked with remorse, hovered about the garden, and ventured neither to enter nor to return to his lodgings. Finally he summoned courage to lift the huge brass knocker, and was fairly frightened at the terrible resonance it awakened through the vast and empty halls. The door was promptly opened, and he made his way to the great *sala*, where he found Alice pacing up and down the floor in distress. She had seen the Countess, she said, but what else had occurred he could not extort from her. In the immense room with the whole Olympic hierarchy careering, in fresco, over the walls, they felt themselves so small and powerless; and the mere chill and terror of the night drew them together and opened their souls in confidence. In the corners of a tapestried sofa, which seemed to have been designed for the use of Titans, they sat holding each other's hands through the long hours of the night, and when the morning dawned they had agreed to seek forthwith the Episcopal clergyman in Rome, and to telegraph their union across the Atlantic, in advance of their arrival. They had just settled the details

of this arrangement, and had taken a light breakfast, preparatory to their departure, when a messenger arrived from Madame, requesting their presence at her bedside. They looked at each other with a puzzled air, but when, after a moment's hesitation, Alice took the lead, Hannibal could not very well refuse to follow.

Madame was lying in a gorgeous bed, curtained and canopied in a style that was truly regal. She was propped up with pillows, and was dressed to the waist in a pale pink sacque with cascades of the finest lace. It was not to be denied that it was very becoming. Her face was interestingly pale and languid (with a suspicion of rice powder), and she leaned backward among the satin pillows with the air of a suffering queen. The room was pervaded with a strong odor of medicine. She beckoned feebly to the young couple, and they stepped wonderingly up to her bedside.

"Kneel down," she whispered, "so that I can reach you."

With increased wonder they knelt.

"God bless you," said the Countess solemnly, raising herself with difficulty, and laying her hands upon their heads; and as they arose, she drew Alice down to her, kissed her cheek, and with her eyes wandering toward the ceiling, whispered: "That happiness was not for me, darling; and it was wrong in me to desire that which was yours."

As they retreated through the door she waved them a feeble adieu.

"She is inexhaustible in surprises," ejaculated Hannibal, when they stood once more under the open sky; "but that last act was certainly impressive."

"O Hannibal," said Alice reproachfully, "you don't mean that."

"Of course not. Not at all," he murmured, with a skeptical smile.

At noon they made the acquaintance of the American clergyman who represents the Episcopal Church in Rome; and in the beautiful church in the Via Nazionale, whose empty vault gave a solemn resonance to the minister's voice, the ceremony was performed. The following day, as they were about to take the steamer from Ostia to Marseilles, a congratulatory dispatch arrived from Uncle Joel, while Mr. Beach, who was never overburdened with sentiment, telegraphed a more qualified approval, in the shape of a draft on his Parisian bankers.

*Hjalmar H. Boyesen.*

## CHRISTIANITY AND WEALTH.

THE Christian economists of America are confronting a great problem. The wealth of the country is increasing at a prodigious rate. Every census shows the population multiplying, and wealth multiplying much faster than the population. In 1860 the estimated valuation of all the property, real and personal, in the United States was a little over \$16,000,000,000; in 1870 it was a little more than \$24,000,000,000; and between these dates came a wasting war, with the destruction of a million of producers, and the extinguishment of property in slaves reckoned at \$1,500,000,000. The census estimates for 1880 put the wealth of the nation at \$43,642,000,000, and make the United States the richest nation in the world, exceeding Great Britain by several hundred millions. Signs of this increase of wealth appear on every hand: railroads, factories, farm buildings and machinery, warehouses and docks, long lines of wholesale stores and retail shops, great financial institutions, banks, insurance companies, trust companies for the storage and use of capital; houses going up in the cities and the towns by the hundred thousand, many of them palaces; equipages, furniture, rich costumes, costly works of art. The one impression made upon the mind of the philosophical observer who makes a tour of the watering-places, and notes the scale on which multitudes of his fellow-citizens are living, is that this is a rich country. He may doubt whether these people can all afford to spend so much; but the money is here, else they could not be spending it. It may not all rightly belong to them, but it is in their hands, and no one can see the floods of it that are poured out without feeling sure that there must be oceans of it.

In 1860 the census told us that if all the property of this country were equally divided, there would be for every man, woman, and child about \$514. In 1870 the share of each would have been \$624. In 1880 the valuation per capita is \$814. The population increased during these twenty years a little more than 59 per cent., the wealth a little more than 151 per cent. These figures are reduced to a gold basis, and do not take into account the fluctuations of an inflated paper currency.

This increase of wealth appears, in a somewhat less marked degree, in the mother country. The national wealth of England in 1860 was estimated at \$26,000,000,000; in 1870 at \$34,000,000,000; in 1880 at \$43,000,000,000.

It is easy to discover a part, at least, of the sources of this swelling flood of wealth. Vast areas of fertile land in this and other countries have been brought under cultivation; better methods of agriculture have added to the productiveness of the lands cultivated (the production of cereals in this country in 1879 was considerably more than twice that of 1869); mines have been developed on an enormous scale, yielding untold stores of the precious and the useful minerals; the discovery of petroleum has added another to the great staples of commerce; railroads, pushed in every direction, unlock the resources of new countries and bring their wealth to waiting markets; steam-ships sail from every shore with the contributions of all the continents to the world's trade; above all, machinery, driven by steam, or falling water, or imprisoned air, or electricity, is multiplying the power of man to turn the crude products of the earth into forms that shall serve his needs or gratify his desires.

The world is fast growing richer; of this there can be no doubt. And what has the Christian moralist to say about it? Does the ethical system of which he is the exponent authorize him to say anything, and if so, what? Should he teach that this increase of wealth is a good thing or an evil thing; a blessing to be rejoiced in, or a misery to be deplored?

One fact thrusts itself in our faces as soon as we ask this question: this great increase of wealth is visible mainly, after all, in Christian lands. We said that the world is growing rich, but it is our world — the world with which we are brought into closest political and commercial relations — of which this is true; it is not true of the teeming populations of Africa, save of those tribes that have received Christianity; of them it is true. It is not true of China, nor of India, nor of Persia, nor of Turkey to any great extent.

I have referred to the change wrought, in respect of wealth, in the tribes that have lately received Christianity. This is a notable phenomenon. When we wish to prove the beneficent nature of Christianity we often mention this. Pointing to such a people as the Hawaiians or the Zulus, we say: Remember what they were before the missionaries visited them, and now look at them. They had no houses, no clothing to speak of, few cultivated fields, and these but rudely cultivated; no stores of food

to keep them from famine. Now they dwell in ceiled houses; they are clad in the garments of civilization; many of the comforts of home are in their houses; they are cultivating the soil with skill and success; they have barns, plows, hoes, many instruments of husbandry; they are learning some of the mechanical arts; they produce more than they need, and have a surplus for less fruitful seasons. That is to say, there has been a great increase of wealth among them. Every one of the statements that we have made, respecting their changed condition comes under this generalization. We say, therefore, and say truly, that one effect invariably produced by Christianity upon an uncivilized people receiving it, is to multiply the wealth of that people. We point to that result as an evidence that Christianity is a blessing to mankind. The major premise of the syllogism here involved must be that the increase of wealth is a benefit rather than an injury to men.

If the Christian moralist were called on to justify this proposition, he would be likely to appeal to the Scriptures, and he would find plenty of Scripture on his side. In the Old Testament, especially, this doctrine is almost fundamental. The connection of prosperity with righteousness is taught on almost every page. When the old servant of Abraham went to the far land of Padan Aram after a wife for his young master, Isaac, he wanted to make on the kindred of Rebekah a strong impression of the fact that God had been his master's friend, and this was the way he put it: "I am Abraham's servant; and the Lord hath blessed my master greatly, and he is become great." What is the proof of this? "He hath given him flocks and herds, and silver and gold, and men-servants and maid-servants, and camels and asses." This was the evidence that God had blessed his master. Everywhere in the Old Testament statements are found in which the possession and the increase of wealth are adduced as proofs of the favor of God.

In the New Testament this teaching is not contradicted, though the proportion is somewhat changed. Our Lord admonishes us, indeed, that a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things that he possesses; he means that we shall learn to regard material good as inferior to spiritual good—a truth not so clearly brought out in most of the Old Testament references to prosperity. But Jesus himself promises that the meek shall "inherit the earth"; that to those who seek *first* the kingdom of God all earthly good shall be added; and his apostle tells us that godliness has promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come. So far, therefore, as the Christian documents are concerned, the increase of wealth is abundantly approved.

Christianity expects to see the possessions of men multiply—their lands bringing forth abundantly, their garner filled, their homes supplied with comfort and adorned with beauty.

It has good reason to expect this, for its uniform effect upon human nature is to create in man many of those wants which it is the office of wealth to supply. The savage has few wants; the fully developed Christian has many; the progress of the savage from barbarism up to Christian civilization consists largely in the multiplication of his wants. A missionary lately returned from Africa testified that the great difficulty with the natives, as the missionaries found them, was that they had so few wants; "their greatest want was a want." How to develop in them the sense of want—that was the problem for the missionaries. It was a great encouragement when one day a Zulu found out that he wanted a wash-basin. Pretty soon he wanted a shirt and a pair of trousers, and, after a little, a house with a chimney, and a hoe, and a plow, and by and by he wanted a book to read; and when he had got all this property he was a wealthy man compared with his neighbors. So Christianity always has the effect to develop faculties that require for their exercise the possession of property, and to waken desires that can be gratified only by the use of those material goods whose aggregate we call wealth. If it develops these faculties, it must expect us to exercise them; if it awakens these desires, it intends to have them gratified.

The Christian moralist must say, then, that the increase of wealth is not of itself an evil; that it is, instead, a blessing to mankind. This is not to say that it is a blessing to a child to be born rich; but it is surely better to be born into a community filled with the resources and the opportunities that wealth creates. At any rate, it is historically certain that the reception of Christianity by a people who have hitherto lived under any other form of religion will result in greatly increasing the material prosperity of that people. Christianity cannot be hostile to the production of wealth without making war upon itself; for it is the one grand cause of the production of wealth in modern times.

BUT now comes a harder question. How is this growing wealth divided? Is it rightly or wrongly divided? If it is wrongly divided, has the Christian moralist anything to say about a better way? Christianity, as we have seen, has much to do with the production of wealth; has it anything to do with its distribution?

We saw a little while ago that there is enough wealth in the country so that, if it were equally divided, there would be for



each person eight hundred and fourteen dollars; a family of six persons would have, say, something less than five thousand dollars' worth of property, of one sort or another. But the wealth of the country is not equally divided. One man recently exhibited evidences of wealth amounting to seventy-three millions of dollars, and said that this was only part of his estate. If the property of the country were divided into shares as big as this, it would hardly go round; in fact, about five or six hundred men would own it all, and there would be more than fifty millions of us who would not have a penny apiece. We shall all agree that this would not be a judicious distribution. Yet there are quite a number of persons in this country who count their gains by tens of millions, and hundreds who count by millions. If any one will take pains to find out how many millionaires there were in the United States forty years ago, he will get a vivid idea of the increase of wealth. Besides this considerable and constantly growing class of the very rich, there are thousands who have attained to competence, and even to opulence, who are able to live in elegance, without labor, on their accumulations. Then comes a larger class of the well-to-do, who by combining the income from their savings with moderate earnings are able to live in comfort, and even to allow themselves many luxuries. It is impossible to draw the line between the rich and the poor; but as we descend the scale of material possessions, we come next upon a large class of those commonly called poor, who live in a measure of comfort, and who have attained to some degree of independence, who earn a decent livelihood and have a few hundred dollars invested in a dwelling or in the savings-bank or in a life insurance. Below these still, there is another large class of the really poor, of those whose earnings are small, whose life is comfortless, who have nothing laid by, who are often coming to want, many of whom frequently become a charge upon society, either through their failure to fulfill their contracts or through their receipt of public or private charity. This class of the very poor — those who are just on the borders of pauperism or fairly over the borders — is rapidly growing. Wealth is increasing very fast; poverty, even pauperism, is increasing still more rapidly.

"Unpleasant as it may be to admit it," says a late writer, "it is at last becoming evident that the enormous increase in productive power which has marked the present century, and is still going on with accelerating ratio, has no tendency to extirpate poverty, or to lighten the burdens of those compelled to toil. It simply widens the gulf between Dives

and Lazarus, and makes the struggle for existence more intense. The march of invention has clothed mankind with powers of which, a century ago, the boldest imagination could not have dreamed. But in factories where labor-saving machinery has reached its most wonderful development, little children are at work; wherever the new forces are anything like fully utilized large classes are maintained by charity, or live on the verge of recourse to it. . . . In the United States it is clear that squalor and misery, and the vices and crimes that spring from them, everywhere increase as the village grows to the city, and the march of development brings the advantages of the improved methods of production and exchange. It is in the older and richer sections of the Union that pauperism and distress among the working classes are becoming most painfully apparent."\*

These words of Mr. Henry George are not overstatements of the fact. We may say what we please about Mr. George's explanation of the fact; for my own part I do not regard it as a sufficient explanation; but the most orthodox political economists, Mr. David A. Wells, for example, have borne testimony to the truth which Mr. George thus emphasizes.

Plainly there is something out of joint in our machinery of distribution, or this state of things could not be. During the past fourteen years the wealth of this nation has increased much faster than the population, but the people who work for wages are little if any better off than they were fourteen years ago. They are better off now than they were in the hard times, seven or eight years ago; but not in much better condition than they were when the census of 1870 was taken. It is doubtful whether the average daily wages of the mechanic, the laborer, or the operative will purchase for him more of the necessities of life now than at that time. At any rate, the gain, if gain there has been, must be very slight. What is true of the wage-laborer is true, also, of the small trader who subsists upon the laborer's patronage, and also quite largely of clerks and of teachers, as well as of those professional men whose services are chiefly in request among the poorer classes. There is a considerable class in the community whose fortunes are closely linked with those of the wage-laborers.

This, then, is the existing state of things. The production of wealth in the country increases enormously year by year; the workingman's share of what is produced, and the share of those economically affiliated with the workingman, increases very slowly. This is exactly what Professor Cairnes laid down, some years ago, as the law governing the

\* "Progress and Poverty," pp. 7-9.

present industrial system — "a constant growth of the national capital, with a nearly equally constant decline in the *proportion* of capital which goes to support productive labor." And the result of this, as he points out, must be "a harsh separation of classes, combined with those glaring inequalities in the distribution of wealth, which most people will agree are among the chief elements of our social instability." And Professor Henry Carter Adams has lately declared it to be a fact that "the benefits of the present civilization are not impartially distributed, and that the laborer of to-day, as compared with the non-laboring classes, holds a relatively inferior position to that maintained in former times. The laborer himself interprets this to mean that the principle of distribution, which modern society has adopted, is unfair to him." By "former times," I suppose that Professor Adams means fifty years ago, and not five hundred.\* Five centuries ago the laborer was commonly a slave. But as compared with recent years, the laborer's *relative* position in society is certainly lower than formerly. Great as the inequality now is, Professor Cairnes says that under the present industrial system it is sure to increase; that "the rich will be growing richer, and the poor, at least relatively, poorer."

What has the Christian moralist to say about this state of things? He is bound to say that it is a bad state of things, and must somehow be reformed. He is bound to declare that "the laborer is worthy of his hire"; that, in the words of the apostle Paul, "the husbandman that laboreth must be the first to partake of the fruits." The broad equities of Christ's rule demand that this great increase of wealth be made, somehow, to inure to the benefit, in a far larger degree, of the people by whose labor it is produced. He will not deny that the capitalist should have a fair reward for his prudence and his abstinence; he will not refuse to the "undertaker," the *entrepreneur*, the organizer of labor, who stands between capitalist and laborer, enabling them to combine in the production of wealth, that large reward to which his superior intelligence and experience entitle him; but he will still insist that the workman ought to have a larger share than he is getting now of the wealth that grows so rapidly under his hands. And Christianity, by the lips of all its teachers, ought with all its emphasis to say to society: "Your

present industrial system, which fosters these enormous inequalities, which permits a few to heap up all the gains of this advancing civilization, and leaves the many without any substantial share in them, is an inadequate and inequitable system, and needs important changes to make it the instrument of righteousness."

But when this testimony is borne, we shall hear men answering after this fashion: "Suppose it is wrong; what are you going to do about it? Would you have the state take possession of all the property and divide it equally among its citizens?"

To this question an answer will promptly come from another quarter before the Christian moralist has time to open his mouth: "Certainly. That is the Christian solution of the problem. That is exactly what the first Christians did at Jerusalem, after the Pentecost." But to this the Christian moralist, as soon as he gets a chance to put in his word, will be likely to reply that whatever division of property was made at Jerusalem was made voluntarily, and not under compulsion of the state; and that it affords, therefore, no precedent for the communistic schemes.

In the second place, he will deny that the whole property of those disciples was put into a common fund out of which all were supported. They had "all things common" in this sense, that each man *considered* his property as held by him in trust for the benefit of all that were in need. "Not one of them said that aught of the things he possessed was his own." Each one must, then, have possessed some things. But no one said, "My money is my own, and I will do what I please with it"; every one said, "My money is for the service of the wants of my brethren as well as of my own wants." And "as *any* man had need," they sold their possessions and goods, so far as it was necessary, and supplied his needs. That is about all that can be got out of this narrative of the Acts of the Apostles. It is plain that there was in Jerusalem a voluntary consecration by each member of the infant church of his property to the supply of the actual needs of the brotherhood. That is, no doubt, the Christian rule; but that stops a long way short of the communistic dogmas.

Perhaps the question with which we are trying to grapple will be more easily handled if we divide it just here into two separate inquiries:

1. What ought Christians to ask the state to do toward a more equitable distribution of

\* Mr. Giffen has lately shown that the English laborer is much better off to-day than he was fifty years ago. But Mr. Giffen neglected to say that the first quarter of this century was one of the darkest times in the history of English labor. Fifty years ago the English laborer was little better than a pauper. From that depression he has, no doubt, rallied; but it is by no means clear that his real remuneration is greater at the present time than it was three hundred years ago. Professor Thorold Rogers, in his exhaustive historical treatise upon English work and wages, puts Mr. Giffen's figures in the proper light.

wealth? What should be attempted in this direction by political methods?

2. What should Christians teach that individuals ought to do to promote a more equitable distribution of wealth?

First, then, it is undoubtedly the duty of Christians to do what they can by means of law to secure a better industrial system. But this is not saying that Christians should ask the state to take the property of the rich and distribute it among the poor. It is true that the state does something in this direction already. It takes, by taxation, the property of the rich in large amounts, and expends it for the benefit of all, the poor equally with the rich. Thousands who pay no taxes at all have the full benefit of streets, street-lamps, sewers, sidewalks, water, police, fire department, and schools, not to speak of important provisions made exclusively for the poor, such as city physicians and dispensaries, almshouses, insane hospitals, and the like. The destitute classes thus get the benefit of a considerable distribution of property annually enforced by the state. And it is pretty clear that the state is now going quite as far in this direction as it is safe to go. Certainly we want no more eleemosynary distribution of money by the state than we have now. The time may come when the nation will be compelled to take under its control, if not into its ownership, the railroads and the telegraphs, and administer them for the common good. They are falling, in far too large a degree, into the hands of men who use them for the spoiling of our commerce and the corruption of our politics. But the wisdom or the equity of this measure is not yet so clear that it can be demanded as an act of public justice, and therefore the Christian moralist will not yet venture to pronounce upon it.

There are, however, one or two things that he will insist upon as the immediate duty of the state. Certain outrageous monopolies exist that the state is bound to crush. It is an outrage on public justice that half a dozen men should be able to control the entire fuel supply of New York and New England, forbidding the miners to work more than two or three days in a week, lest the operatives of the New England mills or the 'longshoremen of the New York wharves should get their coal at a little smaller price per ton. This forcible suppression of an industry by which one of the necessities of life is furnished, this violent interference with the natural laws of trade in the interest of a few monopolists, is so contrary to public justice and public policy that some way must be found of making an end of it. The coal barons must not be permitted to enrich them-

selves by compelling the miners to starve at one end of their lines and the operatives to freeze at the other. In like manner the great lines of transportation from the West are under the control of three or four men, and although they have not hitherto been able to combine in such a way as greatly to enhance the price of breadstuffs, it is not improbable that combinations will yet take place by which such a levy will be made upon the food of the nation. Even now the oil in the poor man's lamp is heavily taxed by a greedy monopoly. All these iniquitous encroachments upon the rights of the people must be arrested; and it is the duty of every Christian, as the servant of a God of justice and righteousness, to say so in terms that cannot be misunderstood.

Another gigantic public evil that the state must exterminate is that of gambling in stocks and produce. This system of gambling in margins is a system of piracy; by means of it hundreds of millions of dollars are plundered every year from the industrial classes. It is treason to say that it cannot be put down; it must be put down or it will destroy the nation. It is the vampire that is sucking the life-blood of our commerce; it is the dragon that is devouring the moral vigor of our young men. When these monsters of the Stock and Produce Exchanges are killed, and a few of our great monopolies are laid low, the greatest obstructions to a free distribution of wealth will be removed, and the working classes will secure a larger share of the product of their industry than they are getting now. All such violent hindrances to a free and fair exchange of commodities and services—all such hungry parasites of industry—the state is bound to remove, and Christian morality calls on all its professors to enforce this obligation on the state.

Beyond this they cannot go far in this direction. To urge a distribution among the poor, by the power of the state, of the goods of the rich, would be a blunder so nearly criminal in its dimensions as fairly to justify Fouqué's paradox. No one who clearly apprehends the drift of Christian teaching on the subject would ever think of such a thing. If all the property of this country were equally divided to-morrow morning, before to-morrow night thousands would be penniless, and some hundreds would already be well on the way to fortune. The division would need to be remade every night—a rather troublesome bit of administration. Moreover, the speedy loss of their portion by the great multitude of those who had nothing before would be the smallest part of the calamity befalling them; having it for even so short a time would do them great harm. Af-

ter it was gone they would be far worse off, physically and morally, than they were before it came. Money is almost always a curse to those who have not won it by their own industry and frugality. "The result," says Professor Roscher, of the attempt to equalize possessions by the communistic scheme would simply be "that where there are now one thousand wealthy persons and one hundred thousand proletarians, there would be, after one generation, no one wealthy, and two hundred thousand proletarians. Misery and want would be universal. For the purpose of giving the crowd a very agreeable but rather short-lived period of pleasure,—a period simply of transition,—almost all that constitutes the wealth of a nation, all the higher goods of life, would have to be cast to the waves, and henceforth all men would have to content themselves with the gratification afforded by potatoes, brandy, and the pleasures of the most sensual of appetites." An enforced communism is not, therefore, likely to be urged by Christian teachers. They have not often interpreted their documents as authorizing any such experiment. The story of the social life of the early church at Jerusalem has, indeed, frequently been quoted as sanctioning such measures; but those who have carefully studied the Christian ethics have never been misled by this narrative into the adoption of communistic theories. Roscher exactly expresses the consensus of Christian opinion on this subject when he says:

"Every approximation toward a community of goods should be effected by the love of the rich for the poor, not by the hatred of the poor for the rich. If all men were true Christians, a community of goods might exist without danger. But then, also, the institution of private property would have no dark side to it. Every employer would give his workmen the highest wages possible, and demand in return only the smallest possible sacrifice."

All that intelligent Christians will ask the state to do, therefore, toward promoting the distribution of wealth, is to provide for the general welfare, as it now does, by taxation; to protect all classes in the exercise of their rights; to strike down those foes that now clutch our industries by the throat, and then to leave the natural laws of trade and the motives of humanity and good-will to effect a more equitable distribution.

The second half of our question is not less important. What does Christianity require individuals to do in their private relations toward securing a juster division of the growing wealth of the nation? Make the question concrete and personal. In every city or large town are more or less rich people—people with large incomes—people who are spending large incomes, at any rate; and a good

share of them are making all they spend and more, so that they are rapidly accumulating competence or fortune. Not a few of these are Christians in belief and purpose; many who have made no profession of their faith recognize the Christian rule as the right rule, and mean to conform to it. In every city or large town, also, is a much larger class who have no property at all, among whom there is not a little discomfort and distress. A few among them are helpless invalids, with none to care for them. Another class—in some communities a large class—are paupers in spirit and purpose, determined to get a living without work if they can. The great majority are working people of various sorts,—mechanics, operatives, laborers, clerks, errand and office boys,—who subsist on their wages, well or ill, and no more. Among them in many large cities and manufacturing towns are crowds of young men and women, many of whom are away from home, most of whom are working for small wages, all of whom are exposed to many temptations.

Here are the two classes over against each other in the same community. The one class is rich already, and is rapidly growing richer. The wealth of the community, increasing so fast, goes mainly into their hands. The other class has little or nothing, and cannot, under existing industrial conditions, expect as wage-laborers to get much more than a bare livelihood.

The social gulf between these two classes is already pretty wide in many places, and the political economists tell us that it is sure to grow wider year by year.

We have already settled it that there is something wrong in this state of things. No possible system will remove all inequalities; but a system which tends to the depression of any class in the community, which prevents them from reaping their full share of the advantages of an advancing civilization, is a system that needs to be reformed. But what can individuals do to reform it? What message has Christianity for those who are getting the lion's share of the profits of production, respecting their duties to those who are getting so small a proportion of it? Does it bid these rich people divide their gains with their poorer neighbors?

There are plenty of philosophers who could answer that question, off-hand, with one word, yes, or no; but I must have a little more room.

1. It is clearly not the duty of these rich Christians to go about town with their hands full of money, bestowing a dollar here and a hundred dollars there, without much knowledge of the real needs of the people to whom they give it. Most of what was thus carelessly given would go into the hands of actual or



incipient paupers, and the fruit of such sowing would be a harvest of pauperism. Of course there are hundreds of poor men who are always saying of this or that rich man, "He might give me a hundred dollars and it wouldn't hurt him a bit." Possibly; but it is certain that the habit of depending on such gifts would hurt the receivers fatally. An eleemosynary distribution of their surplus by wealthy men among the able-bodied working people of their neighborhood would not be a judicious proceeding.

2. Helpless invalids, old people, and little children who are destitute have a special claim on those who have abundance. Those to whom wealth has been given ought to make sure that no persons of these classes in their neighborhood are ever left to lack for the comforts of life.

3. Another form of voluntary distribution that can sometimes be judiciously practiced, is the quiet helping of honest and worthy persons who are struggling to get on in the world, and who have proved themselves to be possessors of a moral quality that would not be enervated by such bounty. I said just now that money is almost always a curse to those who have not won it by industry and prudence. Almost, but not always. There is now and then a young man or a young woman or a young couple who would be benefited by timely assistance. George MacDonald says that a man is often better worth endowing than a college. But you must be sure of your man.

4. The possessors of large wealth who wish to use their abundance in such a way as to benefit their neighbors may do so in a very effective way by supporting various public voluntary institutions and benevolent agencies. In every city or large manufacturing town is a multitude of persons who are working for low wages or small salaries, and by whose labor the prosperity of the community is, in large measure, produced. The people who are growing rich so fast are, as a general rule, growing rich out of the labor of this working class. The work of the factories and shops could not go on without these working people; they are drawn together in such multitudes to serve the purpose of the organizers of labor. It is out of their earnings, too, in great part, that the profits of the retail merchants and shop-keepers are made. Now, it is the plainest dictate of Christian principle that those who are profiting by the presence and labor of these thousands of poorly paid employees should see to it that they take as little detriment as possible from their environment. The property-holders are taxed, as I have said, to make many public provisions for the benefit of these people; but there is much that can-

not be done by taxation, and that needs to be done by voluntary contributions for their physical and moral welfare.

Many of the families of this class find it hard to secure decent tenements. A most Christian charity is the building of sanitary tenement-houses, well lighted, well ventilated, to be kept in good order and rented at a fair price. Nor would this be altogether a charity; the experience of Sir Sidney Waterlow and Miss Octavia Hill, in London, and of Mr. Alfred T. White, in Brooklyn, shows that it may be a good investment. Mr. White reports a net income of six per cent. from his beautiful tenement-houses, after paying all taxes and charges, and making constant improvements. Remunerative though it might be, such an expenditure would prove in many places an unspeakable blessing to the wage-receiving class, promoting their health, their happiness, and their virtue. It would seem that intelligent men of large incomes, who are often puzzled to find ways of spending their money, might discover in the study of this subject, and in the construction of model tenement-houses, a kind of diversion quite as satisfactory as that of spreading banquets, or sailing yachts, or speeding horses.

But the moral welfare of these multitudes of working people, and especially of the young men and women, should be the especial care of men of wealth who recognize the Christian law. Those whom their labor is enriching ought to guard them in every possible way from evil, and to surround them on every hand with wholesome moral influences. The foes that lie in wait for them are many; the agencies by which they may be shielded and saved should be multiplied and strengthened. Many of them are without homes; whatever can be done to supply in part the influence of home should be done without stint. The churches are the proper agencies for this work, and, in spite of all their delinquencies, they are doing more of it than any other social organizations. They ought to be fully equipped for it, and stirred up to take hold of it. They should be provided with attractive social rooms, and with all the appliances needed for furnishing entertaining instruction and wholesome social diversion to these homeless people. Whatever money is wanted for this work ought to be forthcoming. Whether they attend the churches or not, the prosperous men of all our large places ought to see to it that the churches that have a mind to do such work are not crippled for lack of money.

Many other agencies of the same nature ought to be strengthened and created. Public libraries should be handsomely endowed and made free. Buildings devoted to the social

uses of young men and young women should be erected on the principal streets, safe, bright, attractive places of resort, with coffee-rooms, reading-rooms, amusement-rooms, music-rooms, lecture-rooms, gymnasia — places whose beauty and freedom and hearty good-fellowship should overmatch the allurements of the beer-garden or the variety show.

In every community there are men of good-will, who, if they had the money, could organize methods of work among the tempted classes by which many of them could be saved; by which the patronage of the saloons could be visibly reduced; by which many snares now set for the feet of the unwary would be broken. And the Christian moralist thinks that men of wealth ought not to wait to be begged to furnish the means to do this work; that they ought to take the initiative themselves, seeking out the men of good-will who are ready to undertake it, and bidding them go forward. Such would be the dictate of Christian love, and the dictate of prudence with ominous finger points the same way. Out of the social conditions produced by the herding together of so many people without homes in our large industrial communities, moral pestilence and social peril are sure to arise, and none can tell when the blight will fall upon his hearthstone. It is only by a vigorous and determined use of moral preventives that society can be protected; and this will call for a liberal distribution of the wealth that is so rapidly accumulating.

5. But there is a method still more effective, in which men of wealth who are the employers of labor may distribute a portion of their surplus among their employees. It is confessed that, as a general rule, the capitalists, or the organizers of labor, are getting the lion's share of the abundant wealth produced, and that the laborer's portion is small. Out of this notorious fact grows the troublesome labor question. The laborers are discontented. It is idle to tell them that they are better off to-day than people of their class were fifty or a hundred years ago; that a workingman's wages will buy more of the necessities of life in the days of President Arthur than in the reign of Queen Anne. That may or may not be; the fact is that they are not getting a fair share of the wealth that their labor is now producing. And the truth for every Christian employer to note is, that under the wage-system, pure and simple, there is no prospect that the laboring class will ever get their fair proportion of the game of civilization. Under this system, says Professor Cairnes, "the margin for the possible improvement in their lot is confined within narrow barriers which cannot be passed, and

the problem of their elevation is hopeless. As a body they will not rise at all. A few, more energetic or more fortunate than the rest, will from time to time escape, as they do now, from the ranks of their fellows to the higher ranks of industrial life; but the great majority will remain substantially where they are. The remuneration of labor, skilled or unskilled, can never rise much above its present level." With Professor Cairnes agree other economists. It is becoming pretty clear, after fifty years' experience of the large system of industry, that under it the wage-receiving class will never escape from a dependent condition. Now, the first thing for the Christian employer of labor to recognize is the existence of this state of things, and the fact that, for the laboring classes, it is a bad state of things. The wage-system, so long as it rests wholly on competition, is fundamentally wrong. Competition is of the nature of warfare: in warfare the victory is with the strongest; capital is stronger than labor, and, therefore, in competition, labor always goes to the wall. The workman who must have wages or starve is in no condition to try conclusions with the corporation. The historical fact is that strikes are almost always unsuccessful. All the economic harmonies that can be reasoned out will never alter this stern fact. It is the sufficient demonstration of the weakness of labor when pitted against capital.

Society results from a combination of egoism and altruism. Self-love and self-sacrifice are both essential; no society can endure if based on either of them to the exclusion of the other. Without the self-regarding virtues it would have no vigor; without the benevolent virtues it would not cohere. But the combination of capitalists and laborers in production is a form of society. Both these elements ought to be combined in this form of society. The proportion of altruism may be less in the factory than in the house or the church, but it is essential to the peace and welfare of all of them. Yet the attempt of the present system is to base this form of society wholly on competition, which is pure egoism. It will not stand securely on this basis. The industrial system, as at present organized, is a social solocism. It is an attempt to hold society together upon an anti-social foundation. To bring capitalists and laborers together in an association, and set them over against each other, and announce to them the principle of competition as the guide of their conduct, bidding each party to get as much as it can out of the other and to give as little as it can,—for that is precisely what competition means,—is simply to declare war—a war in which the strongest will win.

The Christian moralist is, therefore, bound to admonish the Christian employer that the wage-system, when it rests on competition as its sole basis, is anti-social and anti-Christian. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" is the Christian law, and he must find some way of incorporating that law into the organization of labor. It must be something more than an ideal; it must find expression in the industrial scheme. God has not made men to be associated for any purpose on an egoistic basis; and we must learn God's laws and obey them. It must be possible to shape the organization of our industries in such a way that it shall be the daily habit of the workman to think of the interest of the employer, and of the employer to think of the interest of the workman. We have thought it very fine to say that the interests of both are identical, but it has been nothing more than a fine saying; the problem now is to make them identical.

It is not a difficult problem. The solution of it is quite within the power of the Christian employer. All he has to do is to admit his laborers to an *industrial partnership* with himself by giving them a fixed share in the profits of production, to be divided among them, in proportion to their earnings, at the end of the year. If there were no profits there would be nothing to divide; but a certain percentage of the gains of the year might thus be distributed when gains were made. The employer ought to have a large reward for his abstinence, and for the intelligence and experience required in organizing and managing the business—a reward far larger than any of his workmen. That principle few among them would think of disputing. They would expect him to reap the benefit of his superior power; and they would understand that his accumulations must be sufficient to enable him to meet the losses occurring from time to time, which they could not share. But if they could see that they were to be sharers of his prosperity,—that the larger his gains were, the larger would be their dividends at the end of the year,—they would have a motive to do good work that now is lacking, and a wholly new relation would be established between themselves and their employer. That this would be for the interest of the employer, I have no doubt; that it would attach his laborers to him, and awaken a feeling of goodwill and a hope of bettering their condition that would add greatly to their happiness and to their efficiency, seems plain. But the strong reason for the change, in the mind of a Christian man, would be the simple justice of it. Experience has shown him that the wage-receiving class are getting no fair share of the

enormous increase of wealth; reason teaches that they never will receive an equitable proportion of it under a wage-system that is based on sheer competition; equity demands, therefore, that some modification of the wage-system be made in the interest of the laborer. If it is made, the employer must make it. Saint Paul's doctrine is that "the husbandman that laboreth must be the first to partake of the fruits"; and this doctrine, for substance, is receiving the indorsement in these days of many of the ablest political economists. Such a limited industrial partnership of employer and employed is indicated by careful study of the economic laws, as well as by the Christian ethics. It incorporates the altruistic element into industrial society. Until some such fundamental readjustment has been made the whole structure will remain in unstable equilibrium.

Whether Professor Henry Carter Adams, of Michigan University, wishes to be ranked as a Christian moralist or not, I do not know; but the following words of his exactly express the substance of the Christian doctrine as applied to the labor question:

"To employers who feel the moral responsibility of their position additional considerations may be addressed. They are asked to analyze human nature until they recognize this truth: *There can never be any equitable or continuous adjustment of the wages question upon the basis of free competition in labor.* If the unions become well organized, they may fluctuate about the equitable point; but peace and harmony between employers and employed there will never be. The only true rule for wages is that they fluctuate with profit. But, objects some one, this will change the basis of all business. Certainly, but that basis must be changed. To pay labor in proportion to profit, by whatever method that may be accomplished, is to recognize the true relationship between capitalists and laborers, which is that of common partnership. . . . Professor Cairnes is right in claiming that the ultimate solution of the labor question is the establishment of coöperative industries. This solution is beset with difficulties, but it is the only one in harmony with the democratic spirit of the century or Christian business principles. The creation of industrial partnerships forms the intermediate step."

The sum of all this discussion is that the possession of wealth is justified by the Christian ethics, but that it puts the possessor under heavy obligations to multitudes less fortunate. He could never have become rich without the coöperation of many; he ought not to hold his riches for his own exclusive benefit. The great inequalities arising from the present defective methods of distribution will only be corrected through a deepening sense of the obligations imposed by the possession of wealth. The economic law, like the moral law, can never be fulfilled without love.

Washington Gladden.

## AUSTIN DOBSON.

As MR. LANG told us in his sympathetic paper on M. Théodore de Banville, some literary reputations are like the fairies in that they cannot cross running water. Others again are rather like the misty genii of the Arabian Nights, which loom highest when seen from afar. Poe, for example, is more appreciated in England than at home; and Cooper is given a more lofty rank by French than by American critics. In much the same manner we note that Carlyle gained the ear of an American audience when he was not listened to with attention in Great Britain; and the scattered verses of Præd were collected together for American admirers long before the appearance of an English edition. And so it is, I think, with Mr. Austin Dobson, whose position as a leader in one division of English poetry was recognized more immediately and more unhesitatingly in these United States than in his native Great Britain. To Mr. Dobson, the young school of American writers of familiar verse—to use Cowper's admirable phrase—look up as to a master; and his poems are read and pondered and imitated by not a few of the more promising of our younger poets.

Mr. Austin Dobson was born at Plymouth, January 18, 1840. He comes of a family of civil engineers, and it was as an engineer that his grandfather, toward the end of the last century, went to France, where he settled and married a French lady. Among the earliest recollections of Mr. Dobson's father was his arrival in Paris on one side of the Seine as the Russians arrived on the other. This must have been in 1814. But the French boy had long become an English man when the poet was born. At the age of eight or nine Austin Dobson was taken by his parents—so his friend Mr. Gosse tells us—"to Holyhead, in the Island of Anglesea; he was educated at Beaumaris, at Coventry, and finally at Strasburg, whence he returned, at the age of sixteen, with the intention of becoming a civil engineer." But in December, 1856, he accepted an appointment in the civil service, where he has remained ever since. Thus he has been able to act on the advice of Coleridge, often urged again by Dr. Holmes, to the effect "that a literary man should have another calling." Dr. Holmes adds the sly suggestion that he should confine himself to it; and this is what—for nearly ten years—Mr. Dobson did. He dabbled a little in art, having, like Théophile Gautier, the

early ambition of becoming a painter. He learned to draw a little on wood. He wrote a little, mostly in prose. In fact, there are only four poems in the first edition of "Vignettes in Rhyme" which were written before 1868. It was in this year that "St. Paul's" magazine was started by Anthony Trollope, an editor at once sympathetic and severe; he appreciated good work, and was unsparing in the kindly criticism which might make it better. In "St. Paul's," therefore, between March, 1868, and March, 1874, appeared nearly twoscore of Mr. Dobson's pieces, including some of his very best: "Tu Quoque," "A Dialogue from Plato," "Une Marquise," "An Autumn Idyll," "Dorothy," "A Gentleman of the Old School," "Avicé"—with its hazardous bird-like effect, French in a way and in exquisite taste,—and the subtle and pathetic "Drama of the Doctor's Window." In October, 1873, there was published the first edition of "Vignettes in Rhyme," and the poet received for the first time that general recognition which denies itself to the writer of verses scattered here and there, throughout magazines and newspapers. "Vignettes in Rhyme" passed into its third edition; and less than four years after its appearance Mr. Dobson made a second collection of his verses, published in May, 1877, as "Proverbs in Porcelain." From these two volumes the author made a selection, adding a few poems written since the appearance of the second book, and thus prepared the collective American volume, called "Vignettes in Rhyme," issued by Henry Holt & Co. in 1880, with a graceful and alluring introduction by Mr. Stedman. "Old-World Idylls," published in London in the fall of 1883, is based on this American selection of 1880. It is to be followed some day by "At the Sign of the Lyre," which is to include the poems written during the past four or five years. Unfortunately we shall not have Mr. Dobson's complete poems even then, for his own fastidious taste has excluded poems which the less exacting reader had learned to like,—"Ad Rosam," for instance, and others not a few which the admirers of fine humorous verse will not willingly let die. Let us hope that there will be vouchsafed to us, in due time, a volume in which we may treasure Mr. Dobson's "Complete Poetical Works." Akin to the fastidiousness which rejects certain poems altogether—and quite as annoying to many—is the fastidiousness with which the poet is continually going over his



verses with a file, polishing until they shine again, smoothing an asperity here, and there rubbing out a blot. This is always a dangerous pastime, and the poet is rarely well advised who attempts it, as all students of Tennyson will bear witness. If the poet is athirst for perfection, he may lay his poems by for the Horatian space of seven years, but when they are once printed and published, he had best keep his hands off them. Of course the most of Mr. Dobson's alterations are unexceptionable improvements, yet there are a few that we reject with abhorrence.

Mr. Aldrich has said that Mr. Dobson "has the grace of Suckling and the finish of Herrick, and is easily master of both in metrical art." The beauty of his poetry is due in great measure to its lyric lightness. He has many lines and many whole poems which sing themselves into the memory, and cannot be thrust thence. Who that made acquaintance with the "Ladies of St. James's" in "Harper's Magazine" a year or two ago can forget "Phyllida, my Phyllida?" And who cannot call up before him Autonoë and Rosina and Rose and the other "damosels, blithe as the belted bees," whom the poet has set before us with so much breezy freshness? To know them is to love them, and to love the poet who has sung them into being. Next to the airy grace and the flowing and unfailing humor which inform all Mr. Dobson's poems, perhaps the quality which most deserves to be singled out is their frank and hearty wholesomeness. There is nothing sickly about them, or morbid, or perverse, as there is about so much contemporary British verse. Mr. Dobson is entirely free from the besetting sin of those minor poets who sing only in a minor key. He has no trace of affectation, and no taint of sentimentality. He is simple and sincere. His delicacy is manly, and not effeminate. There is a courtly dignity about all his work; and there is nowhere a hint of bad taste. Mr. Locker once spoke to me of the "Unfinished Song," and said that "the spirit is so beautiful"; and of a truth the spirit of all Mr. Dobson's work is beautiful. There is unfailing elevation. Mr. Dobson, in Joubert's phrase, never forgets that the lyre is a winged instrument. Here is a lyric, not one of his best known, and not in the style he most frequently attempts; but it is lifted out of commonplace, though the subject is hackneyed and worn; it soars, and sings as it soars, like the lark:

## A SONG OF THE FOUR SEASONS.

When Spring comes laughing  
By vale and hill,  
By wind-flower walking  
And daffodil,—

Sing stars of morning,  
Sing morning skies,  
Sing blue of speedwell,  
And my Love's eyes.

When comes the Summer,  
Full-leaved and strong,  
And gay birds gossip  
The orchard long,—  
Sing hid, sweet honey  
That no bee sips;  
Sing red, red roses,  
\* And my Love's lips.

When Autumn scatters  
The leaves again,  
And piled sheaves bury  
The broad-wheeled wain,—  
Sing flutes of harvest  
Where men rejoice;  
Sing rounds of reapers,  
And my Love's voice.

But when comes Winter  
With hail and storm,  
And red fire roaring  
And ingle warm,—  
Sing first sad going  
Of friends that part;  
Then sing glad meeting,  
And my Love's heart.

And with all this elevation and lyric lightness there is no lack of true pathos and genuine feeling for the lowly and the hopeless. More than once has Mr. Dobson expressed his sympathy for the striving, and especially for those strugglers who are handicapped in the race, and who eat their hearts in silent revolt against hard circumstances.

"Ah, Reader, ere you turn the page,  
I leave you this for moral:—  
Remember those who tread life's stage  
With weary feet and scantest wage,  
And ne'er a leaf for laurel."

The best of Mr. Dobson's poems result from a happy mingling of a broad and genial humanity with an extraordinarily fine artistic instinct. Just as Chopin declared that there were paintings at the sight of which he heard music, so it may be said that there are poems the hearing of which calls up a whole gallery of pictures. Side by side with the purely lyric pieces are as many more as purely pictorial. "The Curé's Progress," for example, is it not a like masterpiece of *genre*? And the ballade "On a Fan, that Belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour," with its wonderful movement and spirit, and its apt suggestion of the courtiers and courtesans "thronging the *Ceil-de-Bauf* through," is it not a perfect picture of

"The little great, the infinite small thing  
That ruled the hour when Louis Quinze was king?"

This is a Fragonard, as the other is a Meissonnier. It is not that the pathetic "Story of

Rosina" has for its hero François Boucher, or that other poems abound in references to Watteau and Vanloo and Hogarth; it is not even that these references are never at random, and always reveal an exact knowledge and a nice appreciation; it is rather that Mr. Dobson is a painter at heart, in a degree far from common even in these days of so-called "word-painting." He excels in the art of calling up a scene before you by a few motions of his magic pen; and, once evoked, the scene abides with you alway. Mr. E. A. Abbey told me that once in a nook of rural England he happened suddenly on a sun-dial, and that lines from Mr. Dobson's poem with that title rose to his lips at once, and he felt as though nature had illustrated the poet.

This delightful effect is produced by no abuse of the customary devices of "word-painting," and by no squandering of "local color." On the contrary, Mr. Dobson is sober in his details, and rarely wastes time in description. He hits off a scene in a few happy strokes; there is no piling of a Pelion of adjectives on an Ossa of epithets. The picture is painted with the utmost economy of stroke. Mr. Dobson's method is like that of the etchers who work in the bath; his hand needs to be both swift and sure. Thus there is always a perfect unity of tone; there is always a shutting out of everything which is not essential to the picture. Consider the ballad of the Armada and the "Ballad of Beau Brocade,"—a great favorite with Dr. Holmes, by the way,—and see if one is not as truly seventeenth century in thought and feeling as the other is eighteenth century, while both are thoroughly and robustly English. How captivatingly Chinese are the verses about the "little blue mandarin"!

Of the French pictures I have already spoken, but inadequately, since I omitted to cite the "Proverbs in Porcelain," which I should ascribe to a French poet, if I knew any Frenchman who could have accomplished so winning a commingling of banter and of grace, of high breeding and of playfulness. How Roman are the various Horatian lyrics, and, above all, how Greek is "Autonoë"! "Autonoë," as a friend writes me, "is the most purely beautiful of all Mr. Dobson's work. It does not touch the heart, but it rests the spirit. Most so-called 'classicism' shows us only the white temple, the clear high sky, the outward beauty of form and color. This gives us the warm air of spring and the life that pulses in a girl's veins like the soft swelling of sap in a young tree. This is the same feeling that raises 'As You Like It' above all pastoral poetry. Our nineteenth century sensibilities are so played on by the troubles, the

sorrows, the little vital needs and anxieties of the world around us, that sometimes it does us good to get out into the woods and fields of another world entirely, if only the atmosphere is not chilled and rarified by the lack of the breath of humanity. There are times when the 'Drama of the Doctor's Window' would excite us, but when 'Autonoë' would rest us,—and not with a mere selfish intellectual rest."

About eight years ago, early in 1876, Mr. Dobson began to turn his attention to what are generally known as the French forms of verse, although they are not all of them French. Oddly enough, it happens that the introduction, at Mr. Dobson's hands, of these French forms into English literature is due—indirectly at least—to an American. In criticising Mr. Dobson's earlier verses in "Victorian Poets," Mr. Stedman amiably admonished him that "such a poet, to hold the hearts he has won, not only must maintain his quality, but strive to vary his style." This warning from the American critic, this particular Victorian poet, perhaps having some inner monitions of his own, took to heart, and he began at once to cast about for some new thing. His first find was the "Odes Funambulesques" of M. Théodore de Banville, the reviver of the triolet, the rondeau, and the ballade. Here was a new thing—a truly new thing, since it was avowedly an old thing. Mr. Dobson had written a set of triolets already, in 1874; it was in May, 1876, that he published the first original ballade ever written in English, the firm and vigorous "Prodigals," slightly irregular in its repetition of rhymes, but none the less a most honorable beginning. Almost at the same time he attempted also the rondeau and the rondel. A year later, in May, 1877, he published his second volume of verse, "Proverbs in Porcelain," and this, followed almost immediately by Mr. Gosse's easy and learned "Plea for Certain Exotic Forms of Verse," in the "Cornhill Magazine" of July, 1877, drew general attention to the new weapons with which the poet's armory had been enriched. It would be idle to maintain that they have met with universal acceptance. Mr. Stedman, when introducing the author to the American public, confesses that he is not certain whether to thank Mr. Dobson or to condole with him on the bringing into fashion of the ballade and the rondeau and its fellows. Perhaps this was partly due to the sudden rush of versifiers who wreaked themselves on these forms, and did their little best to bring them into disrepute. Perhaps it was due to a wider dislike of metrical limitations and of all that tempts the poet to expend any of his strength otherwise

than on the straightforward delivery of his message.

Yet rhyme itself, as M. Edmond Schérer tells us, "is a very curious thing, and it is a very complex pleasure which it gives. We do not like to confess how great in every art is the share of difficulty vanquished, and yet it is difficulty vanquished which gives the impression of surprise, and it is surprise which gives interest; it is the unexpected which gives us the sense of the writer's power." The testimony of Sidney Lanier—an untiring student of his art and its science—is to the same effect: "It is only cleverness and small talent which is afraid of its spontaneity; the genius, the great artist, is forever ravenous after new forms, after technic; he will follow you to the ends of the earth, if you will enlarge his artistic science, if you will give him a fresh form." Finally, the fact remains that great poets—Dante, Milton, Wordsworth—have not scorned the sonnet's scanty plot of ground; and the sonnet is as rigid and quite as difficult, if you play the game fairly, as either the ballade or the rondeau. The rondeau and rondel, have they not a charm of their own when handled by a genuine poet? And the ballade,—that little three-act comedy in rhyme with its epigram-epilogue of an envoy,—has it not both variety and dignity?

For the Malayan pantoum, as for the Franco-Italian sestina, with their enervating and exasperating monotony, there is really nothing to be said. And perhaps there is no need to say much for the tiny triolet, effective as it may be for occasional epigram, or for the elaborate and stately chant-royal, which is a feat of skill, no more and no less; that Mr. Dobson and Mr. Gosse have done it as well as they have, suggests only the pertinent query as to whether it was well worth doing. Perhaps no more must be said in favor of the dainty little villanelle—a form which exists under the greatest disadvantage since the first and typical specimen, the ever fresh and graceful "J'ai perdu ma tourterelle" of Passerat remains to this day unsurpassable and unapproached. But the rondeau and rondel carry no such weight, and in the hands of a master of meters they are capable of being filled with a simple beauty most enjoyable. What could be more delicate, more pensive, more charming, than Mr. Dobson's rondel, "The Wanderer"?

THE WANDERER.

(Rondel.)

Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,—  
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!  
We see him stand by the open door,  
With his great eyes sad, and his bosom swelling.

He makes as though in our arms repelling,  
He fain would lie as he lay before;—  
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling,—  
The old, old Love that we knew of yore!

Ah, who shall help us from over telling  
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore!  
E'en as we doubt in our heart once more,  
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,  
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling.

The ballade, however, is by far the best of all these poems. I hold it second to the sonnet alone, and for some purposes superior even to the sonnet. It is fair to say that it is the only one of the French poems which in France itself has held its own against the Italian sonnet. The instrument used by Clément Marot, by Villon,—that "voice out of the slums of Paris," as Mr. Matthew Arnold called him,—by La Fontaine, and in later times by Albert Glatigny and Théodore de Banville, is surely worthy of honor. In Villon's hands it has dignity and depth, in Glatigny's it has pathos, and in Marot's, in Mr. Dobson's, and in Mr. Lang's it has playfulness and gaiety. I believe Mr. Dobson himself likes the "Ballade of Imitation" better than any of his other ballades, while I confess my own preference for the "Ballade of Prose and Rhyme," the only *ballade à double refrain* worthy to be set alongside Clément Marot's "Frère Lubin." It is almost too familiar to quote here at length, and yet it must be quoted perforce, for nohow else can I get the testimony of my best witness fully before the jury:

THE BALLAD OF PROSE AND RHYME.

(Ballade à Double Refrain.)

When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,  
In November fogs, in December snows,  
When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—  
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,  
And the jasmine-stars at the casement climb,  
And a Rosalind-face at the lattice shows,  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,  
When the reason stands on its squarest toes,  
When the mind (like a beard) has a "formal cut,"—  
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,  
And the young year draws to the "golden prime"  
And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have a pedant-strut,  
In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"  
In a starched procession of "If" and "But,"—  
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
But whenever a soft glance softer grows  
And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,  
And the secret is told "that no one knows,"—  
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

## ENVOY.

In the work-a-day world,—for its needs and woes,  
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;  
But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,  
Then hey! —for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

It seems to me that in these poems Mr. Dobson proves that the *rondelet* at its best and the ballade at its finest belong to the poetry of feeling, and not to the poetry of ingenuity. It seems to me, also, that the poet has been helped by his restrictions. Here are cases where a faith in these forms is justified by works. We may ask, fairly enough, whether either of these poems would be as good in any other shape. From the compression enforced by the rules, they have gained in compactness, and therefore in swiftness. They are, in Miltonic phrase, "woven close, both matter, form, and style."

It is to Mr. Dobson primarily and to his fellow-workers that the credit is due of acclimatizing these exotic meters in English literature. It is not that he was absolutely the earliest to write them in English—excepting only the ballade, of which the "Prodigals" was the first. Chaucer wrote *roundels*, the elder Wyatt *rondeaux*, and Patrick Carey, about 1651, was guilty of devotional *trioletts*! But England was not then ready for the conquest, and the forms crossed the Channel, like the Norseman, just to set foot on land and then away again. Even in France they had faded out of sight. Molière speaks slightly of ballades as old-fashioned. Only in our own times, since M. de Banville set the example has the true form been understood. Wyatt's *rondeaux* were printed as though they were defective sonnets. Both Longfellow and Bryant translated Clément Marot's "Frère Lubin," and neither of them knew it was a *ballade à double refrain*. Nor is Rosseti's noble rendering of Villon's famous "Ballade of Dead Ladies" accurately formal. Mr. Lang, in his "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France" (1872), was plainly on the right track, but he failed then to reach the goal. At last the time was ripe; Mr. Dobson came and set the example.

It was doubtless again due to Mr. Stedman's warning that, although there is no work which when well done secures a welcome as instant as *vers de société*, there is also "none from which the world so lightly turns upon the arrival of a new favorite with a different note,"—it was this wise warning which led Mr. Dobson to vary his style, not only with the revival of the French forms, but also with fables and with a slight attempt at the drama—in so far as the dainty and delicate "Proverbs in Porcelain" are substantial enough to be called dramatic. Like John Gay and like

Mr. John G. Saxe, Mr. Dobson took to rhyming fables after making a mark by more characteristic verse. And Mr. Dobson's fables, good as they are, and pertinent and bright-some as they needs must be since he wrote them, are like Gay's and Mr. Saxe's in that they are not their author's best work. The fault plainly is in the fable form, if Mr. Dobson's fables are not as entertaining as his other poems; at any rate, I am free to confess that I like his other work better. I have to confess, also, with great doubt and diffidence, that the half-dozen little dialogues called "Proverbs in Porcelain," airy and exquisite as they are, are less favorites with me than they are with critics whose taste I cannot but think finer than mine—Mr. Aldrich, for instance, and Mr. Stedman. I am inclined to believe I like them less because they assume a dramatic form without warrant. The essence of the drama is action, and in these beautiful and witty playlets there is but the ghost of an action. I doubt not that I am unfair to these dialogues, and that my attitude toward them is that of the dramatic critic rather than that of the critic of poetry pure and simple. But that is their own fault for assuming a virtue they have not. To counterbalance this harsh treatment of the "Proverbs in Porcelain," I must declare that I find more pleasure in "A Virtuoso" than do most of Mr. Dobson's admirers, and for the same reason. I find in "A Virtuoso" all the condensed compactness of the best stage dialogue, where a phrase has to be stripped to run for its life. To be read quickly by the fireside, "A Virtuoso" may seem forced; but to be acted or recited, it is just right. I see in this cold and cutting poem, masterly in its synthesis of selfish symptoms, a regard for theatrical perspective, and a selection and a heightening of effect in accordance with the needs of the stage, which I confess I fail to find in the seemingly more dramatic "Proverbs in Porcelain." Most people, however, liking Mr. Dobson mainly for playful tenderness and tender playfulness, dislike the marble hardness of "A Virtuoso," just as they are annoyed by the tone of "A Love-letter," one of the poet's cleverest pieces. If Mr. Dobson yielded to the likes and dislikes of his admirers he would soon sink into sentimentality, and he would never dare to write as funny as he can. There are readers who are shocked and pained when they discover the non-existence of "Dorothy"—although Mr. Browning is not one of these.

After all, this is perhaps the highest compliment that readers can pay the writer, when they enter so heartily into his creations that they revolt against any trick he may play



upon them. And in these days of haste without rest, it ill becomes us to fling the first stone at an author who is enamored of elusive perfection and who is willing to spare no pains to give us his best and only his best. He may be thankful that he is not as infertile on the one hand as Waller, who was "the greater part of a summer correcting *ten* lines for Her Grace of York's copy of Tasso," or as reckless on the other hand as Martial, who disdained to elaborate.

"Turpe est difficile habere nugas  
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum."

Not infrequently do we find Mr. Frederick Locker and Mr. Dobson classed together as though their work was fundamentally of the same kind. The present writer has to plead guilty to the charge of inadvertently and inaccurately linking the two names in critical discussion. The likeness is accidental rather than essential, and the hasty conjunction is due, perhaps, more to the fact that they are friends, and that they both write what has to be called *vers de société*, than to any real likeness between their works. The fact is, the more clearly we define, and the more precisely we limit the phrase *vers de société*, the more exactly do we find the best and most characteristic of Mr. Locker's poems agreeing with the definition and lying at ease within the limitation: while the best and most characteristic of Mr. Dobson's poems would be left outside. In his criticism of Praed's work prefixed to the selection from his poems in the fourth volume of Ward's "English Poets," Mr. Dobson declares that "as a writer of 'society verse' in its exacter sense, Praed was justly acknowledged to be supreme," and then he adds, "We say 'exacter sense,' because it has of late become the fashion to apply this vague term in the vaguest way possible so as to include almost all verse but the highest and the lowest. This is manifestly a mistake. Society verse as Praed understood it, and as we understand it in Praed, treats almost exclusively of the *votum*, *timor*, *ira*, *voluptas* (and especially the *voluptas*) of that charmed circle of uncertain limits known conventionally as 'good society'—those latter-day Athenians, who, in town and country, spend their time in telling or hearing some new thing, and whose graver and deeper impulses are subordinated to a code of artificial manners." Of these it is indisputable that Mr. Locker is, as Praed was, the laureate-elect, and that "the narrow world in which they move is the main haunt and region of his song." Mr. Locker writes as one to the manner born, and nowhere reveals the touch of the parvenu which betrayed Praed now

and again. In the exact sense of the phrase, Mr. Locker, like Praed, is the poet of society, which Mr. Dobson is not—because, for one thing, we may doubt whether society is of quite so much interest or importance or significance to him as to the author of "London Lyrics." The distinction is evasive, and has to be suggested rather than said; but it is none the less real and vital. It is, perhaps, rather that Mr. Dobson is more a man of letters, while Mr. Locker is more a man of the world. Certainly Mr. Dobson has a more consciously literary style than Mr. Locker, a style less simple and less direct. Henri Monnier would say that Mr. Dobson had more *mots d'auteur*. Admirable as is Mr. Dobson's verse, it has not the condensed clearness nor the incisive vigor of Mr. Locker's. One inclines to the opinion that the author of "London Lyrics" is willing to make more sacrifices for vernacular terseness than the author of "Vignettes in Rhyme." It is not that Mr. Dobson is one of the poets who keep their choicest wares locked in an inner safe guarded by heavy bolts, and to whose wisdom no man may help himself unless he has the mystic letters which unlock the massive doors, but he is not quite willing to be simple to the point of bareness as is Mr. Locker, who wears his heart upon his sleeve. In some things Mr. Locker is like Mr. du Maurier, even in the little Gallic twist, while Mr. Dobson is rather like Mr. Randolph Caldecott or our own Abbey, with the quaint Englishry of whose style Mr. Dobson's has much in common. Yet after saying this, I feel inclined to take it all back, for I recall together "This was the Pompadour's fan" and "This is Gerty's glove"—and here it is Mr. Dobson who is brilliant and French and Mr. Locker who is more simple in sentiment and more English. Yet again it is the worldly minded Mr. Locker who declares that

"The world's as ugly, aye, as sin—  
And nearly as delightful,"—

a sentiment wholly foreign to Mr. Dobson's feelings. This suggests that there is a certain town stamp in the appropriately named "London Lyrics" not to be seen in "Vignettes in Rhyme," some of which are vignettes from rural nature. But both books are boons to be thankful for. Both are havens of rest in days of depression; both have a joyousness most tonic and wholesome in these days when the general tone of literature is gray; both preach the gospel of sanity, and both may serve as antiseptics against sentimental decay.

Here occasion serves to say that each of these masters of what Dr. Johnson, while declaring its difficulty, called "easy verse," has

set forth his views of the art of writing *vers de société*. Mr. Locker made his declaration of faith in the admirable preface, all too brief, to the selection of *vers de société* and *vers d'occasion*, which he published in 1867 as "Lyra Elegantiarum." Mr. Dobson, at the request of the present writer, drew up a code for the composition of easy verse, and although this has been printed before, it would be unpardonable not to republish it again. Here, then, are Mr. Dobson's "Twelve Good Rules of Familiar Verse":

- I. Never be vulgar.
- II. Avoid slang and puns.
- III. Avoid inversions.
- IV. Be sparing of long words.
- V. Be colloquial, but not commonplace.
- VI. Choose the lightest and brightest of measures.
- VII. Let the rhymes be frequent, but not forced.
- VIII. Let them be rigorously exact to the ear.
- IX. Be as witty as you like.
- X. Be serious by accident.
- XI. Be pathetic with the greatest discretion.
- XII. Never ask if the writer of these rules has observed them himself.

Mr. Dobson has not confined his labors in prose to the canons of familiar verse. Although it is as a poet that he is most widely known, his prose has qualities of its own. Besides scattering magazine articles, it includes half a dozen apt and alert criticisms in Ward's "English Poets," the final chapter in Mr. Lang's little book on "The Library," and prefaces to a fac-simile reprint of "Robinson Crusoe," and to the selection from Herrick's poems, illustrated by Mr. Abbey with such abundant sympathy and such delightful grace and fancy. More important than these are the volumes in which Mr. Dobson has given us selections from the best of the "Eighteenth Century Essays," and in which he has introduced and annotated the "Fables" of John Gay, and the "Vicar of Wakefield" of Oliver Goldsmith, and the "Barbier de Séville" of Beaumarchais. Still more important are the biographical sketches of his favorite Hogarth, and of Bewick and his pupils, and the life of Henry Fielding in the "English Men of Letters" series. It was to this which Mr. Lowell referred when he unveiled Miss Margaret Thomas's bust of Fielding in the Somersetshire hall. In the course of his speech, as rich and eloquent as only his speeches are, Mr. Lowell said that "Mr. Austin Dobson has done, perhaps, as true a service as one man of letters ever did to another, by reducing what little is known of the life of Fielding from chaos to coherence, by ridding it of fable, by correcting and coördinating dates, by cross-examining tradition till it stammeringly confessed that it had no visible means of subsistence, and has thus enabled us to get some authentic

glimpse of the man as he really was. Lessing gave the title of 'rescues' to the essays in which he strove to rehabilitate such authors as had been, in his judgment, unjustly treated by their contemporaries, and Mr. Dobson's essay deserves to be reckoned in the same category. He has rescued the body of Fielding from beneath the swinish hoofs which were trampling it as once they trampled the Knight of La Mancha, whom Fielding so heartily admired."

It has been well said that the study of practice of verse is the best of trainings for the writing of prose. Mr. Dobson's prose style is firm and precise; it has no taint of the Corinthian luxuriance which Mr. Matthew Arnold has castigated, or of the passionate emphasis which passes for criticism in some quarters. His ideal in prose writing is a style exact and cool and straightforward. Sometimes the reader might like a little more glow. It is not that his prose style is sapless, for it has life; it is rather that it is generally cut-and-dried of malice prepense. He can write prose with more color and more heat when he chooses, as he who will may see in the paragraphs of the preface to Mr. Abbey's Herrick. In general, however, Mr. Dobson forgets that he is a poet when he takes up his pen to write prose, and he remembers only that he is an antiquary and an investigator. In fact, his prose is the prose of a scientific historian; and Mr. Dobson has the scientific virtues,—the passion for exactness, the untiring patience in research, and the unwillingness to set down anything which has not been proved. If we apply De Quincey's classification, we should declare that Mr. Dobson's poetry—like all true poetry—belongs to the literature of power, while his prose belongs to the literature of knowledge.

It is to be remarked, also, that the poet sometimes remembers that he is an antiquary, also. Here Mr. Dobson is not unlike Walter Scott, who was also an antiquary-poet, with a strong love for the past and a gift for making dead figures start to life at his bidding. Much of Mr. Dobson's poetry is like his prose in that it is based on research. His learning in the manners and customs of past times is most minute. Especially rich is his knowledge of the people and of the vocabulary of the eighteenth century. This is the result of indefatigable delving in the records of the past. His acquaintance with the ways and words of the contemporaries of Fielding and of Hogarth is as thorough as Mr. Tennyson's knowledge of botany, for instance; and it is the proof of as much minute observation. Although Mr. Dobson disdains all second-hand information, and likes to verify facts for him-

self, he never lets his learning burden his verse. That runs as freely and as trippingly as though the seeking of the facts on which it might be founded had not been a labor of love, for which no toil was too great. The "Ballad of Beau Brocade" is a strong and simple tale, seemingly calling for no special study; but it does not contain a single word not in actual use at the time of the guide-book where it germinated, and in print in the pages of the "Gentleman's Magazine" of that reign. In like manner, in the noble and virile ballad of the Armada, which the Virgin Queen might have joyed to accept, there is no single word not in Gervase Markham.

Writing always out of the fullness of knowl-

edge, there is nowhere anything amateurish, and there is always a perfect certainty of touch. His work—as Mr. W. C. Brownell has told us—is "as natural an outgrowth as Lamb's." And he is like Lamb in that capacity for taking infinite pains which has been held the true trade-mark of genius. He is like Lamb, again, in that he has resolutely recognized his limitations. Ruler of his own territory, he has carefully refrained from crossing his neighbor's boundaries. Indeed, he is as admirable an instance as one could wish of the exactness of Swift's dictum, "It is an uncontrolled truth that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them."

*Brander Matthews.*

### TO THE MODERN CYNICS.

THEY say there is not anything  
To make divine the minstrel's lays,  
And cries that made the whole world ring  
Are silent in these latter days.  
Mere idle thoughts the poet fill,  
The nobler themes are laid aside,  
So babbles emptily the rill  
That once has flowed in fuller tide.  
The world is old, and if we try  
With our hoarse notes from earth to soar,  
We cannot breathe a melody  
That was not better sung before.

What? Judge ye truth grown old less true,  
And him from deeper knowledge barred  
Who laughs that summer skies are blue,  
Or weeps that human hearts are hard?  
Have we no battle-cry to raise,  
No laggard cause to vivify,  
Is there no fear in these dull days  
Lest Love should fail and Art should die?  
For some with unchaste hands and rude  
Crush whatsoever thing is good,  
And some that play a meaner part  
Make Art a parody of Art.

When hate and lust and thirst of gain  
By love and truth are laid to rest,  
When life's twin riddles, joy and pain,  
No longer tear the human breast,  
When these have ceased, and the disgrace  
Of Right hard-pressed at war with Wrong,  
Then shall the singer have no place,  
Or haply find some higher song.

*Harold E. Boulton.*

## THE FLIGHT OF THE RED HORSE.

A DAKOTA LEGEND.

"My son, Woneya, I must make  
A journey to the Sacred Lake.  
Far to the north, 'mid ice and snow,  
A long, long way it is I go.  
An arrow flying all the night  
Would fail, to reach it in its flight.  
You are my son; I give to-day  
Full leave to all your childish play.  
All things are thine; go where you will,  
Save to the Red House on the hill.  
Try not its door, turn not the key;  
There death and ruin wait for thee,  
But how and why I may not tell,  
For there is laid on me a spell,  
So all my love must turn to hate,  
And no man can escape his fate."

Washaka goes. In boyish play  
The child wears out the summer day;  
He swims the stream, his crafty hook  
Draws shining treasure from the brook;  
The chattering squirrel hugs his limb  
As the swift arrow grazes him.  
But ever, as he played, he said,  
"What is there in the House of Red?"  
Go where he would, each pathway still  
Led to the Red House on the hill.

At last he stands before the door,  
With mystic symbols pictured o'er.  
"What could my father mean," he said,  
"To keep me from the House of Red?"  
Ah, no! he will not disobey,  
Although the sire is far away;  
And yet, what harm could come of it  
For him to see which key would fit?

And now he tries them, one by one,  
Until the last—what has he done?  
Some thoughtless pressure of the lock,  
The door flies open with a shock.  
Strange tremors run along the ground;  
The world is full of direful sound;  
Strange voices talk; strange whispers rise;  
Strange portents in the earth and skies.  
Through the wide door the youth can see  
All that there is of mystery.  
Before him stood a Horse of Red,  
With mane of gold, who sternly said:  
"Unhappy boy! what have you done?  
Washaka now must slay his son."

Struck down with terror and remorse,  
The youth falls prone before the horse.  
"Oh, help me, help!" Woneya cries,  
With gasping breath and streaming eyes.  
"Teach me some way; show me the path  
Where I may flee my father's wrath."  
The horse replies: "The wrong is great,  
Yet I have pity for thy fate.  
One way alone is left to flee,  
With perils fraught to thee and me.  
I charge thee, on thy life, thy soul,  
To yield thee up to my control.  
Look neither backward, left, nor right;  
Be brave, and yield no place to fright.  
Thy father now will try each art  
To strike a terror to thy heart;  
But if thy heart begin to quail,  
That instant all my strength will fail;  
And if Washaka us o'ertake,  
I, too, must perish for thy sake.  
Take in thy hand this conjurer's sack.  
Away! away! Spring to my back!"

So said, so done. Away they sped.  
The dark sky clamored overhead;  
A mighty wind blew from the east,  
Which momentarily its force increased;  
The sun went down, but, through the night,  
He holds his tireless, even flight.  
No need is there for spur or rein;  
Life is the prize he strives to gain.  
But, though the horse flies like the wind,  
The father presses hard behind,  
And, ere the break of morn appears,  
A dreadful voice is in their ears:  
"Stop! stop! thou traitor, while my knife  
Shall quickly end your wretched life."  
"Beware! beware! Turn not your head!  
Be brave! be brave!" the Red Horse said.  
"Put now your hand within the sack;  
What first you find throw quickly back."  
Woneya in an instant found  
An egg, and tossed it to the ground:  
It bursts, it spreads—a wide morass,  
Through which the father may not pass:  
Fierce lightnings fire Washaka's eyes  
As westward still the Red Horse flies.

Long time the father sought, in vain,  
Some passage o'er the marsh to gain,  
Where long-necked lizards basked or fought,  
Where winged dragons ruin wrought,



Where serpents coiled and hissed, whose  
breath

Rolled up in clouds of fire and death.  
At last he throws the magic bone,  
Which turns that teeming life to stone;  
And where he picks his careful way,  
There are the Bad Lands to this day.

The morn blooms in the eastern sky;  
The day comes on, the noon is nigh;  
The noon is past, the sun is low,  
The evening red begins to glow;  
But, driven still by sorest need,  
Still swift and swifter flies the steed.  
Vast, sky-rimmed plains on either side  
Begin to turn in circles wide,  
While rock, and shrub, and bush within  
In dizzy circles spin and spin.  
So swift the flight, so hot the race,  
The wind blows backward in his face;  
But swifter far than any wind  
The father presses on behind,  
And to their ears is borne the cry  
That summons them again to die.  
"Beware! Be brave! Turn not thy head!  
Put in thy hand!" the Red Horse said;  
"The first thing that thy hand shall find,  
That take, and quickly hurl behind."

He draws and throws a bit of stone,  
When, 'twixt the father and the son,  
A range of mountains rears its height  
On either hand beyond the sight.  
Washaka seeks a pass in vain;  
To left and right, above the plain,  
The strong grim rocks confront his eyes,  
While westward still the Red Horse flies.  
At last he draws his feathered spear  
And hurls against the rampart sheer.  
So swift it dashes on the rock,  
Fire-streams burst outward at the shock,  
And where against the cliff he drives,  
From base to top it rends and rives;  
A narrow gorge is opened through,  
By which Washaka may pursue.  
And now the Red Horse knows the need  
To lavish all his garnered speed.  
His hoof-beats fall like thunder-dints,  
And kindle showers of flying flints;  
So swift he flies that one afar  
Might deem he saw a falling star;  
But swifter still upon his path  
Washaka follows in his wrath.  
And now that fearful voice again  
Comes o'er the horror-shaken plain:  
"Stop, wretches, stop! Behold the flood!  
Now shall my knife run red with blood!

Who now can save you from my hate,  
And who has ever conquered fate?"

Alas! what hope is left, and where?  
What refuge now from blank despair?  
The end is come, where shall they flee?  
Before them is the open sea.  
"Beware! beware! Turn not thy head.  
Put in thy hand!" the Red Horse said;  
"Just as we reach the ocean shore,  
Draw out and quickly hurl before.  
Be strong of heart. Be calm; be brave;  
The sea is not to be our grave."  
Woneya thrusts his hand within,  
Draws forth the bead-wrought serpent's skin,  
And casts it forth, when lo! a boat  
Upon the gleaming waves afloat!  
They gain it with a single leap  
That sends it forward on the deep.  
The sails are set; before the breeze  
It draws its white trail o'er the seas.  
In vain the bright blade of the sire  
Whirls through the air in rings of fire.  
He gains the beach a moment late—  
What man has ever conquered fate?  
Vain are his curses, vain his prayer;  
The glittering waves are everywhere.

Washaka stoops along the sands,  
Uproots a huge cliff with his hands;  
He heaves aloft with tug and strain,  
And sends it wheeling o'er the main.  
High in the air it rocks and swings,  
A moment to the clouds it clings;  
Then, as from lofty mountain-walls,  
Like some vast avalanche, it falls.  
The sea shrinks, cringing, from the shock  
Of that dark, shapeless bulk of rock,  
Like some great fragment of a world  
From out the stellar spaces hurled.  
Like chaff beneath the flail outspread  
The waves, and bare the ocean's bed.  
One vast wall, sweeping to the west,  
Bears on its topmost curving crest  
The tiny boat, so feather-light,  
Through all that long and fearful night.  
At morn they rest, their journey done,  
In a fair land beyond the sun;  
And one, with awful rush and roar,  
Springs tiger-like against the shore,  
Drags down Washaka from the land,  
And hides him 'neath the sliding sand.

Still from that coast a slender bar,  
Like a long finger, stretching far,  
When tides are low, points o'er the wave—  
That is Washaka's lonely grave.

H. E. Warner.

## THE NEW ASTRONOMY. II.

### THE SUN'S SURROUNDINGS.

As I WRITE this, the fields glitter with snow-crystals in the winter noon, and the eye is dazzled with a reflection of the splendor which the sun pours so fully into every nook that by it alone we appear to see everything.

Yet, as the day declines, and the red glow of our recent wonderful sunsets spreads up to the zenith, there comes out in it the white-shining evening star, which not the light, but the darkness, makes visible; and as the last ruddy twilight fades, not only this neighbor-world, whose light is fed from the sunken sun, but other stars appear, themselves self-shining suns, which were above us all through the day, unseen because of the very light.

As night draws on, we may see the occasional flash of a shooting-star, or perhaps the auroral streamers spreading over the heavens; and, remembering that these will fade as the sun rises, and that the nearer they are to it the more completely they will be blotted out, we infer that if the sun were surrounded by a halo of only similar brightness, this would remain forever invisible,—unless, indeed, there were some way of cutting off the light from the sun without obscuring its surroundings. But if we try the experiment of holding up a screen which just conceals the sun, nothing new is seen in its vicinity, for we are also lighted by the neighboring sky, which is so dazzlingly bright with reflected light as to ef-

Nature hangs such a screen in front of the earth when the moon passes between it and the sun; but as the moon is far too small to screen all the earth completely, and as so limited a portion of its surface is in complete shadow that the chances are much against any given individual's being on the single spot covered by it, many centuries usually elapse before such a *total* eclipse occurs at any given point; while yet almost every year there may be a partial eclipse, when, over a great portion of the earth at once, people may be able to look round the moon's edge and see the sunlight but partly cut off. Nearly every one, then, has seen a partial eclipse of the sun, but comparatively few a total one, which is quite another thing, and worth a journey round the world to behold; for such a nimbus, or glory, as we have suggested the possibility of, does actually exist about the sun, and becomes visible to the naked eye on the rare occasions when it is visible at all, accompanied by phenomena which are unique among celestial wonders.

The "corona," as this solar crown is called, is seen during a total eclipse to consist of a bright inner light next the invisible sun, which melts into a fainter and immensely extended radiance (the writer has followed the latter to the distance of about 10,000,000 miles), and all this inner corona is filled with curious

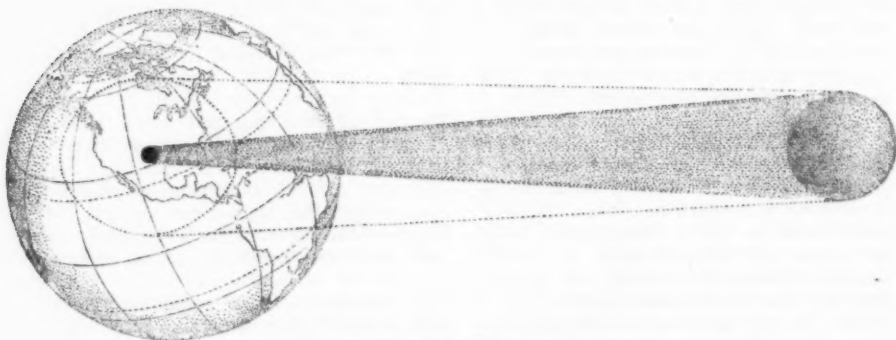


FIG. 1.—LUNAR CONE SHADOW.

fectually hide anything which may be behind it, so that to get rid of this glare we should need to hang up a screen *outside* the earth's atmosphere altogether.

detail. All this is to be distinguished from another remarkable feature seen at the same time; for close to the black body of the moon are prominences of a vivid crimson and scar-

let, rising up like mountains from the hidden solar disk, and these, which will be considered later, are quite distinct from the corona, though seen on the background of its pearly light.

To understand what the lunar screen is doing for us, we may imagine ourselves at some station outside the earth, whence we should behold the moon's shadow somewhat as in Figure 1, where we see that since the orbit is not a circle, but nearly an ellipse, the moon is at some times further from the earth than at others. Here it is shown at its nearest point, and the extremity of its shadow is represented as just touching the surface of the globe, while it is evident that if the moon were at its greatest distance its shadow might come to a point before reaching the earth at all. We speak, of course, only of the central cone of shade; for there is an outer one, indicated by the faint dotted lines, within whose much more extended limits the eclipse is partial, but with the latter we have at present nothing to do. The figure however, for want of room, is made to represent the proportions incorrectly, the real ones of the shadow being actually something like those of a sewing-needle,—this very long attenuated shadow sometimes, as we have just said, not reaching the earth at all, and when it does reach it, covering at the most a very small region indeed. Where this point touches, and wherever it rests, we should, in looking down from our celestial station, see that part of the earth in complete shadow, looking like a minute dark spot, whose lesser diameter is seldom over a hundred and fifty miles.

The eclipse is total only to those inhabitants of the earth within the track of this dark spot, though the spot itself travels across the earth with the speed of the moon in the sky; so that if it could leave a mark, it would in a few hours trace a dark line across the globe, looking like a narrow black tape stretched across the side of the world next the sun. In figure 2, for instance, is the central track of the eclipse of July 29, 1878, as it would be visible to our celestial observer, beginning in Alaska in the forenoon, and ending in the Gulf of Mexico, which it reached in the afternoon. To those on the earth's surface within this shadow it covered everything in view, and, for anything those involved in it could see, it was all-embracing and terrible, and worthily described in such lines as Milton's:

"As when the sun . . .  
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs."

We may enjoy the poet's vision, but here, while we look down on the whole earth at once, we must admit that the actual area of the "twilight" is very small indeed. Within



FIG. 2.—TRACK OF LUNAR SHADOW.

this area, however, the spectacle is one of which, though the man of science may poetically state the facts, perhaps only the poet could render the impression.

We can faintly picture, perhaps, how it would seem, from a station near the lunar orbit, to see the moon—a moving world—rush by with a velocity greater than that of the cannon-ball in its swiftest flight; but with equal speed its shadow actually travels along the earth; and now, if we return from our imaginary station to a real one here below, we are better prepared to see why this flying shadow is such a unique spectacle; for, small as it may be when seen in relation to the whole globe, it is immense to the observer, whose entire horizon is filled with it, and who sees the actual velocity of one of the heavenly bodies, as it were, brought down to him.

The reader who has ever ascended to the Superga, at Turin, will recall the magnificent view, and be able to understand the good fortune of an observer (Forbes) who once had the opportunity to witness thence this phenomenon, and under a nearly cloudless sky. "I perceived," he says, "in the south-west a black shadow like that of a storm about to break, which obscured the Alps. It was the lunar shadow coming toward us." And he speaks of the "stupefaction"—it is his word—caused by the spectacle. "I confess," he continues, "it was the

most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in the cases of sudden, silent, unexpected movements, the spectator confounds real and relative motion. I felt almost giddy for a moment, as though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming eclipse." Another witness, who had been looking at some bright clouds just before, says: "The bright cloud I saw distinctly put out like a candle. The rapidity of the shadow, and the intensity, produced a feeling that something material was sweeping over the earth at a speed perfectly frightful. I involuntarily listened for the rushing noise of a mighty wind."

Each one sees something different from another at such a time, and though the reader will find minute descriptions of the phenomena already in print, it will perhaps be more interesting if, instead of citations from books, I invite him to view them with me, since each can tell best what he has personally seen.

I have witnessed three total eclipses, but I do not find that repetition dulls the interest. The first was that of 1869, which passed across the United States and was nearly central over Louisville. My station was on the southern border of the eclipse track, not very far from the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and I well remember that early experience. The special observations of precision in which I was engaged would not interest the reader, but while trying to give my undivided attention to these, a mental photograph of the whole spectacle seemed to be taking without my volition. First, the black body of the moon advanced slowly on the sun, as we have all seen it do in partial eclipses, without anything noticeable appearing, nor till the sun was very nearly covered did the light of day about us seem much diminished. But when the sun's face was reduced to a very narrow crescent, the change was sudden and startling, for the light which fell on us not only dwindled rapidly, but became of a kind unknown before, so that a pallid appearance overspread the face of the earth with an ugly livid hue; and as this strange wanness increased, a cold seemed to come with it. The impression was of something *unnatural*, but there was but a moment to note it, for the sun went out as suddenly as a blown-out gas-jet, and I became as suddenly aware that all around, where it had been, there had been growing into vision a kind of ghostly radiance, composed of separate pearly beams, looking distinct each from each, as though the black circle where the sun once was bristled with pale streamers, stretching far away from it in a sort of crown.

This was the mysterious corona, only seen

during the brief moments while the shadow is flying overhead; but as I am undertaking to recall faithfully the impressions of the instant, I may admit that I was at the time equally struck with a circumstance that may appear trivial in description—the extraordinary globular appearance of the moon herself. We all know well enough that the moon is a solid sphere, but it commonly *looks* like a bright, flat circle fastened to the concave of the starry vault; and now, owing to its unwonted illumination, the actual rotundity was seen for the first time, and the result was to show it as what it really is—a monstrous, solid globe, suspended by some invisible support above the earth, with nothing apparent to keep it from tumbling on us, looking at the moment very near, and more than anything else like a gigantic black cannon-ball, hung by some miracle in the air, above the neighboring corn-field. But in a few seconds all was over; the sunlight flashed from one point of the moon's edge and then another, almost simultaneously, like suddenly kindled electric lights, which as instantly flowed into one, and it was day again.

I have spoken of the "unnatural" appearance of the light just before totality. This is not due to excited fancy, for there is something so essentially different from the natural darkness of twilight, that the brute creation shares the feeling with us. Arago, for instance, mentions that in the eclipse of 1842, at Perpignan, where he was stationed, a dog which had been kept from food twenty-four hours was, to test this, thrown some bread just before "totality" began. The dog seized the loaf, began to devour it ravenously, and then, as the appearance already described came on, he dropped it. The darkness lasted some minutes, but not till the sun came forth again did the poor creature return to the food. It is no wonder, then, that men, also, whether educated or ignorant, do not escape the impression. A party of the courtiers of Louis XV. is said to have gathered round Cassini to witness an eclipse from the terrace of the Paris observatory, and to have been laughing at the populace, whose cries were heard as the light began to fade, when, as the unnatural gloom came quickly on, a sudden silence fell on them too, the panic terror striking through their laughter. Something common to man and the brute speaks at such times, if never before or again; something which is not altogether physical apprehension, but more like the moral dismay when the shock of an earthquake is felt for the first time, and we first know that startling doubt, superior to reason, whether the solid frame of earth is real, and not "baseless as the fabric of a vision."





FIG. 3.—INNER CORONA ECLIPSE OF 1869. FROM SHELBYVILLE PHOTOGRAPH. (ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY'S MEMOIRS.)

But this is appealing for illustration to an experience which most readers have doubtless been spared,\* and I would rather cite the lighter one of our central party that day, a few miles north of me, at Shelbyville. In this part of Kentucky the colored population was large, and (in those days) ignorant of everything outside the life of the plantation, from which they had only lately been emancipated. On that eventful 8th of August they came in great numbers to view the inclosure and the tents of the observing party, and to inquire the price of the show. On learning that they might see it without charge from the outside, a most unfavorable opinion was created among them as to the probable merits of so cheap a spectacle, and they crowded the trees about the camp, shouting to each other sarcastic comments on the inferior interest of the entertainment. "Those trees there," said one of the observers to me the next day, "were black with them, and they kept up their noise till near the last, when they suddenly stopped, and all at once, and as 'totality' came, we heard a wail and a noise of tumbling, as though the trees had been shaken, and then the boldest did not feel safe till he was under his own bed in his own cabin."

It is impossible to give an exact view of what our friends at Shelbyville saw, for no drawings made there appear to have been preserved, and photography at that time could only indicate feebly the portion of the corona near the sun where it is brightest. Figure 3 is a fac-simile of one of the photographs taken on the occasion, which is interesting perhaps as one of the early attempts in this direction, for

comparison with later ones; but as a picture it is very disappointing, for the whole structure of the outer corona we have alluded to, is missed altogether, the plate having taken no impression of it.

A drawing (Fig. 4) made by another observer, Mr. M'Leod, at Springfield, represents more of the outer structure; but the reader must remember that all drawings must, in the nature of the case (since there are but two or three minutes to sketch in), be incomplete, whatever the artist's skill.

Up to this time it was still doubtful, not only what the corona was, but where it was; whether it was a something about the sun or moon, or whether, indeed, it might not be in our own atmosphere. The spectroscopic observations of Professors Young and Harkness at this same eclipse of a green line in its spectrum, due to some glowing gas, showed conclusively that it was largely, at any rate, a solar appendage, and partly, at least, self-luminous; and these and other results having awakened general discussion among astronomers in Europe as well as at home, the United States Government sent an expedition, under the direction of the late Professor Pierce, to observe an eclipse which,

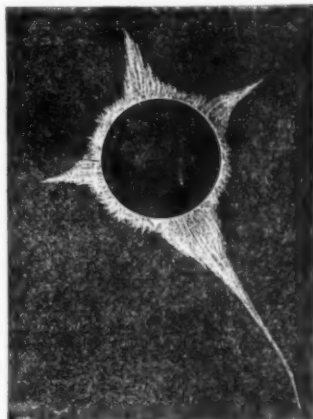


FIG. 4.—SKETCH OF OUTER CORONA, 1869. (U. S. COAST SURVEY REPORT.)

in the next year, on December 8, 1870, was total in the south of Spain. There were three parties, and of the most western of these, which was at Xeres under the charge of Professor Winlock, I was a member.

The duration of totality was known beforehand. It would last two minutes and ten

\* Since this was written, the earthquake of August 10, which was felt in the Middle States and New England, has enlarged the circle of readers who will appreciate the force of the illustration.—[EDITOR.]

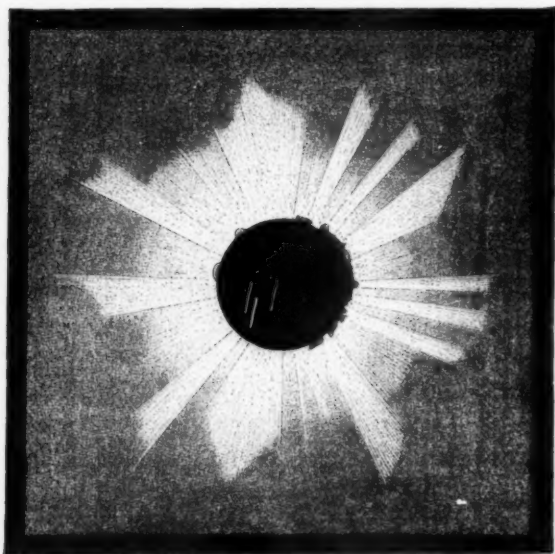


FIG. 5.—TACCHINI'S DRAWING OF CORONA OF 1870. (SECCHI'S "LE SOLEIL.")

seconds, and to secure what could be seen in this brief interval we crossed the ocean. Our station was in the midst of the sherry district, and a part of the instruments were in an orange-grove, where the ground was covered with the ripe fallen fruit, while the olive and vine about us in December, reminded us of the distance we had come to gather the results of so brief an opportunity.

To prepare for it, we had all arrived on the ground some weeks beforehand, and had been assiduously busy in installing the apparatus in the observing camp, which suggested that of a small army, the numerous instruments, some of them of considerable size, equatorials, photographic apparatus, polariscopes, photometers, and spectroscopes, being under tents, the fronts of which could be lifted when the time came for action.

To the equatorial telescopes, photographic cameras are attached instead of the eye-pieces, in the hope that the corona may be made to impress itself on the plate instead of on the eye. The eye is an admirable instrument itself, no doubt, but behind it is a brain, perhaps overwrought with excitement, and responding too completely to the nervous tension which most of us experience when those critical moments are passing so rapidly. The camera can see far less of the corona than the man, *but it has no nerves*, and what it sets down we may rely on.

At such a time each observer has some particular task assigned to him, on which, if wise, he has drilled himself for weeks beforehand,

so that no hesitation or doubt may arise in the moment of action; and his attention is expected to be devoted to this duty alone, which may keep him from noting any of the features which make the occasion so impressive as a spectacle. Most of my own particular work was again of a kind which would not interest the reader.

Apart from this, I can recall little but the sort of pain of expectation, as the moment approached, till within a minute before totality the hum of voices around ceased, and an utter and most impressive silence succeeded, broken only by a low "ah!" from the group without the camp, when the moment came. I remember that the clouds, which had hung over the sun while the moon was first advancing on its body, cleared away before the instant of totality, so that the

last thing I saw was a range of mountains to the eastward still bright in the light; then, the next moment, the shadow rushed overhead and blotted out the distant hills, almost before I could turn my head to the instrument before me.

The corona appeared to me a different thing from what it did the year before. It was apparently confined to a pearly light of a roughly quadrangular shape, close to the limb of the sun, broken by dark rifts (one of which was a conspicuous object), while within, and close to the limb, was what looked like a mountain rising from the hidden sun, of the color of the richest tint we should see in a rose-leaf held up against the light, while others were visible of an orange-scarlet. After a short scrutiny I turned to my task of analyzing the nature of the white light.

The seconds fled, the light broke out again, and so did the hubbub of voices,—it was all over, and what had been missed then could not be recovered. The

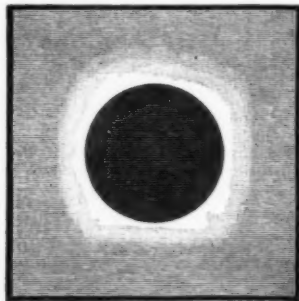


FIG. 6.—WATSON'S NAKED-EYE DRAWING OF CORONA OF 1870. (U. S. COAST SURVEY REPORT.)



FIG. 7.—PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING COMMENCEMENT OF OUTER CORONA. (ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY'S MEMOIRS.)

sense of self-reproach for wasted opportunity is a common enough feeling at this time, though one may have done his best, so little it seems to each he has accomplished; but when all the results had been brought together, we found that the spectroscopes, cameras, and polariscopes had each done their work, and the journey had not been taken in vain. In one point only we all differed, and this was about the direct ocular evidence, for each seemed to have seen a different corona, and the drawings of it were singularly unlike. Here are two (Figs. 5 and 6) taken at this eclipse at the same time, and from neighboring stations, by two most experienced astronomers, Tacchini and Watson. No one could guess that they represented the same object, and a similar discrepancy was common.

Considering that these were trained experts, whose special task it was, in this case, to draw the corona, which therefore claimed their undivided attention, I hardly know a more striking instance of the fallibility of human

testimony. The evidence of several observers, however, pointed to the fact that the light really was more nearly confined to the part next the sun than the year before, so that the corona had probably changed during that interval, and grown smaller, which was remarkable enough. The evidence of the polariscopes, on the whole, showed it to be partly due to reflected sunlight, while the spectroscope in the hands of Professor Young confirmed the last year's observation, that it was also, and largely, self-luminous. Finally, the photographs, taken at very distant stations, showed the same dark rifts in the same place, and thus brought confirmatory evidence that it was not a local phenomenon in our own atmosphere. A photograph of it, taken by Mr. Brothers in Sicily, is the subject of the annexed illustration (Fig. 7), in which the very bright lights which, owing to "photographic irradiation," seem to indent the moon are chiefly due to the colored flames I have spoken of, which will be described later.

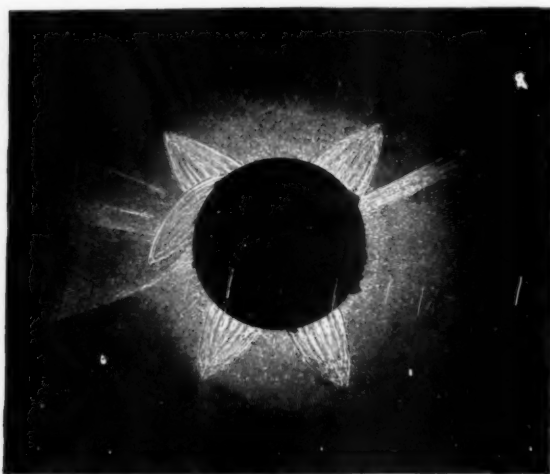


FIG. 8.—ECLIPSE OF 1857, DRAWING BY LIAIS. (ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY'S MEMOIRS.)

It may be observed that the photographs taken in the next year (1871) were still more successful, and began to show still more of the structure, whose curious forms, resembling large petals, had already been figured by Liais. His drawing (Fig. 8), made in 1857, was supposed to be rather a fanciful sketch than a trustworthy one; but, as it will be seen, the photograph goes far to justify it.

Figures 9 and 10 are copies published by Mr. Ranyard of the excellent photographs obtained in 1871, which are perhaps as good as anything done since, though even these do not show the outer corona. The first is an enlargement of a small portion of the detail in the second. It is scarcely possible for wood-engraving to reproduce the delicate texture of the original.

The years brought round the eclipse of 1878, which was again in United States territory, the central track (as Figure 2 has already shown) running directly over one of the loftiest mountains of the country, Pike's Peak, in Colorado. Pike's Peak, though over 14,000 feet high, is often ascended by pleasure tourists; but it is one thing to stay there for an hour or two, and another to take up one's abode there and get acclimated; for to do the latter we must first pass through the horrors (not too strong a word) of mountain-sickness. This reaches its height usually on the second or third day, and is something like violent sea-sickness, complicated with the sensations a creature may be supposed to have under the bell of an air-pump. After a week the strong begin to get over it, but none but the very robust should take its chances, as we did, without preparation; for on the night

before the eclipse the life of one of our little party was pronounced in danger, and he was carried down in a litter to a cabin at an altitude of about 10,000 feet, where he recovered so speedily as to be able to do good service on the following day. The summit of the "Peak" is covered with great angular boulders of splintered granite, among which we laid logs brought up for fire-wood, and on these, sacks of damp hay, then stretching a little tent over all and tying it down with wire to the rocks, we were fain to turn in under damp blankets, and to lie awake with incessant headache, drawing long, struggling breaths in the vain attempt to get air, and wondering how long the tent would last, as the

canvas flapped and roared with a noise like that of a loose sail in a gale at sea, with occasional intervals of a dead silence, usually followed by a gust that shoved against the tent with the push of a solid body, and if a sleeper's shoulders touched the canvas, shouldered him over in his bed. The stout canvas held, but the snow entered with the wind, and lay in a deep drift on the pillow when I woke after a brief sleep toward morning, and, looking out on the gray dawn, found that the snow had turned to hail, which was rattling sharply on the rocks with an accompaniment of thunder, which seemed to roll from all parts of the horizon. The snow lay thick, and the sheets

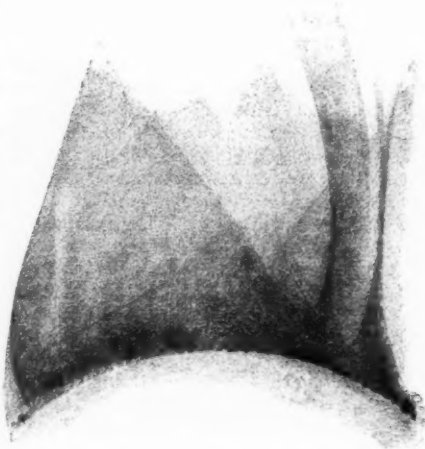


FIG. 9.—ENLARGEMENT OF PART OF FIG. 10.



of hail were like a wall, shutting out the sight of everything a few rods off, and this was in July! I thought of my December station in sunny Andalusia.

Hail, rain, sleet, snow, fog, and every form of bad weather continued for a week on the summit, while it was almost always clear below. It was often a remarkable sight to go to the edge and look down. The expanse of "the plains," which stretched eastward to a horizon line over a hundred miles distant, would be in bright sunshine beneath, while the hail was all around and above us; and the light coming *up* instead of down gave singular effects when the clouds parted below, the plains seeming at such times to be opalescent with luminous yellow and green, as though the lower world was translucent, and the sun was beneath it and shining up through. On page 930 is a picture of three of us on the mountain-top, who saw a rarer spectacle, for directly opposite the setting sun, and on the mist over the gulf beyond us, was a bright ring, in whose center were three phantom images of our three selves, which moved as we moved, and then faded as the sun sank. It was "the specter of the Brocken." These ghostly presentments were tolerably defined, as in the sketch, but did not seem to be gigan-

tic, as some have described them. We rather thought them close at hand, but before we could determine, the vision faded.

The clouds, to our good fortune, rolled away on the 29th, and a number of pleasure-seekers, who came up to view the eclipse and the unwonted bright sunshine, made a scene which it was hard to identify with the usual one. This time my business was to draw the corona, and the extreme altitude and the clearness of the air, with perhaps some greater extension than usual in the object itself, enabled it to be followed to an unprecedented distance. During totality the sun was surrounded by a narrow ring,—hardly more than a line of vivid light,—presenting no structure to the naked eye (but a remarkable one in the telescope), and this faded with great suddenness into a circular nebulous luminosity between two and three diameters of the sun wide, but without such marked plumes, or filaments, as I had seen in 1869. The most extraordinary thing, however, was a beam of light, inclined at an angle of about forty-five degrees, about as wide as the sun, and extending to the distance of nearly six of its diameters on one side and over twelve on the other; on one side alone, that is, to the amazing distance of over ten million miles

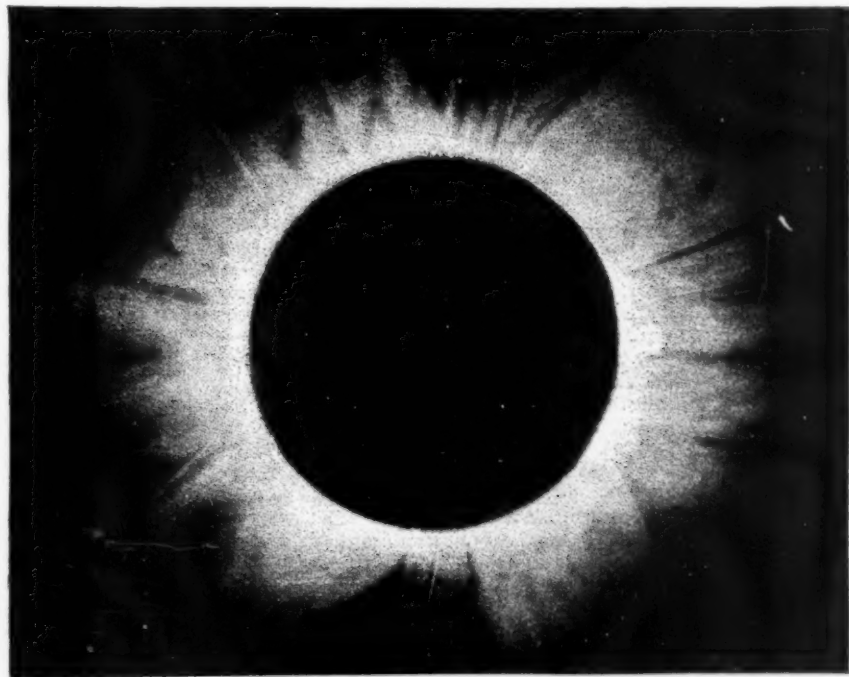


FIG. 10.—FAC-SIMILE OF PHOTOGRAPH OF CORONA OF 1871. (ROYAL ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY'S MEMOIRS.)



FIG. 11.—"SPECTERS."

from its body. Substantially the same observation was made, as it appeared later, by Professor Newcomb, at a lower level. The direction, when more carefully measured, it was interesting to note, coincided closely with that of the Zodiacal light, and a faint central rib added to its resemblance to that body. It is noteworthy, in illustration of what has already been said as to the conflict of ocular testimony, that, though I, with the great majority of observers below, saw only this beam, two witnesses whose evidence is unimpeachable, Professors Young and Abbe, saw a pale beam at right angles to it; and that one observer did not see the beam in question at all. Figure 12 is a sketch made from my own, but necessarily on a scale which can show only its general features.

With the telescope, the whole of the bright inner light close to the sun was found to be made up of filaments, more definite even than those described in a previous chapter as seen in sun-spots, and bristling in all directions from the edge; not concealing each other, as we might expect such things to do, upon a

sphere, but fringing the sun's edge in definite outline, as though it were really but a disk.

Those who were at leisure to watch the coming shadow of the moon described its curved outline as distinctly visible on the plains. "A rounded ball of darkness with an orange-yellow border," one called it. Those, again, who looked down on the bright clouds below say the shadow was preceded by a yellow fringe, casting a bright light over the clouds and passing into orange, pink, rose-red, and dark-red, in about twenty seconds. This beautiful effect was noticed by nearly all the amateur observers present, who had their attention at liberty, and was generally unseen by the professional ones, who were shut up in dark tents with photometers, or engaged otherwise than in admiring the glory of the spectacle as a spectacle merely. This strange light, forming a band of color about the shadow as seen from above, must have really covered ten miles or more in width, and have occupied a considerable fraction of a minute in passing over the heads of those below, to whom it probably constituted that lurid light

on their landscape I have spoken of as so peculiar and "unnatural." It seems to be due to the colored flames round the sun, which shine out when its brighter light is extinguished. I should add that on the summit of Pike's Peak the corona did not entirely disappear at the instant the sun broke forth again, but that its outlying portions first went and then its brighter and inner ones, till our eager gaze, trying to follow it as long as possible, only after the lapse of some minutes

time have secured, in all, something like three-quarters of an hour for observation. Accordingly, what we know best about the corona is how it looks, what it is, being still largely conjecture; and it is for this reason that I have thought the space devoted to it would be best used by giving the unscientific reader some idea of the visible phenomena as they present themselves to an eye-witness. Treatises like Lockyer's "Solar Physics," Proctor's "The Sun," Secchi's "Le Soleil," and Young's

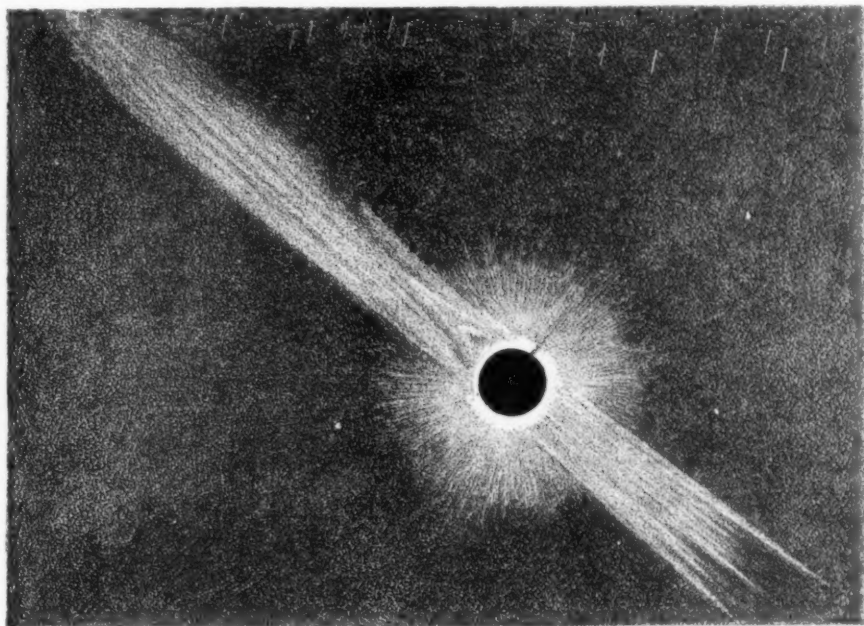


FIG. 12.—OUTER CORONA OF 1878. (U. S. NAVAL OBSERVATORY.)

saw the last of the wonderful thing disappear and "fade into the light of common day."

There have been other eclipses since, the last being that visible in Oceanica in 1883, to observe which the United States Government sent an expedition to the Caroline Islands, under the charge of Professor Holden; but, in spite of all, our knowledge of the corona remains very incomplete, and if the most learned in such matters were asked what it was, he could probably answer truthfully, "I don't know."

This will not be wondered at when it is considered that as total eclipses come about every other year, and continue, one with another, hardly three minutes, an astronomer who should devote thirty years exclusively to the subject, never missing an eclipse in whatever quarter of the globe it occurred, would in that

"The Sun" (the latter is most recent), will give the reader who desires to learn more of the little that is known, the fuller information which this is not the place for; but it may be said very briefly that it is certain that the corona is at times of enormous extent (the whole length of the longer beam seen on Pike's Peak must have been over fourteen million miles), that it almost certainly changes in its shape and dimensions from year to year (possibly much oftener, but this we cannot yet know), and that it shines partly by its own and partly by reflected light. When we come to ask whether it is a gas or not, the evidence is conflicting. The appearance of the green coronal line, and other testimony we have not alluded to, would make it seem almost certain that there must be a gas here of extreme tenuity, reaching the height of

some hundred thousand miles, at the least; while yet the fact that such light bodies as comets have been known to pass through it, close to the sun, without suffering any visible retardation, such as would come even from a gas far lighter than hydrogen, appears to throw doubt on evidence otherwise strong. It is possible to conceive of the corona, and especially of the outer portion, as very largely

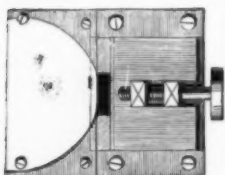


FIG. 13.—SPECTROSCOPE SLIT AND SOLAR IMAGE. (FROM "THE SUN," BY YOUNG.)

made up of minute particles such as form the scattered dust of meteoric trains, and this seems to be the most probable constitution of its outlying parts. It is even possible to conceive that it is in some degree a subjective phenomenon caused, as Professor Hastings has suggested, by diffraction upon the edge of the moon—the moon, that is, not merely serving as a screen to the sun to reveal the corona, but partly *making* the corona by diffracting the light, somewhat as we see the edge of any very distant object screening the sun gilded by its beams. This effect may be seen when the sun rises or sets unusually clear, for objects on the horizon partly hiding it are then fringed for a moment with a line of light; an appearance which has not escaped Shakspeare, where he says:

"But when from under this terrestrial ball  
He fires the tall tops of the eastern pines."

Still, in admitting the possibility of some such contributory effect on the part of the moon, we must not, of course, be understood as meaning that the corona as a whole does not have a real existence, quite independent of the changes which the presence of the moon may bring; and in leaving the wonderful thing we must remember that it is, after all, a reality, and not a phantasm.

I have already described how, at the eclipse of 1870, I (with others) saw within the corona what seemed like rose and scarlet colored mountains rising from the sun's edge, an appearance which had first been particularly studied in the eclipse of 1868, two years before, and which, it might be added, Messrs. Lockyer and Janssen had succeeded in observing without an eclipse by the spectroscope. Besides the corona, it may be said, then, that the sun is surrounded by a thin envelope, rising here and there into prominences of a rose and scarlet color, invisible in the telescope, except at a total eclipse, but always visible through the spectroscope. It is within and quite distinct

from the corona, and is usually called the "chromosphere," being a sort of sphere of colored fire surrounding the sun, but which we can usually see only on the edge. "The appearance," says Young, "is as if countless jets of heated gas were issuing through vents and spiracles over the whole surface, thus clothing it with flame, which heaves and tosses like the blaze of a conflagration." Out of this, then, somewhat like greater waves or larger swellings of the colored fires, rise the prominences, whose place, close to the sun's edge, has been indicated in many of the drawings and photographs just given of the corona, on whose background they are seen during eclipses; but as they can be studied at our leisure with the spectroscope, we have reserved a more particular description of them till now. They are at all times directly before us, as well as the corona; but, while both are yet invisible from the overpowering brightness of the sunlight reflected from the earth's atmosphere in front of them, these red flames are so far brighter than the coronal background, that if we could only weaken this "glare" a little, they, at least, might become visible, even if the corona were not. The difficulty is evidently to find some contrivance which will weaken the "glare" without enfeebling the prominences too; and this the spectroscope does by diffusing the white sunlight, while it lets the color pass nearly

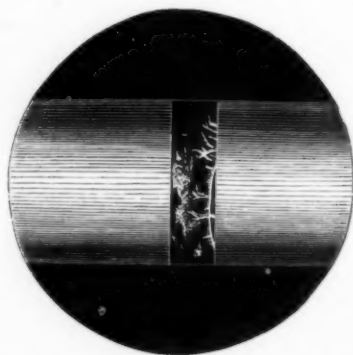


FIG. 14.—SLIT AND PROMINENCES. ("THE SUN," BY YOUNG.)

unimpaired. For the full understanding of its action the reader must be referred to such works as those on the sun already mentioned; but a general idea of it may be gathered, if we reflect that white light is composed of every possible variety of colors, and that the spectroscope, which consists essentially of a prism behind a very narrow slit through which the light enters, lets any single color pass freely, without weakening it or al-



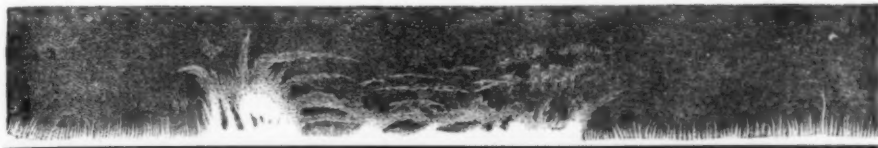


FIG. 15.—TACCHINI'S CHROMOSPHERIC CLOUDS. ("MEMORIE DEGLI SPETTROSCOPISTI ITALIANI.")

tering it in anything but its direction, but gives a different direction to each, and hence sorts out the tints, distributing them side by side, every one in its own place, upon the long colored band called the spectrum. If this distribution has spread the colors along a space a thousand times as wide as the original beam, the average light must be just so much weaker than the white light was, because this originally consisted of a thousand (let us say a thousand, but it is really an infinite number) mingled tints of blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, which have now been thus distributed. If, however, we look through the prism at a rose-leaf, and it has no blue, green, yellow or orange in it, and nothing but pure red, as each single color passes unchanged, this red will, according to what has been said, be as bright after it has passed as before. All depends, then, on the fact that these prominences do consist mainly of light of one color, like the rose-leaf, so that this monochromatic light will be seen through the spectroscope just as it is, while the luminous veil of glaring white before it will seem to be brushed away.

If a large telescope is directed toward the sun, the glass at the further end will, if the eye-piece be removed, form a little picture of the sun, as a picture is formed in a camera-obscura; and now, if the spectroscope be fastened to this eye-end, where the observer's head would be were he looking through, the edge of the solar image may be made to fall just *off* the slit, so that only the light from the prominences (and the white glare about them) shall pass in. To see this more clearly, let us

turn our backs to the sun and the telescope and look at the place where the image falls by the spectroscope slit, which in Fig. 13 is drawn of its full size. This is a brass plate, having a minute rectangular window, the "slit," in it. The width of this slit is regulated by a screw, and any rays falling into the narrow aperture pass through the prism within, and finally fall on the observer's eye, but not till they have been sorted by the prism in the manner described. Formed on the brass plate, just as it would be formed on a sheet of paper, or anything else held in the focus, we see the bright solar image, a circle of light perhaps an inch and a half in diameter—a miniature of the sun with its spots. The whole of the sun (the photosphere) then is hidden to an observer who is looking up through the slit from the other side, for, as the sun's edge does not quite touch the slit, none of its rays can enter it; but if there be also the image here of a prominence, projecting beyond the edge, and really overhanging the slit (though to us invisible on account of the glare about it), these rays will fall into the slit and pass down to the prism, which will dispose of it in the way already stated.

And now let us get to the other side, and, looking up through the prism with the aid of a magnifying-glass, see what it has done for us (Fig. 14). The large rectangular opening here is the same as the small one which was visible from the outside, only that it is now magnified, and what was before invisible is seen; the edge of the sun itself is just hidden, but the scarlet flames of the chromosphere have become visible, with a cloudy promi-

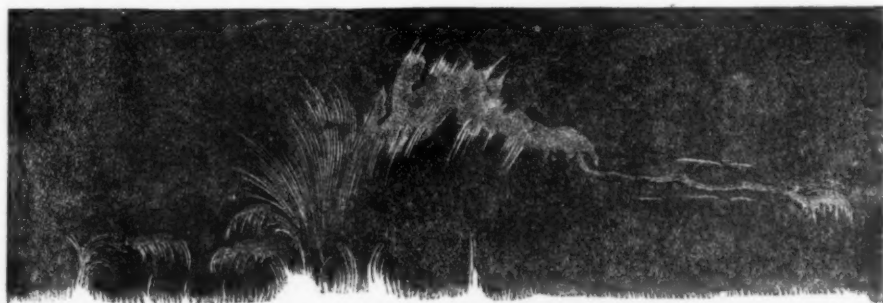


FIG. 16.—TACCHINI'S CHROMOSPHERIC CLOUDS. ("MEMORIE DEGLI SPETTROSCOPISTI ITALIANI.")

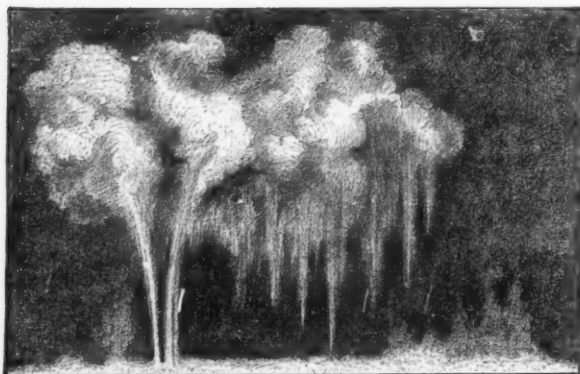


FIG. 17.—VOGEL'S CHROMOSPHERIC FORMS. ("BEOBSACHTUNGEN," DR. H. C. VOGEL.)

nence rising above them. The "flames" are flame-like only in form, for their light is probably due not to any combustion, but to the glow of intensely heated matter, and as its light is not quite pure red, we can, by going to another part of the spectrum, see the same thing repeated in orange, the effect being as though we had a number of long narrow windows, some glazed with red, some with orange, and other colors, through which we could look out at the same clouds. I have looked at these prominences often in this way, but I prefer, in the reader's interest, to borrow from the description by Professor Young, who has made these most interesting and wonderful forms a special study.

Let us premise that the depth of the crimson shell out of which they rise is usually less than five thousand miles, and that though the

prominences vary greatly, the majority reach a height of nearly twenty thousand miles, while in exceptional cases this is immensely exceeded. Professor Young has seen one which grew to a height of three hundred and fifty thousand miles in an hour and a half, and in half an hour more had faded away.

These forms fall into two main classes: that of the quiet and cloud-like, and that of the eruptive, the first being almost exactly in form like the clouds of our own sky, sometimes appearing to lie

on the limb of the sun like a bank of clouds on the horizon, sometimes floating entirely free; while sometimes "the whole under surface is fringed with down-hanging filaments, which remind one of a summer shower hanging from a heavy thunder-cloud."

Here are some of the typical forms of the quieter ones:

Fig. 15, by Tacchini, the Director of the Roman Observatory, represents an ordinary prominence or cloud-group in the chromosphere whose height is about twenty-five thousand miles. The little spires of flame which rise, thick as grass-blades, everywhere from the surface are seen on its right and left.

Fig. 16 (Tacchini) is one where the agitation is greater and the "filamentary" type is more marked. Besides the curiously thread-

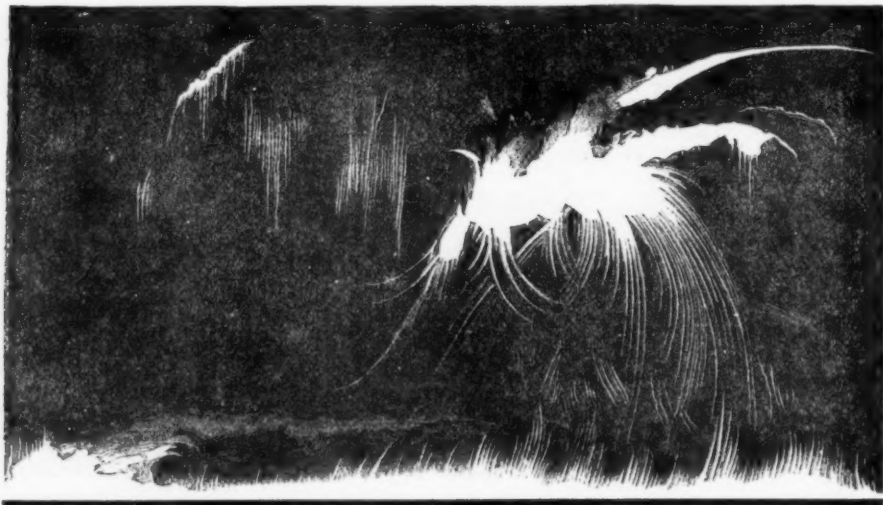


FIG. 18.—TACCHINI'S CHROMOSPHERIC FORMS. ("MEMORIE DEGLI SPETTROCOPISTI ITALIANI.")

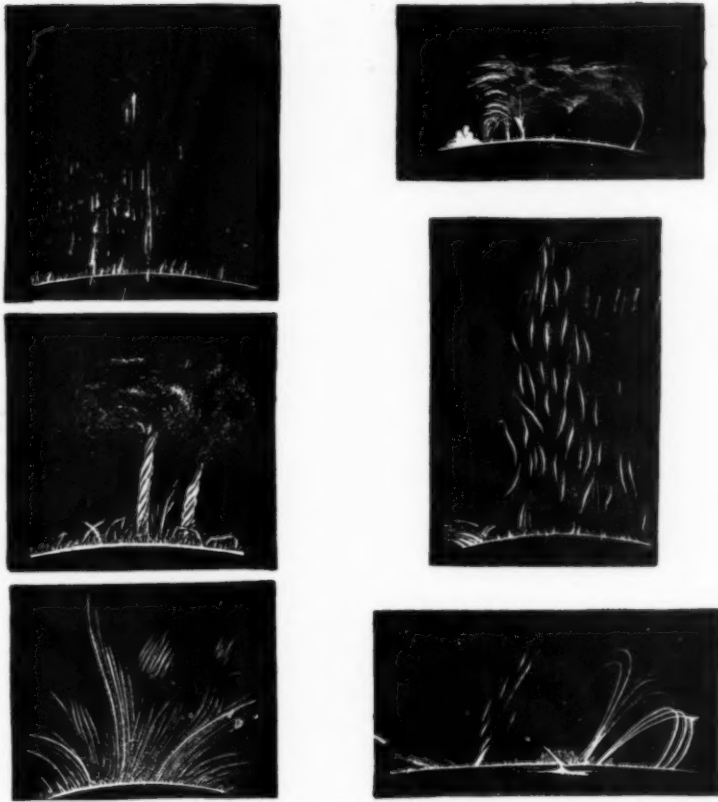


FIG. 19.—ERUPTIVE PROMINENCES. ("THE SUN," BY YOUNG.)

like forms (so suggestive of what we have already seen in the photosphere, we have here what looks like an extended cloudy mass, drawn out by a horizontally moving wind.

Fig. 17 (by Vogel, at Bothkamp) represents another of these numerous types.

The extraordinary Fig. 18 is from another drawing, by Tacchini, of a protuberance seen in 1871 (a time of great solar disturbance), and it belongs to the more energetic of its class.

The fantastic cloud-shape, "if shape it might be called that shape had none," looking like some nightmare vision, was about fifty thousand miles long and sixty thousand high above the surface. The reader will notice also the fiery rain, like the drops from a falling rocket, and may add to it all, in imagination, the actual color, which is of a deep scarlet.

It may add to the interest such things excite to know that they have some mysteri-

ous connection with a terrestrial one,—the aurora,—for the northern lights have been again and again noticed to dance in company with these solar displays.

The eruptive prominences are very different in appearance, as will be seen by the next illustration, for which we are indebted to Professor Young.

In Fig. 19 we have a group of most interesting views by him (drawn here on the common scale of seventy-five thousand miles to an inch), illustrating the more eruptive types, of which we will let him speak directly. The first shows a case of the vertical filaments like those rocket-drops we saw just now in Tacchini's drawing, but here more marked; while the second (left side) is a cyclone-form, where the twisted stems suggest what we have seen before in the "bridges" of sun-spots, and below this is another example of filamentary forms.

The upper one, on the right, is the view of a cloud prominence as it appeared at half-

past twelve o'clock, on September 7, 1871. Below it is the same prominence at *one* o'clock (half an hour later), when it has been shattered by some inconceivable explosion, blowing it into fragments and driving the hydrogen to a height of two hundred thousand miles. The lowest figure on the right shows another case where inclined jets (of hydrogen) were seen to rise to a height of fifty thousand miles.

Professor Young says of these:

"Their form and appearance change with great rapidity, so that the motion can almost be seen with the eye. Sometimes they consist of pointed rays, diverging in all directions, like hedgehog-spines. Sometimes they look like flames; sometimes like sheaves of grain; sometimes like whirling water-spouts, capped with a great cloud; occasionally they present most exactly the appearance of jets of liquid fire, rising and falling in graceful parabolas; frequently they carry on their edges spirals like the volutes of an Ionic column; and continually they detach filaments which rise to a great elevation, gradually expanding and growing fainter as they ascend, until the eye loses them. There is no end to the number of curious and interesting appearances which they exhibit under varying circumstances. The velocity of the motions often exceeds a hundred miles a second, and sometimes, though very rarely, reaches two hundred miles."

In the case of the particular phenomenon recorded by Professor Young in the last illustration, Mr. Proctor, however, has calculated that the initial velocity probably exceeded five hundred miles a second, which, except

for the resistance experienced by the sun's own atmosphere, would have hurled the ejected matter into space entirely clear of the sun's power to recall it, so that it would never return.

It adds to our interest in these flames to know that they at least are connected with that up-rush of heated matter from the sun's interior, forming a part of the circulation which maintains both the temperature of its surface and that radiation on which all terrestrial life depends. The flames, indeed, add of themselves little to the heat the sun sends us, but they are in this way the outward and visible signs of a constant process within, by which we live, and so far they seem to have a more immediate interest to us, though invisible, than the corona which surrounds them. But we must remember when we lift our eyes to the sun that this latter wonder is really there, whether man sees it or not, and that the cause of its existence is still unknown.

We ask for its "object" perhaps with an unconscious assumption that the whole must have been in some way provided to subserve *our* wants, but there is not as yet the slightest evidence connecting its existence with any human need or purpose, and as yet we have no knowledge that, in this sense, it exists to any "end" at all. "As the thought of man is widened with the process of the suns," let us hope that we shall one day know more.

S. P. Langley.

## THE HEART OF THE CITY.

CAN you not feel the pulse of traffic beat,  
Here where shrewd Commerce rears the gilded dome  
Of her vast temple, and men's footsteps roam  
Amid the bustling but inconstant street?  
Here honest barter and keen avarice meet  
And speculative passion seeks a home,  
Frail as the glittering and unstable foam,  
Borne from wan billows when the winds are fleet!  
In scenes like these men find no sweet repose,  
Through sordid nights and long tumultuous days,  
With strained nerves battling for the love of gain:  
For them no gracious flower of slumber grows,  
With restful rapture past the meed of praise,  
In Thought's grim citadel—a burdened brain.

William H. Hayne.



## THE PRICE I PAID FOR A SET OF RUSKIN.

In days long past I bought a beautiful set of Ruskin with a book which I wrote myself. And I paid something besides,—more, I think, than any edition on earth is worth. I will put the case before you. Judge for yourselves.

My father was a widowed clergyman, with the clergyman's usual baker's dozen of children, of whom I was the oldest, so that I was wife to my father, mother to the children, and sister to all the parish, before I was well under way in my teens. As a family, our needs were naturally in the customary clerical disproportion to our means; and as to wants, from our childhood we were instructed to forego those altogether.

"Be content with food and shelter and clothing," said my father, patting our cheeks with that gentle hand of his. "Do the robins have more?"

I felt that the robins had a great deal more. None of *us* ever looked so fresh and smart in our spring suits, or supplemented our scanty winter gleanings with the scattered blessings of generous hands; while as to the roof above our heads, there was many a gallant oak-tree that warded the storms off better. However, the argument always silenced me at once, and cheered me, too, as did every word ever spoken by this dear voice; and when I looked up in my father's beautiful face and met his smile, I felt that, having him, I truly needed nothing more. Oh, how I idolized my father! Surely a braver, sweeter, lovelier soul never has been. He was now far past middle life, but still working with tireless zest and unswerving devotion among the people who had summoned him to be their teacher some thirty years before. All the best days of his life, all the best powers of his mind had been given to their service; and now that he was gray and weary and spent with labor, he still had no thought of rest.

"My work is not as other men's work," he would say. "I may not take it up and lay it down at pleasure. God will take it from me when it is time."

And so he toiled on, growing every day more single-minded in purpose, more holy in character, more saint-like in expression. His life was a gospel of itself. But the strength of his soul outran that of his body, and he grew to look old and worn before his time, until at last comforts became necessities instead of luxuries, and altogether ate up the paltry

salary which from the first had been but a meager one even for our not overwealthy congregation.

"Surely, father," I suggested, "they might raise it a little now, if only in recognition of your long and faithful services."

"Nay, nay, Hester, my child," he replied, with his tender smile. "You forget that I am growing old and feeble, and am not worth as much to the parish as a younger and sprier man. It is generous of the vestry that they continue my salary the same. We should be grateful that they have not lessened it. And what should we do with more? Have we not all that we need?"

"No," I said petulantly. "You need a new coat. I can see my face all down the back of that one."

"It is a recommendation of its shabbiness, my dear, that it reflects anything so comely. I shall wear it with added pleasure now."

"And you ought to have a gig to carry you about in bad weather."

"I should but break my neck getting in and out of it. I am safer by far on my feet, my child. I am not so limber at climbing as I used to be."

"At least, then, father, you should be able to indulge in a new book or two when your heart is set on it. There is that beautiful edition of Ruskin down at Carter's, that you look at so longingly every time you pass the store."

"Hoots toots!" interrupted my father gayly. "If you come to idle wishes, not all the mints in all the world could coin money fast enough for our demands, and we are better off as we are."

"But you know you do want that set of Ruskin, father."

"Ay, truly. So I would like the Bodleian Library, but that is no good reason why I should have it. I will not deny though that that is a fine set of Ruskin that Carter has,—the very handsomest edition of the work that I ever saw, and a binding that does credit to the writer. A worthy book unworthily bound is as a monarch in unseemly robes, and my simple mind prefers royalty in its pomp. Yes, it is a fine set surely. It gives me pleasure but to take up one of those books in my hand and turn over the prints, like a child with a picture primer; and Carter is very friendly, and allows me to look at it as often as I enter the store. But that is not to say I

wish it were mine, my dear. Why, there are no shelves in my study fit to hold it. I should next want to be buying that little gem of a carved bookstand at Tracey's to put it in. Nay, nay, it is unsafe to begin with wishes and wants, you see, my child. There is no knowing where they would lead me to."

Nevertheless there was scarcely a day but on some pretext or other my father found his way to Carter's, to have just one peep more at that beautiful morocco-bound edition of his favorite author. How eagerly he took up one volume of it after another! how regretfully he laid each down! how lingeringly he turned away! I yearned unspeakably to make it his. His love of beautiful books amounted almost to a passion, and was his one innocently extravagant taste. Ah, if I could but gratify it in this single instance! By degrees all my soul became absorbed in this intense desire, and by day and by night I dreamed over one by one the few arts for earning money at an ignorant woman's command. And at last I determined that I would write a book.

So these are the circumstances which made me an author; for, like many poor women who earn their living by their pen, I was by no means a writer born; and this is how that first and last book of mine was begun. I felt confident that, once started, I could tell my story well enough, and to write it would cost me no outlay save time, which I took from the night hours, that I might leave none of my day-duties undone; and if I failed, therefore, I would at least lose nothing by my venture.

But I had little imagination, which was scarcely to be wondered at, for a life passed among hard realities soon loses its frail hold on the ideal; and I could not invent a plot, try as I would, till at last, in despair, I fell back on an ended romance in my own life, a sad little story which I had lived through all unknown to any one — even to my father — one eventful, never-to-be-forgotten summer not many years before, when I had chanced to be away from home. It seemed almost like reopening a grave, or betraying some sacred trust to write out this sorry secret of mine to lay before the world's desecrating eyes. But after all, I said to myself, people will think it merely a story; no one can ever guess I wrote about myself; and at least my book must be life-like, and will run no risk of being overdrawn, if I put in it only what really happened. In all my life I had been but that once outside our city, and I knew so little therefore of any other that I preferably laid my scene where I lived, where I naturally took myself for my heroine, for how could I fit my own story to any other woman? Yet every stroke of my pen seemed such an absolute revelation

of myself, such a complete unmasking of my inmost and dearest thoughts and feelings, that my cheeks grew scarlet, and a burning shame possessed my whole soul as I wrote. What could the world think of me if it knew that I — I — the reserved, reticent, quiet Hester Brooks, had given away my heart's love to one so utterly unworthy it, to one so unworthy the love of any true woman living, and who had won it only to scorn it and fling it from him as a valueless toy?

But to the world it will only be a novel, a fiction, a made-up story, I said reassuringly to myself over and over again. It cannot seem true to any but myself, for no one living dreams that I ever had a lover, and not even he who trifled with me knew that he broke my heart, for all I learned to despise him through my love, and only forgave him long after, when I heard that he was dead.

And so I wrote my book, the simplest of books in very truth, and with only myself in it; for the few other characters necessary to the unfolding of the tale were all shadowy and indistinct, forming a dim background against which this one figure stood out in clear relief. A great morose-looking house which adjoined ours, and which had stood empty ever since I could remember, was the familiar home I chose for my heroine; and I described her from a fancy sketch, which, hanging in my room since childhood, seemed now almost more like my second self than could any reflection from my mirror. My story should be real throughout, I determined, and any visionary head would sit strangely on my shoulders. But this picture over my desk was as my half-sister, and it seemed not unnatural to link her features with my fate. Surely she would be willing to lend so much as that toward helping on my book, she who had watched me through so many years, witnessing with silent sympathy a sorrow hidden from all others.

So in the still hours of the night, for my dear father's sake, I sat and told my tale. My deep love for him, my passionate desire to give him pleasure, lent a strange inspiration to my pen; and if I needed further incentive, if my brain wearied or my courage failed, I would slip quietly out of the house toward dusk and go down to Carter's, and look through the window at that wonderful set of Ruskin, over which my father's spirit yearned. Several times I caught him there. He seemed unable to keep away.

"It is those books bring me here," he would say, deprecatingly, as I came up. "They are a magnet I cannot resist. Truly, I believe I could hardly enjoy them more were they my own."

And the recollection of the subdued long-

ing in his face as he turned away gave wings to my midnight pen. I felt that I was writing well, and I knew that I should never write as well again. But what matters another time? I thought. It is for this once that I seek success, and I will pour all my heart into my book. I will keep back nothing of what I have to give. I will risk my all on this one venture. Ah, my poor little book, wrought in silence and secrecy, like an evil deed, yet so innocent of evil! Oh, had I but known! Had I but known!

But why dwell longer on preliminaries? My book at last was not only finished, but accepted, and in due course of time published. They told me it "took" wonderfully. I smiled to myself. It seemed whimsically odd that my heart's spoiled happiness should now make my life's success. It was like beating gold out of grief. But I experienced none of an author's reputed emotions over a first book. I thought of it only as a means to something dearer than personal fame, valuing it solely as it accomplished the end for which it was written.

Never shall I forget my dear father's amazement when the book came out. He at once locked himself into his study with it, and when he came to me afterwards, his eyes were moist and shining, and his lip trembling.

"I didn't know you had it in you, Hester," he said. "It is a wonderful book, my child. It is truer to life than life itself, but sad!—oh, my dear, sad! Were it not that I knew your life through from end to end, I could almost have believed you were telling your own experiences, so vividly is it written. It is a great gift, Hester, and you have written a wonderful book, a very wonderful book, my dear."

Not all the praise of all the world could have touched me more nearly or satisfied me more perfectly than this praise from my father. I hid my face on his breast, and could not speak for content. Ah, I thought, when I buy him that beautiful set, when he knows why I wrote my book, surely Heaven itself cannot give me more of ecstasy than that moment!

Almost simultaneously, however, with the publication of my story, I began to notice a change in people's manners toward me. I had always been rather a favorite in the parish, and till now had had only the very pleasantest relations with my father's friends. I could not comprehend what was making the difference, yet there it surely was. Mrs. Van Anden, one of our oldest friends, who had almost brought me up with her daughter Juliet, bowed to me so strangely the first time I met her after my book had appeared, that I thought something must have happened, and ran across the street to ask if any of them were ill.

"Oh, no; oh, no. Juliet is *perfectly* well.

She was never better, never happier—never in her life. Thank you *very much*," replied Mrs. Van Anden, hurrying by with such a sarcastically polite smile that I was completely dumbfounded.

And Mrs. Brownson, who lived next door to us, and whose daughter Annie—a fragile, delicate little thing—had always been a particular pet of mine, actually pretended not to see me at all at the sewing society, betraying herself by a vivid blush every time I passed anywhere near her.

Even our senior warden, dear old Mr. Drake, greeted me with a positive scowl one day, when father sent me to him with some parish question. He was still at the breakfast table, and inferring that the interruption displeased him, I hurried through my errand and left as speedily as possible. His daughter followed me out to the door. Perhaps it is because she, too, is motherless, that of all my friends I have always been most drawn to Adelaide; but she is certainly a lovely girl, though sensitive and proud to a fault. She stood silently beside me as I fastened on my veil, not offering her usual assistance, and with a strange, constrained manner, which I could not help noticing.

"What is the matter, Adelaide, dear?" I asked. "Is anything wrong? Can I help you in any way?"

"No, I thank you, Hester," she replied, a slight flush tinging her cheek. "I need nothing from you."

There was the faintest possible emphasis on the *you*. I looked up at her quickly. She threw back her head and returned my gaze steadily. Her eyes were full of keenest reproach.

"Why, Adelaide!" I exclaimed, going to her and taking her hands, "what is the matter, dear? Why do you look at me so?"

She drew away her hands and turned aside. "Your own conscience must tell you why," she answered, with a contemptuous ring in her voice. "Surely you cannot need to be told that after this we can never be friends again."

I caught hold of her dress in despair. "Have you taken leave of your senses, Adelaide? After *this*? After what? No, you *must* tell me. After what, Adelaide?"

"After your book. Why should you pretend not to understand? You must have known when you wrote it that you were forfeiting my friendship forever."

I was speechless with astonishment.

"My book!" I gasped.

Adelaide came nearer, the scorn in her face intensifying.

"Did you suppose," she said, almost in a hiss, "that such slight alterations justified you in taking as your plot what I told you last

fall in strictest confidence? I meant no one but my father ever to know my miserable history. You remember it was only by accident that you learned it. But I trusted you as I trusted myself. I thought a friend's heart was a confessional that held its secrets under seal. I told you what I would have torn out my tongue rather than have told to any one living besides. And you—you have laid it unblushingly before all the world. Is a confidence less betrayed, when betrayed with pen instead of voice? You have played with my humiliating sorrow. You have used me as a tool. You have been false to the holiest of trusts. Hester, I *never* will forgive you! never—never—never!"

The angry words dashed over me like a torrent, taking my breath away.

"Adelaide!" I cried, when at last she paused, "what mistake are you making? You are not the heroine of my book. I never once thought of you when I wrote it. Don't you see that the story is altogether different? Any resemblance is purely accidental or imaginary. The story is my own, Adelaide—not yours. Why, I would no more have taken your secret for my book than I would have stolen your photograph for its frontispiece. Adelaide—let me explain—listen!"

I might as well have appealed to a marble image. The look on her proud face deepened to actual hatred, and she turned haughtily away, closing the door in my face. No explanation that I could give availed to win back her faith in me. She never fully believed in me again. I lost her friendship forever.

It was a day or two after that Mrs. Van Anden called. I was cutting out a set of aprons for Mollie, but no interruption was unwelcome that came from this friendly quarter, and I threw down my scissors and turned to her with my usual warm greeting. To my surprise, she pushed me rudely away when I would have kissed her, and sat down, facing me sternly.

"Hester," she said bluntly, "we can't go on in this way. I've made up my mind to have it out with you. That's what I've come for. Look here. Why did you do it?"

"Why did I do what?"

"Don't look so innocent. Of course you know what I mean. Why did you put my Juliet in your book?"

"Mrs. Van Anden, Juliet is *not* in my book."

"Oh, isn't she! Why, then, have you described her face, her figure, her manner even, so unmistakably that the blindest can't fail to recognize her in your heroine, in spite of the feigned name—as if that were any real disguise? You had the grace not to call her out and out Juliet Van Anden; nevertheless, there's not a soul that knows us and has read

your story but believes she sat to you for her portrait, the same as if she went to be photographed when you wrote that book."

I was almost in tears. "But my heroine is entirely a fancy picture, Mrs. Van Anden," I insisted. "I didn't mean her to look like anyone I knew. There are plenty of tall girls with black hair and eyes in the world. The description would fit any other brunette just as well as Juliet, and I never meant Juliet in the very, very least. I tried to describe a sketch hanging in my room. I can show it to you there now."

"It's a most singular coincidence, then," said Mrs. Van Anden, not in the least mollified. "And you can't expect me to believe it's merely by chance that a fancy picture should so precisely resemble Juliet, that every word of your description might have been written for her, even to the identical way she wears her hair, in that loose coil in her neck. I wonder you didn't mention, too, how it is forever falling down. The poor girl is so mortified she doesn't know where to look. Here are all her brothers twitting her now on account of that fellow Goodrich, who used to hang about her last summer. Any one can see your hero is meant for him. They're as like as two peas. And of course it's taken for granted now all over town that he left Juliet in the lurch when he went off, while the fact is that she refused him up and down two and three times over, and wouldn't look at him if he were the only man in the world, though he's so dead in love with her. It's hard on the girl, I must say, to have you go and put it into people's heads that she's pining her soul out for love of him, when it's all the other way. I never would have believed you could have played us such a trick, Hester, and we always such friends!"

What could I say? What could I do? Vainly I took Mrs. Van Anden upstairs and showed her the picture above my desk, looking wistfully down at us with its deep, dark eyes, as if longing to enforce the truth with speech. She declared it did not look an atom like the girl in my book, and that my description would fit nobody she ever saw but only her daughter Juliet. There was no pacifying her. She stormed, she cried, she denounced me in the severest terms, and finally flung herself out of the house, even angrier than when she had entered it.

I felt as if turned to stone. I was unable to move or think. The day darkened slowly, and I was still sitting there, helplessly idle, with my hands fallen in my lap, and the uncut aprons seeming to stare reproachfully at me out from the folded muslin, when George came in from school.



"Oh, I say, Hester," he began impetuously, throwing himself face downward on the sofa with his heels in the air, irresistibly suggesting a lizard in boots, "all the fellows are talking of your novel. You've made such a hit. There never was anything like it. Mrs. Brownson is raving distracted."

"O Georgie, don't!" I implored, putting out my hands to ward off what might be coming. "Don't speak to me of that unlucky book. It has brought me nothing but distress!"

"Now, don't you be thin-skinned!" said Georgie, contemptuously. "If you're going to put people in books, why just do it and keep your pluck up. It must be splendid fun, and you do it capitably. Why, all us fellows knew in a minute it was Mrs. Brownson's old hole of a house you meant. I declare I could draw it with my eyes shut after your description. Only you're a little off when it comes to the French roof. I suppose you clapped that on as a blind."

"But I wasn't describing Mrs. Brownson's house at all, Georgie," I said, indignantly. "I meant the one on our right. That has a French roof. How stupid of you not to recognize it. It never entered my head to appropriate Mrs. Brownson's house for my heroine."

"La—la!" answered Georgie, and made an expressive, if disrespectful, gesture of disbelief. "It's all right, anyhow. The old duffer deserves a rub for being so miffy; only, you see, she says every one will suppose, from your laying the scene in her house, that you mean Annie by the heroine; and Annie's being so sickly and all,—just booked for a decline and so on, like your girl,—it really does look as if you were on the inside track of her story, don't you see? And Mrs. Brownson as good as told me we needn't any of us make too free about her premises any more. I don't care. I don't want any of her old cherries. They're all bird-pecked, anyway. And, oh, I say, Het, *did* you mean old Mr. Brown by Mr. Green?"

"No! no! O Georgie, what nonsense!"

"Well, he thought you did. The names are so like, you see. Both names of colors. And the old maid—what's her name? didn't you mean Miss Tibbets? It's as like! And she's as mad over it as all outdoors."

"O Georgie, Georgie, I didn't mean *anybody*—not *anybody*!" I cried, well-nigh beside myself. "Why will you listen to such stories!"

"Oh, come now, you can't stuff *me*, you know," rejoined Georgie, with a wink. "I can see round a corner straight as most folks. But I must say your hero is an awful gump, Hester. I really don't wonder Mrs. Brownson didn't like your passing him off as Annie's beau, when he's the only beau she's likely ever to have, poor girl."

Oh, what could I do! I wrung my hands in impotent misery. Though I should proclaim the truth upon every housetop, would even that dispel all these false illusions now? There seemed no help anywhere. I tried to hold up my head and brave out the storm, conscious of my innocence; but my spirits sank day by day, as I felt more and more how completely I was in disgrace, and how impossible it was to right myself.

But when at last there came that momentous letter from my publishers, inclosing me a check, whose amount exceeded my wildest dreams, and when not only the precious volumes for whose sake I had undergone so much, but the tiny carved book-case, too, stood snugly in place in my father's study, while I sat waiting his coming—then for one brief moment I forgot all else, and my heart overflowed with a proud and perfect joy. After all, is not that a costlier gift than has been purchased at a sacrifice? Had I not more to give him, having bought it with such tears?

Oh, how unutterably happy I was, how my heart beat for pleasure, when I heard the dear familiar step in the hall outside! I gave a hurried glance at my treasure; it must show off at its best now; and darting to the window I hastily drew up the shade. The rays of a magnificent sunset instantly flooded all the room, and shot slanting across the red-covered books on the new shelves, lighting them up to regal splendor. That bit of brilliant coloring in the heretofore dark corner seemed to my excited fancy almost like a rival sunset. I gave it one more loving, satisfied glance, then opened the door and called my father.

He came in slowly, reluctantly, as if unwilling to answer the call. His head was bent, and his white hair fell over his forehead with a melancholy sweep unusual to him who generally stood so erect. It struck me, even, that his step faltered. Still I was too full of joy to more than notice it vaguely, as I drew him before the book-case. I could scarcely speak for gladness. My cheeks were aflame, and my foolish hands trembled as I clasped them over his arm.

"They are yours, father dear, *yours*," I stammered. "I bought them for you with my own money. It is my present to you. It is for this that I wrote my book."

My father gave a sharp cry; it sounded as much like pain as surprise; and, turning, he took me in his arms and held me close for a long, long time without speaking. "For this—for this!" he said at last, and I felt a hot tear fall on my head. "Oh, my child—my Hester!"

"Yes, father, dear, dear father," I repeated, clasping him close. "I wrote it, not for the

pleasure of it—not for the stress of it—not because it was in me to write, but only, only that I might earn the money for these books. I could not bear you not to have them, and that is why I wrote the story, dear; that is why.”

Again he gave that cry; it frightened me, it rang so strangely from his lips; and though he smiled at me when I looked up at him, it was a smile that cut through to my soul, for it seemed to come from a broken heart.

He saw the startled look in my eyes; and putting me gently from him, he bent over the shelves as if to examine them, and patted the books fondly, and tried to take one out; but his hand shook, and he gave it up. I stood by with a great dread stealing over me, and put my arm about his shoulders as he stooped down, suddenly conscious that he needed a support.

“Yes—yes—poor dear—poor child,” he said, softly. “It is a sad price you have paid for my books; oh, a sad price, indeed; but it is God’s will.”

“Father, what is it?” I cried. “Oh, what is it?”

“There, there, do not you mind it too sorely, Hester,” he answered brokenly. “I am glad of the books, very glad, and it was nobly done of you. Do not you mind it, dear. I am old—too old—do not you see? It is only a pretext. Perhaps it is easier so than if they had turned me away outright. Oh, yes. It is much easier so.”

My heart stood still. “Father,” I whispered, “tell me the worst at once. Let me know.”

“I will,” he said, patting my hand, and trying still to smile at me. “It is best you

should know it first from me. They say, dear—do not lay it to heart, my child, *we* know it is not so—but they say you could never have written the book alone; it shows too much knowledge about the people here. Some one—I—who was in the confidence of my people—I—must have helped you with it; and—O Hester, Hester! it is only an excuse, you know, only that they want a younger man; but the vestry has—has asked me—to resign! Oh, my child!”

The brave smile went suddenly all out of his face, as if an overwhelming wave of sorrow had swept up from his heart and quenched it; he staggered to the nearest chair, and, falling into it, bowed down his head upon his hands and burst into uncontrollable sobs.

I stood near him, speechless. I do not know what I did. I scarcely know what I felt. I think I was stunned beyond power of sensation, and felt absolutely nothing. My first conscious act was to bend down and draw to the little silk curtain before those beautiful red-bound books over which the heartless sun was streaming so mockingly. They blinded me.

Many years have passed, and we have a new home now, where the same books stand in a similar little study; and my father pores over them often with loving but faded eyes, and seems to take pleasure in their beauty, and tells me how glad, how very, very glad he is of them. But since that terrible day I have never touched them once; and when by chance my eye falls on them, I feel a stab like a knife-wound in my heart.

For this is the price I paid for them.

*Grace Denio Litchfield.*

## IN FANCY'S FIELD.

THE pastures of the mind are never sear,  
Their springs and rivulets run never dry,  
Nor Autumn hears their shorn shrubs nightly sigh  
As do the growths of nature; never bear  
Their bright-eyed flowers, their hollows never drear,  
Graves of dead leaves and weeds that in them lie.  
Green feeding-ground of thought, they, like the sky,  
Spring with new passion all the changing year.

Here, young birds fledge and flutter from the nest;  
There, young winds play along the bending grass,  
Chasing the sunlight; long, rich, glad days yield  
Exhaustless fragrance; down the golden west  
Comes ever peace with evening: no days pass  
But dew-drops deck the blades in fancy's field.

*John Vance Cheney.*

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.

IN the November CENTURY (the initial issue in the new year of the magazine) will appear the first of a series of illustrated papers on the Civil War. Or perhaps we should speak of this new series as a carefully organized continuation of the war articles which have appeared from time to time in the magazine since the publication of the notable "Great South" papers. Our readers can hardly have forgotten the racy "Johany Reb" papers, by one of Stonewall Jackson's men; the stirring reminiscences of "Farragut in Mobile Bay"; the more recent recollections of "John Brown at Harper's Ferry," by a Southern ex-Congressman; General Stone's paper, describing how he extemporized the militia which saved the national capital to the North; "The Capture of Jefferson Davis," as related by his private secretary; or the anecdotal papers on General Sherman and General Sheridan, printed within the year. Preliminary to this new series, also, is the paper in the present number, which, in pictures and text, vividly recalls the "Lights and Shadows of Army Life"; and as contributing to the same purpose, we might refer to the last half of "Dr. Sevier," in which Mr. Cable has pictured the conflict of ideas and emotions, and the stirring home scenes, which accompanied the outbreak of the war.

But in popular interest as well as historical importance the papers to come, it is expected, will deserve wider attention than any other series ever undertaken by the magazine, and prove of lasting value to the history of the most eventful period of our national life. Decisive battles, the leading characteristics of army life on each side of the lines, and the lives of the most prominent commanders, North and South, are to be the subjects of the papers, which will therefore vary in character from month to month during the two years in which they will be running in the magazine. It is a guarantee of the authenticity and value of the papers that they will be written by officers who wore either the blue or the gray;—in most cases by generals who, on one side or the other, held either the chief command in the battles described, or commands so important as to clothe them with special authority to speak of events of which they were a part. The plan of the series may be further indicated by enumerating the first six papers, which will comprise: 1. "The Battle of Manassas," by General Beauregard; 2. "The Capture of Fort Donelson," by General Lew Wallace; 3. "Admiral Foote and the Western Gun-boats," by Rear-Admiral Walke, with a supplemental paper by Captain Eads, who built the gun-boats; 4. "The First Fight of Iron-clads," by Colonel John Taylor Wood, who was a leading officer on the *Merrimac* during the combat with the *Monitor* (and afterward commander of the cruiser *Tallahassee*)—with a supplemental paper by General Colston, who viewed the spectacle from an open boat near by; 5. "Shiloh," by General Ulysses S. Grant,—with a biographical paper on the Confederate commander,

Albert Sidney Johnston (killed in the first day's fighting), written by his son, Colonel William Preston Johnston; and 6. "The Passage of the New Orleans Forts," by Admiral David D. Porter—to which Mr. George W. Cable will add a description of the incidents attending the occupation of the city. The subsequent papers will be of corresponding personal interest and authority as coming from Generals McClellan, Longstreet, Rosecrans, D. H. Hill, Hunt, Newton, Pleasanton, and others. Besides "Shiloh," General Grant will contribute articles on "Vicksburg," "Chattanooga," and "The Wilderness." And as supplemental to the articles by the officers, there will be printed, alongside, brief chapters from "The Recollections of a Private."

It is not a part of the plan of the series to go over the ground of the official reports and campaign controversies, but (so far as these questions are necessarily involved in the incidental history of battles and the personal recollections of officers) to clear up cloudy questions with new knowledge and the wisdom of cool reflection; and to soften controversy with that better understanding of each other, which comes to comrades in arms when personal feeling has dissipated, and time has proven how difficult are the duties and how changeable are the events of war—how enveloped in accident and mystery.

No one will gainsay the importance and the exceptional interest of the final judgments and recollections of the men, yet living, who led the contending armies into battles which are among the greatest in the history of human conflicts. And it happily fits into the graphic, anecdotal plan of the articles that we have found it possible to illustrate them profusely with maps and portraits and with realistic and character sketches studied from photographs taken in the field at the time. These art materials cover every phase of warfare except the actual clash of arms, and the latter feature will be supplied in part by artists who have fought in the ranks. Much will be done, also, to picture the present look of battle-fields, to show how ramparts and rifle-pits have held their own against the leveling forces of nature.

No time could be fitter, we think, for a publication of this kind than the present, when the passions and prejudices of the Civil War have nearly faded out of politics, and its heroic events are passing into our common history where motives will be weighed without malice, and valor praised without distinction of uniform. Such reunions of Confederate and Federal generals and soldiers as that at Fredericksburg in May last,—when they fraternized on Marye's Heights, on the fields of Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, and in the pine thickets and bullet-scarred groves that cover the breastworks of Spottsylvania,—must hasten the Decoration Day that will be national in every sense, postponed though it may be by General Scott's prophetic "fury of the non-combatants." And the generation which has grown up since the war, to whom these papers will be opportune

instruction, may now be taught how the men who were divided on a question of principle and State fealty, and who fought the war which must remain the pivotal period of our history, won by equal devotion and valor that respect for each other which is the strongest bond of a reunited people.

#### Tips and their Takers.

ONE of the chapter-headings of Professor Sumner's keen and cruel little book about Social Classes is this: "THAT A FREE MAN IS A SOVEREIGN; AND THAT A SOVEREIGN CANNOT TAKE TIPS." It is greatly to be wished that some benevolent person would cause this to be printed in plain letters, neatly framed, and conspicuously hung up in every hotel office and dining-room, in every sleeping-car, in every minister's study, in every legislative chamber, and in both of the houses of Congress. How much deterioration of character is produced by the custom of bestowing and receiving gratuities cannot be easily estimated; if the facts could be shown, it would appear to be a fruitful source of moral degradation, and the first step in many a career of shame. The habit of taking tips, of expecting small gifts and unearned concessions, of looking for little favors of one kind or another, engenders a despicable state of mind, and strips a man of all manliness. He is simply a mendicant; he differs from the beggar in the street only in the method of his appeal. The beggar is brother to the thief, and the taker of tips has entered on the broad road to beggary. No man can keep his self-respect who sets out on this career; and when self-respect is gone the foundations of character are undermined.

Professor Sumner's trenchant apothegm concentrates the truth respecting this matter into a burning ray that ought to penetrate the consciences of a generation of mendicants. "A member of a free democracy is, in a sense, a sovereign. He has no superior. . . . He wants to be subject to no man. He wants to be equal to his fellows, as all sovereigns are equal. So be it; but he cannot escape the deduction that he call no man to his aid. The other sovereigns will not respect his independence if he becomes dependent; and they cannot respect his equality if he sues for favors." There is the whole matter in a nutshell. The taker of tips abdicates his sovereignty. He proclaims himself no longer independent. He acknowledges that he is inferior to the man whose gratuities he expects and solicits.

It is a curious and significant fact that white native Americans of the working classes are not greatly addicted to the acceptance of gratuities. Something in the genius of American institutions has hitherto kept our poorer people from falling into this degradation. The American has been taught that he is a sovereign; and he feels the force of Professor Sumner's deduction from this principle. The takers of tips in this country are largely negroes and persons of foreign birth. The employments in which tips are regularly accepted, as those of servants in hotels and restaurants, porters and stewards on ships and steam-boats and sleeping-cars, are almost wholly monopolized by foreigners and negroes. The white native American has his faults and his vices, he is often an extremely disagreeable person, but he is not often found clamoring for backsheesh.

It is not strange that the native of a country in which distinctions of rank are firmly established should be addicted to such practices. He has been taught that he is inferior to many of those about him; there is no reason why he should not accept at their hands unearned favors. The social gradations to which he is accustomed justify the bestowing and the receiving of gratuities. But there is no room for any such relation in a democracy, and the introduction of these practices among us is therefore demoralizing. The taker of tips acknowledges himself to belong to an inferior class, and there is no foundation for any such distinction; the only difference between himself and the man from whom he takes the tip is that the other has a little more money. For a dime he degrades himself.

Undoubtedly many of those who bestow these gratuities are well pleased to do so for this very reason. The ceremony symbolizes the fact that they belong to a superior class. When a man takes a dime from our hands, it is a confession on his part that we are superior beings. He knows full well that we would not accept a dime at his hands. The proclamation and acknowledgment of this superiority pleases the vanity of some silly people. On the other hand, the abhorrence felt by many persons for this practice arises chiefly from the fact that they are unwilling to allow any man to make the abject confession concerning himself that is involved in the taking of tips. The exaction of this tribute here and there is sufficiently annoying, but it is a small matter after all; the dropping down into virtual mendicancy of a large class of their fellow-citizens is a great matter; in that social injury they desire to have no part.

So far as the colored people are concerned, their willingness to accept gratuities is a natural fruit of generations of slavery. The pity is that having got their liberty they should be so willing to wear the badge of servitude and inferiority. Those who have grown up among the colored people at the South say that many of them are disinclined to make definite agreements for personal services. They prefer to establish a sort of dependency upon those whom they serve, and to take their compensation in the form of occasional gifts. The evolution of economical society, according to Sir Henry Maine's often-quoted generalization, is from status to contract; many of the Southern negroes are disposed to stick to status and eschew contract. Some of the gentler virtues are developed under this regimen; but it is not good, on the whole, for those who depend, nor for those on whom they depend. It is better to accept the fact of independence with all that it implies. If the colored people will not take what always goes with liberty, they may not keep their liberty; or, if they do, it will not be worth much to them. Sorry sovereigns will they be, if they consent to be distinguished as the takers of tips.

There seems, just now, to be a strong disposition on the part of certain ambitious leaders of the negroes to claim a larger share than they have had in the political life of the nation. How much foundation there is for this claim it might be difficult to say; on the lips of some who urge the claim it sounds like a cry for a more liberal distribution of political backsheesh. But this much is clear: the welfare of the colored people will be most effectually promoted by inspiring them with a disposition to ask for no favors, and to take none



by which their self-respect will be lowered or their independence compromised. Those are their truest friends and their safest leaders who strenuously urge them to free themselves at once from all the implications and incidents of servitude; to refuse to enter occupations in which their livelihood is made to depend upon gratuities; to sell their labor by fair bargaining; to live on what they honestly earn, and expect nothing more. When this spirit prevails among the colored people their social and political rights will be perfectly secure.

We have assumed that the gratuities received by porters, stewards, waiters, and others, in public houses and public conveyances, are unearned extras, since these employees are, or ought to be, paid for rendering the services for which the tips are taken. But this assumption would not, in all cases, be well founded. That these employees ought to be well paid by their employers is true; but many of them are not. One of our leading palace-car companies, for example, though a rich corporation, is said to pay its porters only fifteen dollars a month. This is scarcely enough to keep them from starving; and the company expects that their compensation will be made up from the gifts of passengers. But the porters are not allowed to ask the passengers for gratuities; if gifts thus solicited are reported to the company, the amount is subtracted from the porters' wages. Thus this rich company has organized mendicancy into its system; it makes a portion of its employees subsist on money which they may not take as earnings, but must take as gratuity. It is a thoroughly demoralizing system, and the company ought to be ashamed of it. The men should be paid fair wages for their work, and the system of gratuities should be suppressed. The same remarks will apply to many other great corporations, and to nearly all the keepers of hotels and restaurants. The protection of the traveling public against these petty exactions is often urged, but that is of secondary consequence. The great reason for abating this evil is the need of preserving from degradation the men on whom these gratuities are bestowed.

We need not add that the considerations here suggested are applicable not only to sleeping-car porters and hotel waiters, but to many persons in higher stations. It is a melancholy fact that Senator Charles Sumner's rule against the receipt from interested persons of small favors (and large ones as well) is not universal among American "statesmen."

#### The Danger of Delaying Reforms.

ONE of the most singular facts in politics is the unwillingness of the rulers of nations to enact reforms until agitation among the people absolutely compels them to do so. The fact is noticeable throughout the history of the world, and is hardly less so to-day than in the centuries of the past. It is easier, no doubt, in our time for the people to secure reforms than it has been in ages past, because the people of most civilized countries have now some effective voice in public affairs. The methods of agitation, too, in most countries have become more mild than in former times, civil wars and popular tumults being much less frequent than they used to be, though other forms of violence

seem lately to have received a new development. But whatever may be the methods employed, a persistent agitation, frequently rising to violence, is still found necessary in most parts of the world to induce statesmen to enact reforms.

One of the most recent examples in point is furnished by the case of Ireland. The Irish had long been suffering from the operation of laws in some respects oppressive, and in other respects unadapted to their circumstances; yet they had sought in vain for redress. The subject had been thoroughly investigated by government commissions, and the remedies for the existing abuses pointed out. Some of the more liberal statesmen, including the greatest of them all, were ready to do Ireland justice; but the mass of English public men refused their concurrence. Then began an agitation of an alarming character, conducted by lawless methods, and resulting in infamous deeds; and when at last the whole United Kingdom was disturbed, and civil society in Ireland seemed in danger of dissolution, Parliament consented to remove some of the abuses from which the Irish people were suffering. The result has been that, though the heaviest grievances of Ireland have been redressed, the feelings of the Irish people are more widely estranged from the Imperial authority than ever before.

Another case in point is that of Russia. The people of that empire have long been seeking to obtain a share in the conduct of their national affairs; and their rulers know as well as the people themselves that the popular demand is right. Moreover, unless the Emperor and his advisers are more ignorant and unintelligent than we can suppose them to be, they must know, not only that the people are entitled to a voice in affairs, but that they are certain before long to have it, since the whole course of European politics tends irresistibly in that direction. Yet neither the demands of justice nor the logic of events has been able to secure a recognition of the people's rights from the Emperor, save only in the form of vague promises, which are never fulfilled. The result is that an agitation of the most dangerous kind has spread over the empire, undermining Russian society, destroying the life of one Emperor, threatening that of his successor, and setting an example of violent and lawless methods to political agitators everywhere. Still nothing is done toward establishing parliamentary government, which is the only thing that can put an end to the agitation; and there is reason to fear that a revolution at home, or a terrible defeat abroad, will be necessary to secure to the Russian people their rights.

These examples show in the clearest manner the danger and folly of delaying political reforms after their justice and expediency have become manifest, and they ought to serve as a warning to statesmen throughout the world. But it is not alone the danger of social disturbance that has to be considered; there are other evils that result from unreasonable delay in reforming abuses. One of the worst is that the abuses themselves become more deeply rooted and more difficult to overthrow. The persons who profit by the abuses are always vehement opponents of reform; and the longer the abuses are allowed to flourish and increase, the greater becomes the number and the stronger the influence of such persons, so that every day of delay renders the reform more difficult to effect. Moreover,

when a people have long suffered from abuses, they become to some extent inured to them, and those who do not directly suffer from them, or do not realize from what source their sufferings come, are liable to become indifferent to the abuses, so that in some cases portions of the people will resist reforms that would benefit themselves.

Again, if abuses are allowed to go too long unchecked, till the people rise in indignation to overthrow them, there is danger that they may at the same time overthrow some other institutions connected with the abuses, but in themselves of a beneficial character. The most memorable examples of such mistaken action were seen in the French Revolution, when much that was good was swept away along with a far greater amount of evil. Nor has the risk of such action been removed by the extension of political power to the masses, nor by the adoption of more peaceful methods of agitation. Laws may be suddenly altered and institutions as suddenly overthrown by the simple power of votes; and if the men and the classes whose voice in the government is most influential neglect their duty and delay reforms too long, the people may enact some sweeping change which wiser counsels cannot approve.

Every European nation is burdened with certain laws and institutions handed down from the past and wholly unadapted to the present time. The people will not much longer submit to them and to the injustice and oppression they produce. The signs of popular awakening are everywhere visible, and important changes cannot be much longer delayed. Wisdom and justice alike require that the changes be made in due season, so as to prevent the social disturbance that will otherwise arise.

But it may be said that in America the people are not suffering from the working of old institutions inherited from the past, and consequently that the lesson we seek to enforce is less important to our rulers than to those of European states. It is true that we are not oppressed by feudalism, as many of the peoples of Europe are; yet the lesson we have drawn is not on that account the less needed here. Indeed, it is only a few years since we had in this country an institution far worse than any now existing in Europe, and a terrible civil war was necessary to get rid of it; a war that might perfectly well have been avoided, if our forefathers had obeyed the voice of justice and abolished slavery at an earlier date. For

the future, however, the task of statesmen in this country will be not so much to abolish old abuses as to prevent the formation of new ones, and for this purpose seasonable action is imperatively required. Abuses are growing up in this country which, if allowed to go unchecked, may develop into forms of injustice as oppressive as any now prevalent in Europe.

What these abuses are can only be briefly indicated here. Those connected with our administrative systems are too well known to require particular notice, and they are, moreover, now in a fair way of being removed. The pressure of public opinion has in this case proved sufficient to secure the adoption of the necessary measures, and now that the reform has been initiated it will probably be carried successfully through. But there are some other abuses, in which large and powerful bodies of men are interested, which will not be so easily dealt with. One of the worst of them is the perversion of the powers and resources of government for the benefit of special interests, an evil that has already attained great magnitude among us, and is still on the increase. Instances of this kind have been repeatedly seen in our tariff legislation, which has been largely controlled by a few powerful interests for their own special benefit, to the detriment or neglect of others and of the people at large. So flagrant in some cases have these abuses been that opposition has been roused even among protectionists; and yet our legislators have not had courage enough, or have not taken enough interest in the subject, to apply a remedy.

But probably the most difficult problems of American politics hereafter will be furnished by the affairs of the corporations, which have now become so important an element in our industrial life. Their success in developing the resources of the country and promoting its prosperity has been remarkable; but they have brought with them abuses which call for reform, and which, if not reformed in season, may rouse vehement resistance among the people. There is danger, too, of their gaining control at times of the sources of legislative or executive government, and using its powers to promote their selfish interests. To prevent their doing so will require watchfulness on the part of the people, and higher principles than are now universal among our public men,—higher, indeed, than some among us seem to be inclined to demand of American legislators and rulers.

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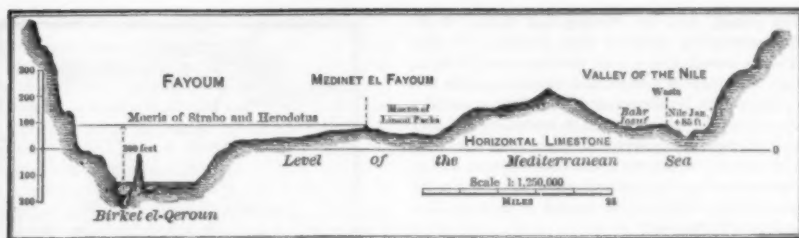
## OPEN LETTERS.

### Lake Mœris and the Greeks.

WHILE the modernists are disputing the claims of Greek to a place among the useful studies in these days of chemical analysis and the metric system, it has fallen to the lot of an American scholar, a student of the ancient Greek and a devout believer in the sanity of the old historians of Greece, to make, through this very devotion, a discovery which promises to remove a source of danger to the population of Egypt, and

to put into the hands of English capitalists, if they use their opportunity well, a valuable enterprise.

To the Egyptian cultivator the river Nile is at once the angel of mercy and the king of terrors. Coming down from the high plateaus of Abyssinia, with its tribute from the eternal snows, it brings blessings and curses in its flood. Once a year the melted snows and the vast volumes of rain falling on the slopes of the Abyssinian table-lands fill the channel of the river to its widest margin, flood the



SECTION OF EGYPT THROUGH THE FAYOUM.

rich arable lands below in the broad valley of the stream, and threaten the island-like villages that rise above the waste of waters. A little excess, such as comes occasionally in this generosity of the mountains, and the dweller in the long Nile valley runs for his life. For he is more or less a fugitive who snatches a harvest, but carries his hut on his back, as it were, and stands ready to run with house, harvest, and home, at the sound of the rising flood. As the great stream approaches the Mediterranean, this cultivable land becomes of extreme importance to the Egyptian. His only harvest lies here; his favored cities creep up to the very edge of the river; his grandest monuments lie buried beneath mounds of sun-dried brick encircled by the green waters; his temples frown from the very edge of the border plateau; the pyramids, the sepulchers of kings, lie near the track of the stream; and, at last, where its swollen waters have discharged through many mouths into the sea, a commerce of great value to England and all Europe finds its home. But just here, between these mouths, lie vast morasses, once of fresh water, but now in part, through inlets of the sea, turned into salt marsh and shallow lakes. What might be the best land in Egypt—hundreds of square miles—is here uncultivated, given over to the sea and the dread of the Nile. With the inertness of the Egyptian Government and the insecurity of its finances, nothing has been done for a century to reclaim these unused lands. And yet "an effective control of the Nile," says a writer in the "Saturday Review," would make it very easy to drain and cultivate much the greater part of Lake Marcotis (near Alexandria) and the other morasses. "The reclaimed land would be available in a comparatively short space of time, and the removal of such a large expanse of brackish water, most of which becomes mud in summer, would improve the health of the country by taking away the sources of malarial fever, and would, in fact, render those parts of the Delta a second Holland."

The question has always been one of "controlling" the excess in the rise of the Nile—an excess amounting at the most to about six feet, and lasting but a few hours at the longest. The ordinary rise in the river is counted on and utilized by a system of dikes, built originally at great expense, renewed from century to century, and now of enormous value. Through them, by sluice-ways and an intricate system of canals, the river has been made to irrigate the valley in all cultivable areas, and is thus turned into a blessing to the inhabitants and a source of income to the Government. But how to treat the excess of high Nile has been the problem of ages.

To an American scholar, Mr. F. Cope Whitehouse, a son of the late Bishop of Illinois, is due what now appears to be the successful solution of this problem; and to his simple faith in the "father of history," whose word has been long discredited, the Egyptian cultivator seems now likely to owe more than to all the ancient offerings to the "powerful divinity" of the river. For, according to Herodotus, the problem of disposing of the superfluous waters of the Nile was attacked fully three thousand years ago. He says that the priests of Egypt told him that "Mén was the first king of Egypt, and that it was he who raised the dike which protects Memphis from the inundations of the Nile. Before his time the river flowed entirely along the sandy range of hills which skirts Egypt on the side of Libya. He, however, by banking up the river at the bend which it forms about a hundred furlongs south of Memphis, laid the ancient channel dry, while he dug a new course for the stream half-way between the two lines of hills. . . . Having thus, by turning the river, made the track where it used to run dry land," he "proceeded in the first place to build the city now called Memphis, which lies in the narrow part of Egypt." "The other kings," the priests told the historian, "were personages of no note or distinction, and left no monuments of any account, with the exception of the last, who was named Moeris." This king left among other memorials of his reign the work called Lake Moeris, which the historian describes as "more astonishing" than the Labyrinth, as the Labyrinth was more wonderful than the Pyramids. "The measure of its circumference is sixty schoenes, or three thousand six hundred furlongs, which is equal to the entire length of Egypt along the sea-coast. The lake stretches in its longest direction from north to south, and in its deepest parts is of the depth of fifty fathoms. The water of the lake does not come out of the ground, which is here excessively dry, but is introduced by a canal from the Nile. The current sets for six months into the lake from the river, and for the next six months into the river from the lake. While it runs outward it returns a talent of silver (\$1060) daily to the royal treasury from the fish that are taken, but when the current is the other way the return sinks to one-third of that sum." This account, given by Herodotus, is repeated in substance by Diodorus Siculus, who adds: "For being that the Nile never kept to a certain and constant height in its inundation, and the fruitfulness of the country ever depended upon its just proportions, he dug this lake to receive such water as was superfluous, that it might neither immoderately overflow the land, and so cause fens and

standing ponds, nor, by flowing too little, prejudice the fruits of the earth for want of water. To this end he cut a trench along from the river into the lake, fourscore furlongs in length and three hundred feet broad; into this he let the water of the river sometimes run, and at other times diverted it, and turned it over the fields of the husbandmen, at seasonable times, by means of sluices, which he sometimes opened, and at other times shut up, not without great labor and cost; for these sluices could not be opened or shut at a less charge than fifty talents."

Such, then, was the ancient solution of the problem of taking care of the excess of high Nile—a vast artificial lake, four hundred and fifty miles in circuit, with borders resembling a sea-beach, in extent a sea, and resembling the sea in the color of its waters; supporting, moreover, "two-and-twenty sorts of fish," of which so great a number was taken, says Diodorus Siculus, "that those who were employed continuously to salt them up (though they were multitudes of people) could hardly perform it." But this lake, as a beneficent factor in Egyptian life, disappeared, and the "father of history" became as the "father of lies." A shallow, brackish lake, the Birket el Qeroun, answering in no important particular to the supposed ancient lake, is all that now exists. Engineers—Egyptian and French—have visited the country in its vicinity, and established one or two points by accurate measurement and a thousand by guesses. Two or three important theories have been formed as to the possible site of the ancient lake, but none of them adequate to justify the story of Herodotus. Two years ago Mr. Whitehouse, suitably equipped, and having faith in the ancient historian,—a faith which he soon found he could not have in some modern geographers,—visited and explored "the entire area of the Fayoum and a large part of the contiguous desert," and, as Dr. Schweinfurth puts it, "was able to demonstrate by his personal observation the existence of physical conditions which had remained hitherto entirely unknown." That is, by his researches made in three visits and eight months of energetic labor, during which he pumped dry, not the bed of the Nile, but the Arab guides, the English travelers, the Khedive's officials and archives, the European archaeologists, with their cabinets and libraries, Mr. Whitehouse established a possible Lake Moeris, extending south of the Birket el Qeroun into a dry valley of the Wadi Reian, sufficiently large in area to contain the excess of waters of the "father of rivers." He ascertained depths and elevations, circumferences and islands, and verified the measurements of antiquity with sufficient accuracy to make a sound foundation for his theory. "His hypothesis," says Dr. Schweinfurth (who is pronounced the "first authority in Egyptian geography, whether ancient or modern"), "satisfies every reasonable requirement of searching criticism." Some of the highest authorities have accepted both theory and facts, and published long articles on the value of the lake depression in modern engineering. The Egyptian Government has shown a strong interest in the scheme of utilizing the new discovery.

The conclusion of Mr. Whitehouse's labor, then, seems to be, that a basin exists of sufficient depth and other dimensions,—a basin worthless for all other purposes than those of storage,—situated near the



LAKE MOERIS RESTORED.

Nile, and easily reconnected with it by a comparatively inexpensive canal, already once dug and still visible in parts, and utilized in long sections; that this must have formed the southern part of the ancient Lake Moeris in the time of Herodotus and Strabo; that, if this part only were restored, it would hold in storage, to be made useful in irrigation, if necessary, all the waste waters of the overgrown and much-dreaded Nile floods; that, if so used, the Birket el Qeroun, which, since the opening of the Ibrahimieh canal, has encroached on the tillable soil, could be reduced to one-half its present size, and thus many thousand acres of good land be restored to its borders; that, furthermore, engineers could easily drain the lower marshes at the several mouths of the Nile, without fear or favor of the Nile father or mother and all their crocodile brood, and thus recover for Egypt many hundred square miles of its best fields.

"In the present state of engineering," says the writer in the "Saturday Review" (Dec. 1, 1883), speaking of Lake Mareotis, "the question of drainage is merely one of calculation and steam-pumps, but it would hardly take more than two years; then the ground which is left bare must be planted for three years with rice crops, and worked with fresh water, in order to extract the nitre. The fresh water can be supplied in any quantity from the Mahmoudieh canal, which runs between dikes through part of the lake itself, and feeds Alexandria, and in a short time a vast tract of land close to the most important port in the country would be ready for cultivation. A successful prosecution of the enterprise would certainly lead to the draining of the other lakes which border the Mediterranean coast of Egypt."

James Herbert Morse.

#### The Ku Klux Klan.

##### COMMENTS.

As an old and constant reader of THE CENTURY I beg permission to comment upon your editorial notice of Mr. Wilson's most interesting history of the Ku Klux: "If it was a questionable device to place the power of the ballot, suddenly and without limitations,



in the hands of an emancipated and uneducated race, none the less immoral, unjustifiable, and brutalizing were the means adopted by the whites to rid themselves of an intolerable rule." Was there anything in the device to place the whites of the South, their families, and their property, under the heels of their late slaves at all questionable? Was it not an unquestionable wrong and a political crime of the first magnitude? Was it not immoral, unjustifiable, and brutal, and in violation of all laws human and divine? Admitting such a rule was intolerable, have you suggested a remedy for it? Has a single Northern man, statesman or editor, found it possible to devise a legal remedy for the intolerable rule of brutal ignorance, numerically strong, over intelligence and refinement, numerically weak? Revolution is the remedy for oppression in all ages and by all peoples determined to be free. It was the remedy in England twice in the seventeenth century, of the American colonies and of France in the eighteenth, and of the United States in the nineteenth. I say in the United States, because her war measures to preserve the Union were in themselves revolutionary. To seize and imprison the Legislature of Maryland was a revolutionary act. To proclaim the slaves free was in direct violation of the Constitution, and only justifiable as a necessity of the war. Without compensation to the owners, the slaves of Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, States not in rebellion, were set free. By violence the citizens of these States were robbed of millions of dollars' worth of property, and the nation justified the act. "Necessity knows no law," is a law of nations, of communities, and of individuals. An intolerable rule, for which there is no remedy at law, must find a remedy without law. In the Southern States, in which the negro voters outnumbered the white, and were organized by unprincipled leaders to possess and control the legislative and executive powers of those States, it is an historical fact that the rule was intolerable. Under the forms of law property was virtually confiscated, and utter ruin stared the property-holders in the face. The simple question was, By what measure of violence shall this intolerable rule be thrown off? Violence is not easily measured, or the higher law of self-preservation limited to its actual demands. The invariable law of revolution is excess. "Coalesced Europe makes war upon France, and as the gage of battle she hurls at its feet the head of a king," is the illustration of revolution among all peoples. The wonder of the century should rather be that a brave, proud people submitted for a single year to the intolerable rule of brutal ignorance, than that they resorted, after endurance became no longer possible, to violence as a remedy. I, too, would not be misunderstood. Without hesitation I justify that degree of violence necessary for the preservation of life, property, and just government. Beyond this I deprecate violence of any sort. In revolutions the difficulty always is to take the king's crown yet leave him his head.

R. C. Mackall.

ELKTON, MD.

In a paper on the Ku Klux Klan, in the July number of *THE CENTURY*, are these sentences: "Perhaps the most potent of all causes in this transformation,

[from a social club into "Regulators"] was the existence in the South of a spurious and perverted form of the 'Union League.' . . . It was composed of the disorderly elements of the negro population, and was led by white men of the meanest and basest type. They met frequently, went armed to the teeth, and literally 'breathed out threatening and slaughter.' . . . It was partly to resist this organization that the Ku Klux were transformed into a protective organization."

Perhaps it is not worth while to notice charges so utterly groundless as these. The writer of the article referred to could not, and, as the above quotations prove, did not know anything whatever concerning the organization which he condemns with such flippant incorrectness. The Union League is still in existence, with precisely the same object it had when the Ku Klux Klan was founded. Unlike that organization, it never underwent any "transformation." It was never other than a peaceful, lawful, useful society. It was called into existence among the Union men of the South by the instinct of self-preservation, at a time when nearly the whole population there had plunged into the madness of rebellion. It was kept alive by the bitterness and persecution which, in many localities, accompanied the return of the disbanded Confederate soldiers to their former homes. To their credit be it said, the bitterness did not emanate from them. It was fostered and cherished by those who took no active part in the war. If any ex-Confederate soldiers joined in hostile acts toward Union men, it was due to the bad example and encouragement of men who had been too cowardly to fight in real war.

The "Union League of America" is a simple organization, having for its object the maintenance of unconditional devotion to the United States. It has as much secrecy as the Masons, or the Odd-fellows, or the Red Men—no more. Instead of being composed of "the disorderly elements of the negro population," its membership was and is confined to persons of good standing in the community. So far from being "armed to the teeth," its meetings were absolutely unguarded. No violence was ever proposed or used by it. The utmost it aimed at was to help to protect innocent and harmless men in their right to freedom and citizenship. It never invaded any one's liberty—never undertook, as the writer affirms the Ku Klux did, to play the rôle of regulators. In most places where chapters of the order existed, the proportion of Union men to secessionists was about one in ten. For people so situated to go about "armed to the teeth" and "breathing out threatening and slaughter" would be suicidal folly. It was only because they were in such a minority that they had a Union League at all. Without going further into the subject, it is enough to deny, absolutely, the truth of the charges above referred to.

As a bit of curious history, as well as a psychological study, the article in *THE CENTURY* is interesting. If the writer had confined himself to telling the story, there would be no need of criticism or refutation. But when he goes out of his way to speak of that Legislature of Tennessee which, among other things, reorganized the ruined State Government, brought

\* Entirely distinct from the Union League Club of New York and from the club of the same name in Philadelphia.—Ed.

about the abolition of slavery in the State, made the colored man a citizen, and established a school system for the people, as "infamous," he betrays his inability to discuss historical matters with candor and impartiality. It is, perhaps, too early to expect such qualities in a section so recently enfranchised. The day is not far distant, it is to be hoped, when the "joke" out of which grew the inexpressible horrors perpetrated by the Ku Klux Klan will find a different mode of treatment from that indulged in by the writer in *THE CENTURY*.

*An Ex-Member of the "Union League."*

July 14, 1884.

#### Congregational Singing.

SHALL our church music be by the people or by choirs, or by both? This question of choirs or no choirs seems so largely one of taste that we could safely leave it to the individual choice of the churches, did not other considerations present themselves. I believe that we should by all means have a good chorus choir. Few churches will hesitate to avail themselves of the assistance of a good organ and organist, with or without a precentor; why not as well employ the much more effective help of a good chorus choir? If it is feared that the choir will sing for, and in place of, the congregation, let the choir be restricted to one anthem in each service, and the organ played so full in the hymn-tunes that the congregation will, practically, be forced to sing. If personal display be feared, it is to be said that there are no solos in the full or true anthem, and that it is only in the professional quartet where this unseemly ambition obtrudes itself for the pleasure or misery of the auditors.

In the unfortunately plain service of our American churches, the Roman Catholic and Episcopal of course excepted, there seems to be no way in which the people can take part except by the singing of hymns. And as the people evidently should take some part, they then must sing. As they cannot sing the elaborate music of the anthem or cantata, they must needs have hymns and plain tunes for their use; and this leads us to our theme of congregational singing.

First, what is congregational singing? Everybody is ready with a reply, yet few will give a correct one. In the many churches where congregational singing has been attempted, and alleged failure has been the result, the first essential has been lacking, namely, a congregation. A few worshipers scattered over an auditorium far too large for them do not constitute a congregation. A congregation is such a number of people as completely fills the edifice or room in which they are gathered. Five hundred people in some charming country church or chapel would at home make a congregation. The same persons in Dr. Hall's church in New York city would not be a congregation at all; and their singing in the latter place would be practically a failure, however fine and effective in a church which they filled. If a church seats five thousand people, there must be five thousand people in it to have any congregational singing in the true and proper sense of the word. Singers may be likened to gunpowder. Condensed in the pistol, the thimbleful of powder may produce marked effect; a barrelful scattered over the lawn will not

injure him who may apply a torch to it. Our singers, whether choir or congregation, must be compact and together if we would realize our just expectations. Therefore, let us not attempt congregational singing until we first have a congregation. This essential lacking, let us, with or without money, get a choir to do for us what we shall fail in attempting ourselves.

With our full congregation gathered, what else do we need? Many things. Next, a good organ. Now, a good organ is not simply a well-made instrument; it must be of proper size and specification. The size may be determined as follows: Given for example, an auditorium 50 x 80 feet, with a space of 4000 square feet. Divide by 4, and we have 1000 as the number of sittings. (This allows fully for aisles and other passages.) Divide 1000 sittings by 25, and we have 40 as the proper number of registers the organ should contain at the ordinary three-inch hydrostatic pressure. Suppose the auditorium to be twice this size, it would seem that the organ should have 80 registers. This does not follow. Sixty registers should be the absolute maximum and limit of the number of registers in any organ. If more power be needed, let it then be obtained by increased pressure. My own test is this: when any organ reaches the point where that impertinent abomination called the pneumatic action is needed, it is too large, and is sure to be a failure more or less complete. Having played nearly all the great organs in the world, I am able to affirm this with great positiveness. By the preceding formula the desirable size of the organ may be determined for any edifice. The organ should also be properly placed, preferably in the rear of the pulpit, in all except Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches, the organ-floor to be raised slightly, say five or six feet, above the floor of the house. Crowded into some tower or niche, the organ will take its ample revenge by a choked or sullen utterance, worthless alike for leading singers or devotions. If architects would only take a few music lessons!

Next, we must have a good organist. A good organist is not simply a good executant and master of the instrument, but a man of character and consecration. He who views himself as a hireling simply will most surely fail in reaching the highest powers of music in public worship. He should be a member of the church,—the Christian Church of some or any sect,—and interested in its work and welfare. Perhaps some of you may not agree with this latter proposition, but I tell you, brothers, to try it: it may help the church, and I know it will help us.

After the good organ well played, we should have a good precentor. Not simply a singer, but also a consecrated man who has voice as well as ability. The baritone voice is by far the best for this purpose when joined to the person indicated. We now seem to be fully armed and equipped, but not yet. Almost our chief necessity is yet lacking, namely, a good book of hymns and tunes.

It has been a part of my labors the past season to examine the leading books issued for congregational singing. What is a good congregational tune? I can best define it negatively. It must not lack rhythm, yet it must be free from all odd, strange, or complicated rhythm. It must not lack harmonic variety, yet strange, confused, or elaborate modulation and unusual

intervals must be studiously avoided. In the present state of musical knowledge, we may positively define it as follows: As all people, civilized and uncivilized, are affected strongly by rhythm, the tunes must have some easy and strongly marked rhythm, some "go" in them, if we would induce the people to sing them with any degree of heartiness. Excuse the colloquialism, but, like many another, it seems to express the meaning most briefly and strongly. You all know what I mean—a certain pulsing, on-carrying sweep, which assists both the movement and spirit of the singing. The harmony must be mainly diatonic in its character. This need not confine us to the poverty-stricken tonic and dominant of our forefathers and certain contemporaries. Yet right here I wish to say that I fear we have too often underrated the well-meant efforts of these pioneers. When one fully appreciates the deplorable general ignorance of music in their day he may well wonder that they accomplished anything. They certainly understood the needs and wants of the people of their time, and succeeded in doing much good where doubtless better musicians would have failed. Peace to their ashes! they served faithfully their day and generation.

To return, our tune must have a proper range, rarely exceeding an octave. Five or six notes would even be better as a tessitura. From D below the staff to D fourth line seems to be the most desirable compass. As a general rule triple time of any sort is to be avoided. That hymn which is sung all over the globe, and may properly be called the "World's National Hymn," the English "God Save the King" (called here "America"), is a specimen of a good tune for the people. It has, to be sure, the triple time, but the movement is relatively so slow that it does not here have its usual disastrous effect. Our own bombastic, spread-eagle song, "The Star-Spangled Banner," is a dead failure, owing chiefly to its preposterous range of over an octave and a half.

A few words about details. The experiment of hiring singers, placed in the congregation, to inspire the people to sing, is essentially self-defeating. The people soon become aware of the fact, and all within a radius of thirty feet stop their singing to listen to the surprising ardor and zeal of these well-paid stool-pigeons. The introduction of a blaring and impertinent cornet in the place of a precentor is equally absurd. If it be desirable to have the melody hurled at us in this barbaric fashion, why not put a tuba mirabilis register into the organ, and thereby have the whole matter under the control of the organist, one person instead of two, and unity secured in a legitimate way?

It is "a consummation devoutly to be wished" could we have the idea of association better carried out in our service hymns; I mean that the hymn be invariably sung to a certain tune. So long, however, as the public will not purchase a hymn-book with less than 1500 or more hymns, we shall look in vain for this most desirable reformation.

The grand old choral will eventually be the song of the church, here as well as in other lands; but I have to confess that I fear we must first wade through several generations of rhythms of a more or less trivial and irreverent character. When Moody and Sankey can sell three millions of their pretty books with pretty

tunes, what author or publisher shall dare attempt a rivalry?

It is certainly desirable, although not indispensable, that the congregation should sing in tune. At any rate, they should all join in the singing as best they can, and trust to time and experience to remedy any defects of intonation. Also we would have them sing in good and accurate time, although we have to admit that they rarely do. So strong and universal is the sense of rhythm that, with a good tune, I believe this excellence will not long be lacking if the people will only join regularly in the singing part of the service.

It is here that I must say a word about music in our public schools—the only source to which we can look for the remedy of these defects. Let us by all means each lift up our voice for the further spreading and development of this glorious educational feature. The system is of incalculable value, and must in a short time work mightily for the upbuilding of our beloved art both in and out of the church.

Whether or not there be a choir, the organist is properly the leader. A singer is accustomed to follow and listen for only one part, and cannot so well detect faults of harmony as the organist, who is constantly following and listening to the full harmony of four or more parts. If there be a choir, the danger of jealousy among the singers is much less if the organist direct than when one of their own number assumes control. I may here notice one of the familiar objections to the employment of a chorus or volunteer choir, namely, that they will not attend the rehearsals or service regularly. Personally, I have never been troubled by this delinquency. Devote a part of the evening (the latter part is always best) to the singing of part songs and other light and entertaining music, and they will rarely fail to be present. If it be said that this music is of no use or value in the church service, and that its practice is a waste of time, I should reply that, at all events, it improves their reading and singing in general, and thus, indirectly at least, does very greatly assist the service proper. Another plan is to pay each singer a salary, and he is then properly bound to come. Twenty singers at \$50 each make an expense of \$1000. A good professional quartet would cost at least three times that amount, and yet few churches hesitate at such expense when the quartet is called for. Another objection to choirs has been that they have what has been termed an "annual row." I do not believe that this is necessary, or even that it is true in the majority of cases. Even if true, it is no less true that a year rarely passes in churches where there is no choir, during which the music is not discussed with more or less warmth and interest. As these matters may always reach an amicable solution, their discussion is rather to be desired than otherwise.

The question of interludes is one of easy settlement. Let there be a short interlude after each two stanzas, and this will be found the best compromise between too long interludes and none at all. Interludes, at least, avoid a disagreeable wait (or "hitch") between the verses, and give the people a chance to breathe a moment naturally.

And now comes a musico-ecclesiastical question. Singers and organists have been often heard to complain of what they term the selfishness or impertinence

of pastors who insist that music should not form the chief attraction of the service. But the ministers are right in this matter. We have all seen churches where for a little while attractive music seemed to augment the number of worshippers. There is not a case on record where this device did not ultimately fail. Nothing but the Word of God, preached by one able and consecrated, ever did or ever will permanently fill the church. Setting aside, however, all the claims of worship, the pastors are still in the right on simple grounds of courtesy and common sense. A plain parallel case is this: How would we like to have them step upon our concert platform and insist upon reading the liturgy or even the Bible as the chief attraction of the concert? No; we are not to forget that music in the church is a means, and not an end. We weaken our cause when we claim too much for it.

Eugene Thayer.

#### Is Arctic Exploration Worth its Cost?

A FULL affirmative answer could be made to this inquiry; its outlines only can be laid down within an open letter. The reply may run counter to a widely entertained feeling, yet it is justified by history, and is due to the interests of science. Sympathy with the losses sustained by the De Long and Greely expeditions is sincere, deep, and wide-spread. But sympathy with the sufferers, and with the bereaved, cannot dim the value of the results secured by the sufferings of the lost and the living. Their work is a compensation for at least something of the severe sacrifices made, and history shows that the well-being of man has ever been and will be advanced by sacrifice.

To meet the inquiry fairly, is to recall the true objects and gains of Arctic exploration; its history, like that of other experimental progress, begins with a single object which, in the logic of events, evolves other and far more important issues. Its gains have been made with a remarkably small loss of life, for the whole number of deaths occurring in all the Arctic expeditions from the year 1819 to 1875 was but one and seven-tenths per cent. of officers and crews, while in carrying on the work of the fourteen meteorological stations of the past two years, but two deaths have occurred outside of Greely's party of Lady Franklin bay. With the sufferings of Greely's men before their minds, people are heard to exclaim: "Four miles nearer the Pole! Is this worth nineteen lives?" Forgetting the true objects of Arctic exploration, they lose sight of all but the polar problem alone, and they deal inconsiderately with even this, the origin of more important issues.

The first point in the inquiry here is to recall the fact that the search for the Pole itself was begun, three centuries ago, in no motives of mere curiosity or even of theory. The impulse was of the most practical character, to find a new commercial route from northern Europe to Asia. Columbus and De Gama had opened up the world West and East, but seemingly only for the two nations Spain and Portugal; these two powers promptly setting up for themselves the exclusive right, not only to the new lands found and to be found, but to the navigation of the great oceans. As they were then able to maintain their claim by

force of arms, northern Europe soon set about the search for a safer and a shorter route to the rich lands of Asia.

The history need not be traced in full. It began with the voyage of old Cabot, in 1497, and was closed only in 1847 with the discovery of the passage by the drifting and crushed ships of Franklin. The north-west passage will not be pursued. Sir Allen Young's latest disappointment in the *Pandora* (1876) closed the question even for the curious. Tortuous and shallow channels, if found, could, indeed, offer no advantages except for the small exchanges carried on by whalers. Nor is it likely that for years to come national aid will be given for further attempts to push through any one of the supposed gate-ways to a theoretical "open Polar sea," found by Koldwey, Payer, Hall, Nares, De Long, Ray, and Lockwood, to be sealed up as ever by the paleocrystic masses.

Have, then, the labors, exposures, and patient endurance, of Arctic exploration, been fruitless and discouraging to future effort? By no means. They have teemed with incidental results in value immeasurably greater than could have been gained from success in their first object. They are a record of extensive geographical discoveries, of large additions to scientific knowledge, of material gains for navigation, commerce, and industry, and of moral lessons taught by these examples of heroism. It is something to learn the true boundaries of the land and water surfaces of the globe on which we live; it is yet more to have eliminated from the sphere of human attack the absolutely unconquerable of nature's forces. Lockwood's latest daring advance has again done much in both of these directions.

A true estimate of what Arctic exploration has gained will, in part, be reached by a comparison of the knowledge of our own continent half a century ago with that shown upon the school-boy's map of to-day. The maps of 1825 exhibited for our northern coastline Baffin's Bay only on the east, and westward, dots only for the mouths of the Mackenzie and Hearne Rivers, up to the icy Cape of Cook and the Behring Sea,—all which was then known except the new sweep of Parry's voyage in the far north. The charts of to-day accurately delineate the zone of land and the coast-lines within the 60th and 130th degrees of west longitude, up to Cape Parry, latitude  $71^{\circ} 23'$ , a region now largely frequented by the trader. To these add the explorations in the Eastern Hemisphere by the Russians, Danes, Austrians, Dutch, and Swedes, crowned by the circumnavigation, first in the world's history, of northern Asia. And now Lockwood has extended the line of North Greenland.

Again, no Arctic expedition has been fruitless of commercial and scientific gains. Cabot failed to find the passage, but he established the claims for our inheritance of English liberty and law. The first attempt to find the passage by the north-east brought from the ill-fated Willoughby news like that from our De Long:

"He, with his hapless crew,  
Each full exerted at his several task,  
Froze into statues."

But Willoughby's second ship made the discovery of Russia's wealth—"a new Indies"—for England, the beginning of maritime commerce on the north.



Among the direct or indirect gains of this kind for us have been the whaling grounds of the north-east and the fisheries of Behring Strait, a region rendered safe by the voyage and charts of the *Vincennes*, the explorations of the Coast Survey, and latest by the *Cortwin* and the Signal Service. Alaska is now attracting immigration; but its shores seemed forbidding in the extreme before the surveys of Rodgers and the trial observations of Dall and others were charted for the guidance of the mariner. The increasing returns to the Government and to the merchant from the fur seal and the otter have shown the wisdom of the purchase.

Still higher results are associated with the hydrography of the great oceans; the observations needed for the further knowledge of the laws governing the origin and the course of storms; and magnetism, with its relation to the compass, the telegraph, and the telephone. "We shall never accurately know," says the President of our own Geographical Society, "the laws of aerial and oceanic currents, unless we know more about what takes place in the Arctic Circle."

Such research was made the special object of the stations at Point Barrow and Fort Conger. The chief of the Signal Service had justly reported that "the study of the weather maps of England and America cannot be fully prosecuted without filling up the blank of the Arctic region"; and among the results to be expected from the colony at Lady Franklin Bay, the act making the appropriations recited "a more accurate knowledge of the conditions which govern the origin and paths of the storms, the descent of polar waves of unusual cold, and *uncertain movements in the Atlantic*." The instructions of the Signal Service and the Coast Survey have now been carried out by continuous observations at Ooglamie during two years, and at Lady Franklin Bay for a yet longer period. A casual inspection, courteously permitted, of Ray's reports warrants an expectation of results of much practical value. They include, among many points of interest, long-continued observations of the temperature of the earth at great depths, and of the waters on the shores of the great ocean, with hourly observations of the magnetic force and dip, a reverse of the usual experience of these being observed in the increased force and dip at Ooglamie during the *morning* hours and a decrease in the afternoon. Ray's magnetic work, discussed by Mr. C. A. Schott of the Coast and Geodetic survey,—the same officer who discussed Kane's and Hayes's,—will form Appendix 13 of the Coast Survey report of 1882; the whole work at Ooglamie making a full quarto volume.

Of the labors of the party at Fort Conger it were premature to speak as yet with fullness; but enough has been reported by Lieut. Greely to warrant the expectation at the Signal Office that the observations and the topographical work of Lockwood at this point, north of other expeditions, will develop themselves, when reduced, with a completeness and scope in advance of what has ever been attained before. The party were well housed for more than two summers, and were supplied with instruments such as neither Kane nor Hayes could in their day secure. When Ray's and Greely's observations shall have been placed with those received from the other thirteen stations of the Arctic, they will form a full link in the series of

synchronous observations thus carried on for the first time around the northern zone.

If such investigations are worth pursuing, if the existing relations between all branches of science and between the individual facts of each be admitted, Arctic exploration will not be soon abandoned—not until the problems referred to are fully solved. Let such as henceforth go to the ice zones depend on native help more largely than in the past; two Esquimaux to every three or four white men, at least. Natives alone can provide sustenance in the extremities of want; they alone improvise the snow hut and capture the seal and the walrus. They saved Hall and the party of Tyson's ice-floe; they would have saved Franklin, and I believe would have preserved the Greely party also.

J. E. Nourse.

#### The Bombardment of Alexandria.

REJOINDER BY STONE PASHA.

FLUSHING, L. I., August, 1884.

I HAVE read in *THE CENTURY* for August an open letter signed "C. F. Goodrich, Lieutenant-Commander U. S. N.," in which he discusses a letter of my own that appeared in the *JUNE CENTURY* as an introduction to the "Diary of an American Girl in Cairo during the War of 1882."

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich, over his official signature as an officer of the United States Navy, comes into print, "very reluctantly," to prevent the evil which might result from the promulgation of my opinion expressed in the introductory letter above referred to, *because*, as he writes, "this opinion involves serious charges against the British Government, as represented by its diplomatic and naval officers in Egypt." He says his observations lead him "to conclusions opposed to those advanced by Stone Pasha."

If the gallant officer finds it his duty, or his pleasure, to make himself, over his official signature as an officer of the United States Navy, the defender of the proceedings of the British Government in Egypt, it is no affair of mine. It is a matter for his own intelligence and taste to decide. But if in the discharge of his self-imposed duty he permits himself to make an utterly unprovoked attack upon me, who never attacked him, if he permits himself to misquote my written words and to misstate facts in reference to my own personal action in the management of my family, then he makes his paper my business. These things he has permitted himself to do.

He commences his open letter by giving several good reasons why my opinions should be respected. Then he gives the reasons why his own opinions should be respected. These latter are, to use his own words, as follows: "I happened to be in Alexandria prior to and during the bombardment, and afterward was accredited to Lord Wolseley's staff as military and naval *attaché*."

I was aware that he was, for a few days *prior* to the bombardment, on board a man-of-war in the harbor of Alexandria; but I seriously doubt his having been, *during* the bombardment, either in Alexandria or even in its harbor. He was, I believe, and his own letter would seem to indicate it, outside the bombard-

ing fleet during that time, and he can know only by hearsay what occurred in the bombarded town. Shortly after the bombardment, I think, the ship to which he was attached left the harbor of Alexandria for Europe, and it was not until a late day in the campaign of Tel-el-Kebir that he returned to Egypt to join General Sir Garnet Wolseley as American *attaché* to the British staff. There all his associations were with the British, and never with the people of the country. His total residence in Egypt in 1882 could hardly have been three months, and his sources of information were almost purely British.

Commander Goodrich expresses the opinion that "the bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after" the occurrences of June 11, 1882. See how widely we differ. My deliberate opinion is that had the guns of the British fleet bombarded Alexandria immediately after June 11, 1882, Egyptians to the number of many hundreds would have perished in addition to the hundreds who perished on that day; and that Europeans, many thousands in number, would have perished in Alexandria and in the interior of the country. The Egyptian story of that day, June 11, 1882, has never yet been told in print; or, at least, I have never seen it in print; but a careful reading of the British Government papers, in the Blue Book, will give one some indication of what the feeling was. Had not cool heads then prevented hasty action on the part of the British fleet, frightful disaster would, in my opinion, have followed.

His attack on me for not doing what *then seemed to him*, and now seems to *him*, my duty to my family, while it appears to me, in the words used, far to exceed in arrogance and rudeness the limits of gentlemanly discussion, hardly requires a serious answer from me, since he himself furnishes the answer. He knew nothing of any peculiar circumstances which might exist in my family in Cairo, whom he at that time, I think, had never seen. He knew nothing of my peculiar official responsibilities to the sovereign and Government of Egypt; he knew nothing of any special negotiations going on at the Court of the Khédive; while I, as he himself writes, "reached a solution of the problem in singularly full acquaintance with all the elements which entered into it." I thought that I was fully acquainted with all the elements which entered into the problem, a problem of vast importance to me, for it was *my* family whose welfare was at stake, and not that of Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich; and I probably gave more serious thought to it each hour than that gallant officer has in all his life. Knowing, as I did, the letter of the British Admiral addressed to the military commander of Alexandria, which Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich quotes; knowing, as I did, the answer to that letter, which he *does not* quote; knowing the action taken by the diplomatic agents of European powers other than the British; knowing some of the diplomatic steps taken by the Ottoman Sultan (possibly the archives of the Department of State of the United States may contain valuable information on the subject); knowing that many thousands of Europeans were still in the interior, among them French, German, and Italian employees of the Egyptian civil administration *under the direction of British chiefs of administration*, not then gathered together and brought to a place of safety (the chiefs,

it is true, were all on the coast and ready to embark);—knowing all this, and much more, while believing from the actions of the British Admiral that he would finally bombard the forts and batteries of Alexandria, making a pretext if he could not find one, *unless prevented by mediation* or other action of foreign powers,—which seemed to me more than possible, from some proceedings which were known to me,—yet I could not conceive it possible he would proclaim bombardment on so short notice that it would be impossible to transfer to the coast the mass of foreign residents in the interior. Notice which would have been sufficient for the thousands of others, would have been more than sufficient for me. On the other hand, had I, the senior general officer in the service of the Khédive, *prematurely* ordered the flight of my family, I, whose duty it was to do all for his service, would have created a panic which could not have failed at that time seriously to complicate the negotiations. If the Lieutenant-Commander cannot understand how a sense of duty to a government one is serving in a military capacity, can weigh upon one, I am sure that most of his comrades in the United States navy can do so, and that most of my old comrades of the army can.

Forty-eight hours from any *noon* would have sufficed to bring the mass of Europeans to the sea-coast; twenty-four hours' notice given at an *evening hour*, after the departure of the six o'clock train, was mere mockery. The difference was between *one* regular train, starting to arrive late, and *eight* regular trains, starting in time to arrive in season. Had forty-eight hours from the *noon* of any day been given, *eight thousand* Europeans might have been, and would have been, transported to a place of safety before the commencement of fire. Had forty-eight hours' notice been given, there would have been no massacre of European men, women, and children at Tantah or Calicoub; and the brave French and Italian inspectors with their families at Mehallet-el-Kebir could have been with their English chief in safety on board a ship of refuge, instead of being left to the fate of having their quivering flesh thrown to the dogs in the streets!

The flimsy argument that any preparation during an extra twenty-four hours in the batteries of Alexandria might have endangered the chances of the splendid iron-clad fleet of Great Britain is an insult to the British navy. Not only this, but the documents published in the British Blue Book prove that the Egyptian Government, far from making new and formidable preparations during the twenty-four hours allowed, formally offered, in order to induce the British Admiral to abstain from bombardment, to dismount three of the guns then in position.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich states that Stone Pasha advances a new doctrine in reference to giving delay in bombardment for the purpose of allowing the escape of neutrals. I think not. And if I were the first to enunciate a principle like this, that in civilized warfare neutrals in the position of the Europeans then in Egypt, no war having been declared, should not be subjected to unnecessary danger, I would be neither afraid nor ashamed to declare and defend the doctrine on sound principles of the law of nations and the existing laws of war.

Public opinion in England has gone much further than I in this matter when *another* nation was the

actor in bombardment. Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich is too young to remember, but he may have read, what a storm of denunciation was poured out by the English press when an American fleet and an American army gave formal notice of bombardment to a walled city with a supporting castle, some thirty-seven years and more ago. In that case active war had been going on for nearly a year, and the investment of the place had been going on for more than ten days; and the only Europeans, neutrals, who could be endangered were those actually within the place itself, from which they could have come out on the appearance of the investing force or at any time during the investment. If the delay allowed in that instance was, according to British opinion, too short for a civilized army and navy to grant, what must one say of the shorter time accorded at Alexandria, where war had not even been declared, and where the danger of the neutrals, who were perhaps a hundred fold more numerous, was so fearfully aggravated? It is true that in the case of Vera Cruz the attacking force was American, and not English, and that circumstance may make a very considerable difference in the judgment of some.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich permits himself strangely to misstate my letter in one point, when he writes that I "decided that the discomfort of a crowded train was more to be dreaded than the dangers he [I] describes as the inevitable sequence of a bombardment." What I did write is, as can be seen in THE CENTURY for June:

"I felt that four ladies struggling in a railway station for place, in the midst of a crowd of panic-stricken Europeans, would have but small chance; and even should they succeed in securing places in the railway carriages, it was more than probable that they would be turned out at some point of the road to make place for soldiers on their way to the threatened city."

This sentence conveys to my mind a horror which can hardly be compared to the "*discomfort of a crowded train*." I imagine that almost any man, not excepting the Lieutenant-Commander, would have had, in the case of his own family, much the same feeling.

He makes the extraordinary statement that the ships of refuge, after leaving the harbor of Alexandria on the 10th of July, were, with the exception of a pull of three miles in a man-of-war's boats, "precisely as accessible as the day previous." If such was the case, how did it happen that, in fact, the European families which arrived by the train from Cairo on the afternoon of the 10th, failed to reach the ships of refuge? They arrived in Alexandria in safety, which to me was a cause of wonderment; but they could not, even by the offer of large sums of money, procure transportation from the shore to the ships. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made by them to do so, they were, the most of them, forced to remain in Alexandria throughout the bombardment and the scenes of conflagration and pillage which followed, during which time no prompt landing of marines or sailors was made to arrest either. I myself saw in the afternoon of the 11th some of those European ladies and children in the house where they had taken refuge, near the great square, and a shell from the fleet had burst in the court-yard of that house during their occupancy of it. I saw them rescued from the fire after they had been defended by brave

Frenchmen from outrage and pillage, and I hope that the family of no one who may read these lines may ever be in so pitiable a condition. These were the fortunate ones, who were finally rescued. Of the others, perhaps the less said of the manner of their going out the better. These were some of the occupants of "the crowded train," which the Lieutenant-Commander professes to think I should have caused my family to take.

As for the slur cast by the Lieutenant-Commander on the governments of all other nations excepting that of Great Britain, that they are less solicitous than it for the welfare of their citizens, I can say that in the case of Alexandria in July, 1882, it is unmerited. America, Austria, Greece, Italy, Russia, and Spain, as well as France, all sent ships of war to afford protection, and all who had large numbers of their nationality in the country sent transports to carry their citizens to a place of safety. The four United States ships of war received all American citizens who presented themselves, and the admiral and the commanders of the three corvettes made place on their ships for many of other nationalities. But sufficient time, by official notice to the representatives of the foreign powers, *was not given* by the British authorities. It is idle to try to make it appear that it was.

Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich states that he does not think it can be shown that hundreds of Egyptian women and children perished in the bombardment, and in the panic-flight from the hastily bombarded town, "as Stone Pasha states." I think that it can and will be shown.

He states that the history of June 11, 1882, has not been written as yet. Here we agree perfectly, if he means by his words a correct and impartial history. A strong endeavor has been made, however, by British writers to forestall that history. When the true history shall be written, it may not appear to the world as it has while only one side has had speech and pen.

He states that care was taken on July 11 to spare the town as much as possible. I have no doubt that such orders were given, and have no more doubt that the commanders of the British war-vessels generally did their best to comply with such orders as far as they could, while carrying out their orders to destroy the batteries. But as the town lay behind the batteries, and as accurate fire from a floating gun is not possible when there is any sea or swell, and as the guns used were among the heaviest and most powerful known, it was impossible that the town should not suffer very considerably. And it did so. When projectiles weighing a ton or thereabouts happen to pass through a dwelling-house, they often cause loss of life and limb; and the British shells of July 11 were no exceptions to the general rule. When Lieutenant-Commander Goodrich returned to Alexandria after the bombardment, many houses which had been struck by shells had afterward been burned down; and he could not judge fairly of what the shell-practice had done before the conflagration.

I passed through the town late in the afternoon of the day of bombardment, and noted as well as was practicable the effect of the shot upon it. Considering the number of shells which had fallen in the town, I was surprised that greater damage had not been caused. This small damage resulted from the fact

that a large number of the heaviest shells did not explode. At daybreak on the following morning I visited the barracks and the batteries on the north side, observed their condition and that of the men occupying them, and took reports as to the number of killed in each one.

I next visited the hospitals, examined, conversed with, and counted the wounded, did all in my power to have them cared for, and then went to the Prefecture of Police, where I received reports of the cases of death among the citizens which had been reported there. That day I saw the momentary renewal of bombardment, and saw the commencement of the panic-flight from the city. Crowds of women of all classes of society were rushing forth into the open country outside, the greater number carrying each a small child and conducting other children; these, with old men who had hardly strength and activity to make their way, and young, strong, and fierce men, carrying, some of them, what they could of their household goods or of plunder, made up a scene which one would never wish to see again.

It was from such personal observations, and from the reports received the following morning of what had been the scenes of starvation, exposure, and outrage during the night, and from trustworthy reports of what happened later on, that I formed the opinion expressed in my letter, that "hundreds of Egyptian women and children perished in the bombardment and in the panic-flight" which accompanied and followed it. I now repeat the statement, and am quite sure that it will never be overthrown by the results of impartial investigation. If it could be proved that less suffering and destruction of life occurred among those unfortunate people, I should be quite as well pleased as any one.

Charles P. Stone.

COMMENT ON COMMANDER GOODRICH'S LETTER, BY THE  
COMMANDER OF THE GALENA.

IN THE CENTURY for August Lieutenant-Commander (now Commander) Goodrich, U. S. N., replies to a letter of Stone Pasha published in THE CENTURY for June, regarding events in Egypt in 1882. In so doing he has himself fallen into errors, both directly and by implication, which I take the liberty of pointing out; this I do without hesitation, knowing that Commander Goodrich desires to be severely accurate in his statements.

Stone Pasha speaks of the event which took place at Alexandria on the 11th of June as "the so-called 'massacre.'" Commander Goodrich speaks of it in one place as "the massacre," and in another place he says: "Those who witnessed the events of that day, and escaped with their lives, will find difficulty in reading with composure that they only beheld a so-called massacre."

I had the misfortune to witness a part of the affair, and I prefer to speak of it as a riot, for reasons which will appear later. In alluding to this event, Commander Goodrich says: "The bombardment should, logically, have taken place immediately after the massacre." I find it difficult, not to say impossible, to understand the "logic" of this statement. The facts of the matter as then known are these: The British

fleet entered the harbor of Alexandria on a professedly friendly mission. During its presence there a disturbance took place between the Egyptians and foreigners, in which about sixty foreigners and a far greater number of Egyptians were killed. For some hours the Egyptian authorities seemed to take no steps to put down the disturbance, but finally the troops were called out and order was restored. And, furthermore, order was maintained in the city from that date until the bombardment, a month later, in spite of the threat to "open fire" made July 6. It was thought at that time that this riot was premeditated, but a cool investigation showed that it was entirely accidental. Such being the case, the "logic" of a bombardment by a foreign fleet on a friendly mission is not apparent.

It should not be forgotten in speaking of this "riot" that the Egyptians had no weapons but "donkey sticks" and such fragments of chairs and tables as they could secure in the cafés and shops they had "looted," while the foreigners had fire-arms, and from balconies and windows in perfect safety shot down their opponents. This accounts for the much larger number of Egyptians killed. One needs, too, to know the character of a large majority of the (nominal) foreigners in Alexandria at that time to appreciate the situation, and then there is no difficulty in understanding why Stone Pasha speaks of the event as "the so-called 'massacre'" (of foreigners).

Again, Commander Goodrich says it is true "that other governments are less solicitous than the British for the welfare of their citizens." This may be true as an abstract proposition, but I do not think the events of those days prove it, and I turn to official records for my reasons. I find that on the day of the "riot" there were in the harbor of Alexandria the following men-of-war, leaving out the British, which were there on a mission: French, *La Glassonnière*, *Alma*, *Frobin*, *Aspic*, and *La Hirondelle*; Greek, *Le Roi George* and *Hellas*; Turkish, *Is Iddin*; Egyptian, *Mahomet Ali* and *Maheusa*; American, *Galena*. Later, the French sent the *Thetis* and the immense transports *Sarthe* and *Corvise* for the express purpose of transporting French citizens to a place of safety. It will interest Commander Goodrich to know that these two great vessels were taken from "ordinary," manned, provisioned, and dispatched from Toulon within twenty-four hours of the receipt of the order from Paris—a feat, I believe, unequalled in naval annals.

The Greeks sent a large transport, which made regular trips, carrying refugees. The Italians sent the *Castelfidardo* and *Stafetta*; the Germans, the *Habicht*; the Dutch, the *Manix*; Austria, the *London*; Russia, the *Asia* and —; Spain, a large iron-clad (the name of which, like that of the second Russian, is not given); and America, the *Lancaster* and *Quinnebaug*. In fact, only one maritime power—Sweden-Norway—was not represented by a national vessel. All hastened to send assistance as soon as it was known that the mission of the British fleet had changed from peace to war. The following quotations from official reports will probably be sufficient, with what I have said, to establish my point:

" . . . As all (Americans) have been repeatedly warned to seek safety, . . . it will be their own fault if harm overtakes them." This on June 20.



Again, on the same date: "The only decided indication of further difficulties . . . is the earnest way in which the English, French, Italians, and Greeks are sending their subjects out of the country." If I am correctly informed, Commander Goodrich did not reach Alexandria until some days after this date, and, therefore, must have taken his information of previous events at second hand.

O. A. Batcheller.

#### The Original "Ned Myers."

THE interesting account, in your June number, of the "Sailors' Snug Harbor," recalls an incident of forty years ago which may be worth repeating. It was my lot to reside for a few years on the charming heights of New Brighton, Staten Island, facing the quiet "Kill von Kull," and about half a mile from the "Snug Harbor." It was one of my amusements in idle hours to visit that institution, to look at the workshop, to purchase from the "old salts" newly made canes, baskets, or a miniature ship full-rigged, and to listen to garrulous "yarns" told by these superannuated seamen. I became very well acquainted with a comparatively young and but slightly disabled sailor, who, from his quick intelligence, was placed in charge of the reading-room of the institution. During the summer of 1843 he told me of his recent correspondence with a great American novelist. Hearing or reading somewhere of James Fenimore Cooper, and of his many writings, the sailor was induced to address a letter of some two or three lines to that gentleman, the purport of which was to inquire "if he was the same James Fenimore Cooper who once plunged into the water and saved the life of his youthful shipmate, Ned Myers." The question brought a very long and full reply from Mr. Cooper, which Myers showed to me, and which recounted many of the incidents of their former life at sea. In a postscript of, perhaps, not more than a single line in length, the writer said that "he had no recollection of the particular circumstance referred to, but that he was the same J. F. C." In the winter of 1843 I missed Ned from the reading-room, and learned from another sailor who succeeded to Myers's place, Knight by name, that he had gone away for a time. The next spring developed the fact that he had accepted an invitation from Mr. Cooper to pass the winter with him at Cooperstown, where the long evenings were spent, on Ned's side, in living over again his strangely adventurous life, and, on Mr. Cooper's side, in "taking notes." The result was, in no long time, the issue of Mr. Cooper's interesting tale of "Ned Myers," of which the proceeds went entirely to Ned. Further than this, the novelist obtained for his *quondam* shipmate, from the Government (Mr. Tyler being presi-

dent), an excellent appointment in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn, N. Y. I remember the great pleasure with which the sailor related to me the story of his agreeable visit to Cooperstown and the happy result of his little chance letter of inquiry.

Benj. B. Griswold.

CARROLL, BALTIMORE CO., MD.

#### Dr. Sevier: A Protest.

THIS is intended as a protest, conservative and respectful, to all concerned, but a very earnest one, against a passage in Mr. Cable's "Dr. Sevier." On the 603d page in the August number of THE CENTURY, Mr. Cable, evidently speaking in his own person, says, as he beholds the Northern soldiery marshaling in the streets of New York: "'Go marching on,' saviors of the Union; your cause is just. Lo, now, since nigh twenty-five years have passed, we of the South can say it." It is a matter of profound regret and disappointment to some of "us of the South" to hear that Mr. Cable, whose course as a Southern writer we have watched with so much interest, can say to the North, "Your cause was a just one." But no one can challenge his right to utter his personal convictions on this point. But we do feel aggrieved when Mr. Cable utters this same conviction or confession in behalf of the Southern people. It is firmly believed that the South, the best of it, holds, with regard to the righteousness of its cause, the same position now that it held in those stormy days. Twenty-five years is a very short time, indeed, to convince those who believed they were patriots that in fact they were rebels; and if it be true, as Mr. Cable says, that we are ready to confess that the Northern cause was a just one, then history utters a fearful prophecy with regard to our future. It is entirely possible for us to maintain still, not that we were *sincere*, but that we were *right*, and yet to make part of a strong and harmonious Government. But for the national mind so soon to abandon that which it so firmly held, does not mean enlightenment, but weakness, and would tend to produce, not a firm and homogeneous people for the whole country, but a figure like the image in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, part of iron and part of clay.

Very respectfully,

Malcolm McKay.

GRIFFIN, GA., August 5, 1884.

IN this department of THE CENTURY for August, in the notice of "Miss Ludington's Sister," through an inadvertence, the author's name was printed as E. W. Bellamy, the name of another writer. The book was written by Edward Bellamy, whose short stories in this magazine some of our readers will remember.

#### BRIC-À-BRAC.

##### Uncle Esch's Wisdom.

THERE is no rule for beauty; this enables every man to have a little better-looking wife than any of his neighbors.

I DON'T expect to please everybody. I don't know as I would if I could, for I don't think anybody but a fool could do it.

THE last thing a man doubts is his judgment, when it ought to be the first thing he is suspicious of.

WHEN the Devil turns moralist look out for breakers; no one can tell where he is going to hit next; he can't even tell himself.

THE world is all agog just now; everybody wants to talk, and nobody wants to listen—the fool-killer will be around soon, and put a stop to these things.

I BELIEVE in moral suasion—as a collateral.

IGNORANCE is the principal ingredient in bigotry—obstinacy and a general cussedness complete the job.

IT aint so much the ignorance of mankind that makes them ridiculous, as the knowing so much that aint so.

JOKEs weren't made to cast before swine, any more than pearls were; and the man who can make them shouldn't throw them around too loose.

THE man who can, in a few words, tell all he knows on any subject, at a minute's notice, is a hard one to tangle.

IT is the brains of the Devil that make him terrible; a fool-devil is the lowest order of crank.

*Uncle Esch.*

#### Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder.

IT was in the early summer when my love and I last parted;  
She the sea-side sought, and left me in the city broken-hearted—

I to swelter through the summer, she on sea-kissed shores to wander;

But her last words gave me comfort: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

How I loved the little letters that from time to time she sent me!

As I read, it seemed that they a momentary sea-breeze lent me—

When she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting trips; then bade me ponder

Well the truth of that old saying, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Of she spoke of her admirers; how she made them dance attendance,

Made them carry books and baskets, and forswear their independence:

Spoke of one she nicknamed Croesus, who on her his wealth would squander;

But she added, "Dear old goosie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

So I worked away, quite happy, through the broiling summer weather,

Longing for the coming autumn, when we'd walk the world together.

Though her letters were less frequent, still I very often conned her

Last one, where the postscript told me, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Fewer still were now her letters, and she wrote, "I'm very busy."

I expostulated—mildly—with my wayward, witching Lizzie;

Once more came the same old answer,—any other seemed beyond her,—

"Don't you know, you stupid Willie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

One more letter yet she sent me while she at the sea-side tarried,

Laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me that she was—married;

And 'twas thus her note concluded,—as I read my face turned yellow:

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder—fonder of the other fellow!"

*John A. Fraser, Jr.*

#### To a Singer.

If you earnestly wish to promote  
Your talent, hear what I suggest:  
You've given us many a note;  
For heaven's sake, give us a rest.

*Ben Wood Davis.*

#### Translations from the Spanish of A. Béquér.

##### WHAT IS POETRY?

WHAT is Poetry? you ask;  
While your blue eyes smiling look,  
Through my soul—their open book.  
Can you ask? Ah sweet, to me  
You are Poetry!

##### HER LOOK.

To-day the earth and the heavens broad  
Smile and sparkle from pole to pole.  
The sun shines down in the depths of my soul,  
With light that will last through Eternity.  
To-day I saw her—she looked at me—  
To-day, I believe in God!

##### HER KISS.

For one of your looks, the world, well lost;  
For one of your smiles, Heaven's dearest bliss;  
For one of your kisses! Ah me, the cost!  
What should I give for your kiss—your kiss?

##### WHERE GOES LOVE?

Sighs are air and return to air,  
Tears are water—to water flow.  
Now tell me, woman, where does Love go  
When Love is forgotten—ah where, ah where?

*Mary Ainge De Vere.*

#### An Old Vote for "Young Marster."

##### I.

WHAT! up for de Senate? dat chile!  
I 'member de day he was bo'n;  
Fa'r in de face, like his mudder,  
Ha'r like de silk o' de co'n.

You minded him, Judy; our Reuben,  
Dick's Peter, old Trip, and King Lear  
(De berry best hounds in Virginny),  
And him, was all pups de same year.

And you don't rickolect *Lear*, Judy? You is losin' o' your mind! Why, oberseer Johnson shot dat dog in corn-shuckin' time, de same year Betsy Ann and Steben had de hoopin' cough, for runnin' arter sheep.

I 'spicioned two other dogs myself, but howsomever

Lear he got shot, anyway;  
And I'm gwine to dem poles at dat 'lection,  
And vote for young marster to-day.

##### II.

Nigh upon forty, is he?  
And well growed for his age, I must say;  
I went froo de wars as his butler,  
And I'll be sebenty in May.

"Bill, look arter my boy," sez ole marster,  
"When de shells come a-fizzin' aroun'."  
I fotched de boy home from dem battles,  
But ole marster was under de groun'.

I helped him to make his fust har'-trap,  
And squir'ls we cotched more'n enuff;  
De walls o' my cabin was kivered  
Wid coon-skins and sech a like stuff.

What's come o' all de har's dese days? Dese 'fernal new-issue free niggers is too rot'en lazy to catch har's. Dey flops 'round arter politicks and sech trash, and leffs der proper bizness ondone. 'Taint no horns blowed at de crack o' day neither, and times is gone backward, and t'ings aint like dey used to was noway.

## III.

Ole marster was good to us chillen;  
Work, work in de 'bacca and corn,  
But cake-bread at harvest and Christmas,  
And whisky, as sure as you're born.

Den, in de summer-time, loads o' mush and water-millions was dumped out for de head man (and dat's me) for to 'tribute; and eberyt'ing floatin' in meat-gravy, and hot ash-cake and buttermilk. Sweet 'taters long as my arm, tharabouts. A mile o' nigger cabins, and de crows had to rest twice 'fore dey'd fly crost de corn-field.

*Dem was times!*

Mist'ess was one o' de Hortons,  
From de place dey called "Wanderin'  
Brook";  
She never gin us cross questions  
Nor a *catambas* look.  
Died when our Mose had de measles,  
Wid a' angel look on her face.  
Owned de best farm in King William,  
Scuzin' de ole home place.

Ole miss' patterns for cuttin' out de field-han's clo's didn't used to always zackly fit. Sometimes a little no 'count or'nary nigger would have his coat-tails fa'rly sweepin' de groun', and his breeches gallussed up under his shoulder-blades to keep from trampilin' on 'em; but dat come o' de nigger's own fault in bein' onproperly growed, and de clo's was sho' to be strong and warm. Dem was times wuth libin' in, dem was!

## IV.

Git out de shirt-front, Judy,  
Wid de buzzum a-shinin' like snow,  
And see dat de collar am stiffened  
And look like it come from de sto'.

Niggers don't do de i'ning dese days like dey had oughter. When I druv ole miss' kerridge, I'se been had my ears to fa'r bleed from de sawin' o' de stiff-starched collar. Nowadays de corner ends flops ober in no time like a wilted 'bacca plant.

Jes' lay out my blue Sunday breeches,  
De swaller-tail coat and crivat,  
Dat wesket my ole marse gint me,  
And slick up de black beaver-hat.

Lord! dat velvet weskit! I 'member when ole marse flung it to me, as plain as ef 'twas yistiddy. He was 'ginnin' to git right smart portly, ole marster was, and he was a-dressin' to go to de dinner-party at Gen'l Randuff's, and he squeez hisself up and couldn't button it no way; and he laffed, and sez he, "Here, Bill, put dat on, and han' me de brown flowered satin."

Jake! Bob! you triflin' little niggers,  
Fetch my fa'-topped boots dis way,  
And de bresh wid some rosin and toller  
And gib 'em a greazin', I say.

Dem dar boots! I gint Tim Cobbler, what's dead and gone nineteen year come next Whitsuntide, nine dollar and sebenty-four cent' for dem fa'-topped boots. Tim was a marster han' on criers, Tim was, and dem boots creaked tell you could hear 'em from de kitchen to de barn; and ole miss couldn't abide 'em, so I darsn't w'ar 'em in hearin' distance o' de house. Dem boots will creak now, ef I wuk my foot properly, from eend to eend.

De trial o' my life was dat I couldn't git on ole mars' ole boots nohow, dough I'd 'a' parted wid a

inch o' heel and two or free toes to do it; and dat no 'count nigger Harry would slip 'em on right under my nose. I could *wult* jest like ole mars'; I *hilt* my head gran' like up in de a'r; and, Lord! ef you'd 'a' come up behin' and heerd me fling 'bacca-juice, you'd 'a' swarred out 'twas ole mars' his own self. Haw! haw!! haw!!!

Dem was times, I say;  
And I'm a-gwine to dem poles,  
And 'lect my young marster to-day.

De bottle o' 'intment, Judy,  
And rub it on well in de j'int's;  
Dey say Bill is "rusty" and "ign'ant"  
On all de political "p'int's."

And Steben, Steben—dat or'nary cuss Steben, o' Tildy Ann Spooner's, whar wouldn't 'n fot's leben hund'ed at his best day—dat 'dential black nigger Steben, he come and sot me by de bedside and argy-fied and jawed me to vote ag'inst my own white folks, for de sake o' some po' white trash whar had gint *him* two dollar and nineteen cent. Ebenezer Dubble! neffy o' one o' ole mars' oberseers. I knowed de ginerations o' him soon as I heerd de name. Lived at dat Sandyside trac' o' lan', whar de sorrel am so po' it takes two birds for to say kildee. One calls out "Kill," and t'other say "Dee!" Haw! haw! And when dey sot in to totin' rocks off de lan', dey had to stop, on account o' totin' off de face o' de yearth. Haw! haw!

Howsomever, I retched under de bed for de boot-jack, and 'lowed I'd 'a' riz up and gin Steben nine-and-forty ef I hadn't 'a' ben so stiff sot in de j'int's wid dis plaguey rheumatiz. Ugh! ugh!

But at last I druv him away,  
For he seed what ole Bill meant;  
And 'stead o' young marse for de Senate,  
I'll 'lect him for President.

*Eva M. De Jarnette.*

## The Silenced Choir.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE REV. DR. CHARLES S. BISHOPSON.

OH, may I join the choir inaudible  
Of those (how mortal they!) who sing no more  
In churches better for their absence;—sing  
In notes sublime that pierce the night like *Suns*,  
And with their shrill insistence lead men's thoughts  
To grander operas; sing in muscles  
Stirred to risibility by warring  
Sense and sound;—sing in organ-lofty scorn  
For miserable hymns that have no trills,  
For simple pastors and parishioners  
Who seek the temple, not to praise the choir  
But God, and whose devotion dies the while  
Hosannas languish on the proxy's tongue.  
Be mine the "noiseless tenor of their way."  
"Silence was pleased." She will be pleased again.  
So to sing is heaven: this is peace to come,  
Which martyred worshipers who strove in vain  
To follow foreign tongues have dearly bought.  
No more may I support a leader's voice  
In some great agony, or feed pure love  
Of self in voicing praise of God; enkindle  
Generous ardor sharps and flats among;  
Beget the smiles of envious rivalry;—  
And help the Musical Director crush  
The protests mild of hectoring ministers.  
So shall I join the choir inaudible,  
Whose stillness is the gladness of the world.

*D. D.*

## Paynte Hearte.

DWELT my ladye in a castle high,  
 Were I a knight who hearde her crye,  
 & knew for me arose a sighe,  
 & were these ye daies of olde,  
 Despite ye feudal sworde & lance  
 My steede sholde 'neath her casement prance,  
 & with grimme deathe I'd take my chance  
 & all her warriors bolde.

But her fortresse is of modern bricke,  
 & I'm a modern swayne love-sicke;  
 My weapon's but a walkynge stick;  
 I'm daunted by her mother.  
 So, lyke a lover out of date,  
 Thus borne vi. centuries too late,  
 I yelde myselfe to bitter fate,  
 & her — untoe another.

F. Marshall White.

## An Avowal.

THERE's a word in my heart, dare I tell it?  
 A dangerous, wonderful word:  
 It calls, and I hush it and quell it;  
 It flutters and calls like a bird  
 Made captive from out its dark prison.  
 And begs for a glimmer of light;  
 Up, up to my throat it is risen,  
 And poises for flight.

Her eyes are like stars softly shining,  
 Each one has a sparkle within;  
 And radiant roses are twining  
 In cheeks where my kisses have been.  
 But something of sadness and sorrow,  
 A shadowy emblem of doom,  
 Seems whispering, "Wait for the morrow!"  
 And leaves me in gloom.

One touch of her exquisite fingers,  
 One pressure of velvety tips,  
 In memory's mazes still lingers;  
 One kiss is still fresh on my lips.  
 But down in my heart in a flutter  
 A bird dwells to tenderly sing  
 The song that my lips dare not utter,  
 The song of a ring,—

A ring wrought of gold, with a jewel  
 Imbedded within it that tries  
 To flash back the soft or the cruel  
 Light locked in her beautiful eyes.  
 Will she wear it, I wonder, a token  
 Of all that my heart holds so fast  
 That the fetters remain yet unbroken  
 And firm to the last?

There it comes! What a ghost of a shiver  
 Just ran through my stammering tongue!  
 And down in my heart there's a quiver  
 Of something that ought to be sung.  
 One word—ah, my darling, you know it;  
 The long captive songster has flown!  
 Love—love—is the burden: the poet  
 Loves you—you alone!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

## A Theosophic Marriage.

SHE was a theosophic miss  
 Who sighed for sweet Nirvana;  
 She talked of esoteric this  
 And that, in mystic manner.  
 She wore a wide and psychic smile,  
 Used diction transcendental.  
 Two suitors her besieged meanwhile —  
 Both softly sentimental.

The one, he was a drummer bland,  
 Who wore a lofty collar;  
 He knew not things were hollow, and  
 He chased the nimble dollar.  
 The other was a soulful youth,  
 Who talked of things symbolic;  
 Enamored quite of inner truth—  
 And predisposed to colic.

The one, he talked of common love  
 In tones that made her shudder;  
 The other soared with her above  
 To misty realms of Buddha.  
 She sent the first upon his way  
 With snub unmitigated—  
 Upon the other smiled, and they  
 By Hymen were translated.

## FOUR YEARS LATER.

Within a lofty Harlem flat  
 She's found her sweet Nirvana;  
 She does not think of this and that  
 As marshy zephyrs fan her;  
 She dreamily wipes Buddha's nose  
 And spanketh Zoroaster,  
 And mends their transcendental clothes,  
 Torn by occult disaster.

Her adept husband still can solve  
 The mysteries eternal,  
 But for some reason can't evolve  
 A salary diurnal.  
 He still floats on to cycles new,  
 But fills his astral body  
 With—not the Cheelah's milky brew,—  
 But Jersey apple toddy.

She eloquently mourns her life  
 And objurgates her Latin,  
 To daily see the drummer's wife  
 Drive by her, clad in satin.  
 She has been heard, in fact, to say  
 When somewhat discontented,  
 "Though 'osophies' hold social sway,  
 Though 'ologies' enjoy their day,  
 I think, in love, the good old way  
 By far the best invented."

Henry J. W. Dam.

## For Her Mirror.

(AFTER READING AN OLD LEGEND.)

THE magic mirror at its mistress' call  
 Proclaimed her fairest lady of them all;  
 Your mirror, when the truth therein you seek,  
 Reflects yourself, and does not need to speak.

A. T. L.



